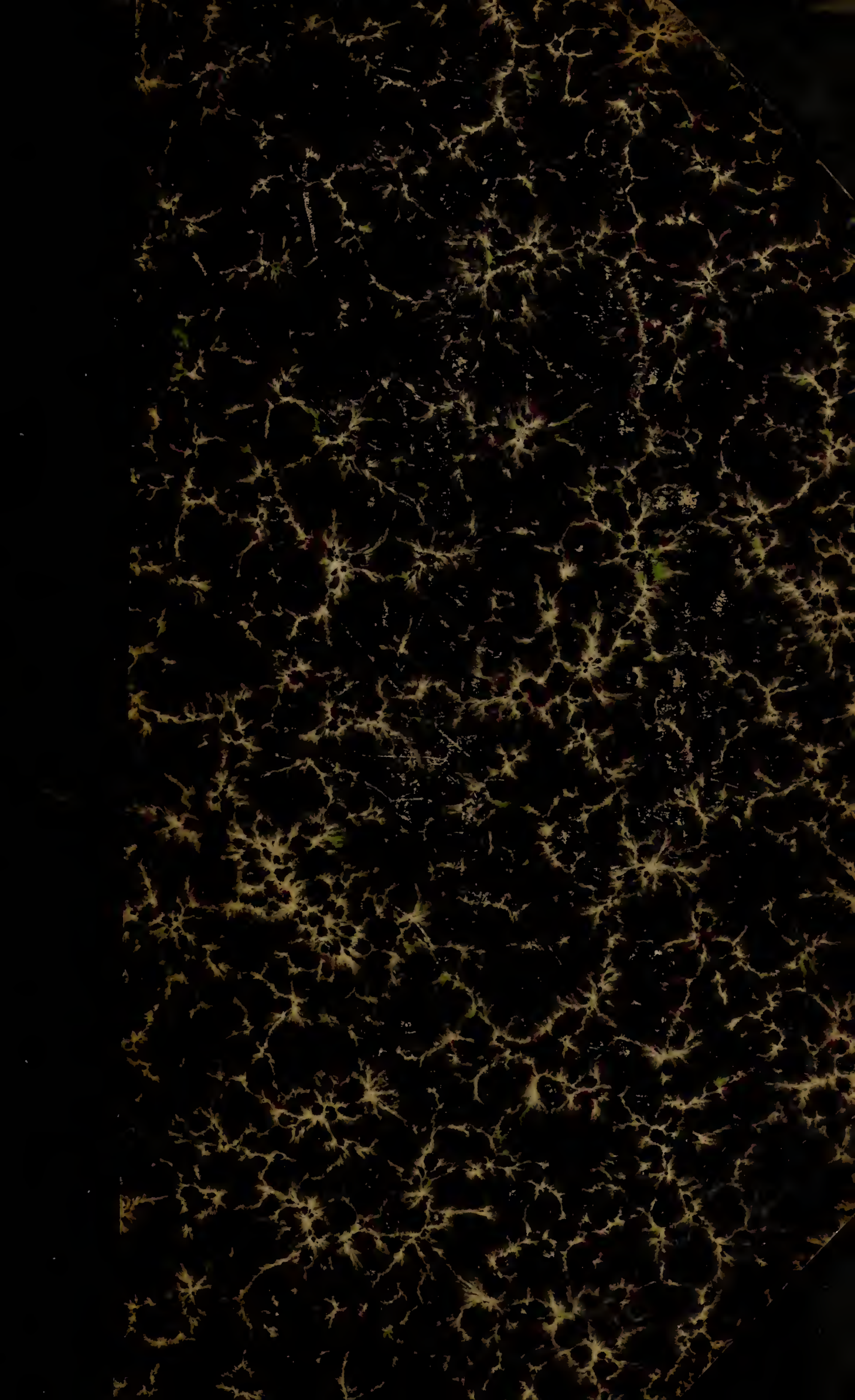

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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXV., No. 2.

A VISIT TO THE ONLY CATHOLIC FAMILY IN ICELAND.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISLAND, BY AN ICELAND JESUIT.

A Letter from Father Jön Sveinsson,[1] *S. J., to the Editor.*

St. Andrew's College, Ordupshoj,
Near Copenhagen, Denmark,
February, 1896.

Rev. and dear Father,

In June 1894, welcome news reached me at the college of Ordrupshoj, that Bishop d'Euch had decided to send me, during the long vacations, to the Faroe Islands and to Iceland, in order to carry the consolations of our holy religion to the few Catholics who live there. I was first to go to Reykjavik to look after some property belonging to the

[1] Father Sveinsson is a native of Iceland,—the only native priest of that country. Leaving his home when a boy, he came to France, where he was educated at the apostolic school of Amiens. He entered the Society at St. Acheul with the intention of becoming a missionary to his own people, it being hoped at that time that the Scandanavian Mission would be assigned to the province of Champagne. He was expelled with the French Fathers by the decrees of 1880, studied his philosophy at Louvain, and when the Scandanavian Mission was given to Germany he was transferred to that province. Though the Mission of Iceland, which was offered recently to the German Province had to be refused from want of subjects, Father Sveinsson still expects to be employed there as a missionary among his own people. He is at present at the college of the Society at Ordrupshoj, near Copenhagen, and is collecting money for the Mission of Iceland, and especially for building an asylum for the lepers of that country. He has sent us this account of his "Journey across Iceland" and it appears in the Letters in English for the first time.—Ed. W. Letters.

Catholic Mission, and thence to cross the country on horseback from the southwest to the north that I might visit, at Ofjord, the only Catholic family living at present in Iceland. The steamer "Thyra" was to take me back to Copenhagen about the beginning of September. A pupil of our College at Ordrupshoj, anxious to travel during his vacation, asked leave of his parents to accompany me. This was the more readily granted, as the boy deserved an unusual reward for having so diligently applied himself to his studies during the whole year, that he carried off the first prizes of his class on Commencement day.

On the 6th of July, 1894, at 9 o'clock in the morning we boarded the steamer "Botnia" of the Asiatic Company; it was to be her maiden trip to Iceland. The first class passengers numbered fifty-three and proved a quaint agglomeration, as there were representatives from England, Germany, France, Denmark, America, Iceland, the Faroes, and even Russia. From morning to night we could hear five or six different languages spoken, and sometimes a mixture of them all; but we soon made one another's acquaintance and from the first we formed one big family, whose union and cordiality increased daily. The first time we assembled in the dining hall, Frederick and I found ourselves opposite a lady of imposing demeanor. Beside her sat a boy of about nine years, who looked very intelligent. My neighbor, who knew them, informed me that they were the wife and son of the Governor of Iceland. They were returning to their home after a short stay at Copenhagen. Frederick, my young companion, was only twelve years old, and he and Magnus—for thus the little Icelander was called—soon became playmates and vowed each other everlasting friendship. The mother of this charming boy showed herself very amiable to us, she insisted on my speaking Icelandic with her for practice for I was rather rusty in expressing myself in my mother tongue.

On the third day we arrived at Edinburgh, our first resting place. As the steamer was to remain twenty-four hours in the port, Frederick and I started without delay for the residence of our Fathers at Lauriston St. where the Rector, a brother of Admiral Whyte, received us with touching kindness, and urged us to spend the night with him. The following day, he accompanied us to town to buy the necessary provisions for our journey across an almost deserted country. A large box was soon filled with a quantity of canned food, including everything necessary for our sustenance during the time we would have to spend far from any dwelling.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC IN THE FAROES.

The voyage from Edinburgh to the Faroe Isles was most agreeable. Towards evening we reached Thorshavn, the capital and seat of Government of the Faroe Isles, a city void of all interest for a traveller. It had a special interest for me, however, as at Hvidenaes, an hour's walk from Thorshavn, dwelt the only Catholic of the Islands,—a matron of about eighty-seven years old. I was to pay her a visit and hurry back before the steamer would continue her route, which would be during the night. The "Botnia," had cast anchor at some distance from the shore, but was surrounded by a number of small boats. I asked the strongest of the boatmen who had come on deck, whether one of them would row me to Hvidenaes. They answered to a man, that it was impossible, as the currents along this coast were treacherous and the waves beat the shore with great fury. In fact from the steamer we could perceive all along the coast the white breakers. I had therefore no other choice than to land at Thorshavn, and there procure a guide to accompany me across the mountain to the house of the poor old matron who desired to see me. Thereupon I engaged the first boat near the steamer, and on landing at Thorshavn I met a little boy from Hvidenaes who offered himself as guide, so without delay I started on my journey. It is impossible to give an idea of the joy this visit caused the good lady; she had been longing to see a priest. Her copious tears proved a thousand times more eloquent than any words she might have uttered. I was deeply moved at the sight, and I much regretted not to be able to stay with her more than an hour; but I promised a longer visit, in two months, on my return from Iceland. It was past midnight when we started to meet the steamer at Thorshavn. The solitary walk, in the half day-light of a boreal night, is one which I shall never forget.

APPROACHING ICELAND.

Early in the morning we steamed off for Iceland and we soon began to realize that the inhabited portion of the globe was receding. No ships are seen in these parts,—as far as the eye can reach nothing but endless solitude. However, all signs of life did not disappear. Immense whales began to show themselves on the surface of the deep waters and increased in numbers the nearer we approached the north pole. Now one alone would emerge from the deep, and swimming

beside the steamer, would regard with astonishment the monstrous structure, and diving back vanish beneath the folds of the sea; then shoals of them would leisurely go through the same gambols, much to the amusement of the passengers who never grew weary gazing at so novel a spectacle.

After a sail of two days the rugged and irregular coast of Iceland was clearly perceived, and, as from the waves, arose before our eyes the gigantic snow-capped Oraefa Jökull. This is the loftiest volcano of Iceland; owing to our course we had no opportunity to examine it closely. The steamer passed beyond it, continuing its westerly route. Again land was lost sight of, to reappear soon under quite a different aspect; for now enormous, bare and rugged groups of rocks emerged from the water's surface, and in the background were seen numerous volcanos side by side,— known as the Myrdale Jökull, Botn Jökull, the Gotalands Jökull, the Tarfa Jökull, and many others. It was a striking spectacle, although bleak and dreary. We hurriedly passed before the Hjörleifshöfde, a huge pile of solitary rocks along the dreary coast; on each side of this colossus extends a barren desert, the Myrdalsander, bounded on the right by the swift current of the Kutafljöt. From its bank stretched a great meadow with a dark spot in the middle; it is the Thikkvaboers Kloster, formerly a Catholic monastery, now an isolated farm in the midst of this desert. Behind the rocks extends a road which it is dangerous to enter an account of the numerous quagmires. It is said that some travellers, in spite of warnings, once hazarded to ride alone along this road, but neither they nor their ponies were ever heard of afterward.

THE WESTMANN ISLES.

We have already left in our rear the Hjörleipshöfde. The change of the scenery is striking. We are at Portland, its real name being Dyrhölacy. It is a long projecting cape, in front of which, at a short distance from the shore, rises a lofty and steep rock, shaped so as to make a natural gateway, whence its name of Portland. Our steamer might have easily passed under the arches of this natural vault. A shoal of whales made their appearance on our left. They no longer excited the admiration of the passengers, so absorbed were we in contemplating the marvellous spectacle on the side of the land. It was a spectacle altogether new for most of us, and beside these gigantic mountains what a small and insignificant thing the largest whale appeared! It was already eight P. M. and the sun still shone in all its

brilliancy. In this latitude it sets but for a short time behind the dazzling glaciers which spread out on our right.

We steered again towards the high sea, and were greeted by an unexpected sight. Straight ahead of us, at a distance of fifty miles, we beheld a group of isles of blackish rock formation, they are the Westmann Isles, which in 1627, met such a sad fate. They were attacked by Algerian pirates; the church and all the principal buildings were burned to the ground; 250 islanders were carried off into slavery; all the rest were wantonly put to the sword.

This was to be our first stop in Iceland, and we expected to reach port about one o'clock A. M. It was a sail of five hours and the passengers were willing to spend this time on deck, but the sudden rising of a thick fog threw a veil over the scenery. They retired reluctantly therefore to their berths. Frederick followed the crowd; as for myself I could not make up my mind to leave the deck but kept pacing up and down, revolving in my mind the superb sights of which nature has been so lavish in this part of the globe. I was amply rewarded for my watching; after two hours a light wind sprung up, which, in a few moments, chased the dense mist away. A magnificent spectacle suddenly appeared before me, which greatly surpassed all I had seen till now. Straight ahead of us, at a mile's distance, lie the Westmann Isles; on the right, shone the glittering splendor of a group of glaciers, illumined by the evening sun. The nearest is the formidable Eyjafjalla Jökull; in the background at a greater distance towers mount Hecla, the best known volcano of Iceland. As far as the eye can reach huge drifts of snow and mountains of ice appear enveloped in a sheet of living flame, while the whole northwest horizon resembles a vast ocean of fire in which are seen the richest tints of gold and purple. Thus flooded with light, these glacial solitudes looked cheering enough; this dreary and death-like clime, which in truth is often so sad to behold, presented a most brilliant aspect. The sight was too grand not to be enjoyed by all. The passengers were therefore called from dreamland, so that on our arrival at the Westmann Isles, all were on deck; it was one o'clock A. M. The houses, which we readily perceived, were clustered together at the foot of Mount Eyjafjalla. You imagine they are going to be crushed by the enormous mass that hangs over them. This superb spectacle produced a vivid impression on all present. Two Germans especially vented their enthusiasm, exclaiming, "We have crossed Switzerland in every direction; we have visited the fiords of Norway, but nowhere have we met with a sight like this,"

REYKJAVIK; THE CAPITAL OF ICELAND.

Each one retired to his berth to enjoy a good sleep after the many impressions of this memorable day. The next day we arose just as the steamer entered the bay of Faxa-fiord, which has a width of fifty miles from cape to cape. At its extreme end lies Reykjavik. The weather was superb. At some distance we could distinctly see the Snefell covered with snow and ice; this volcano, well known in the history of Iceland, is at present extinct. On a line with the city runs the majestic range of the Esja mountains dazzling the beholder with their whiteness. As we steamed up the bay we passed along a number of islands inhabited and covered with verdure, and surrounded by a channel so deep that the largest ship can pass between them and the coast. There were many steamers lying in the harbor, the most conspicuous of which was the French man-of-war "Nielly," —which still bore marks of the balls it received during the Tonkin war, and further up, the Danish frigate "Diana." The numerous merchant ships did not attract our attention.

The French man-of-war is stationed here to watch over and protect a flotilla of fishing boats, which leave the ports of France every year for Iceland to fish for the cod. About 5000 Frenchmen live thus in Iceland during the summer months, supporting themselves from the natural resources of the island. Besides there is a numerous Norwegian, English, American, and cosmopolitan contingent. This lucrative fishing brings a large sum to the pockets of these strangers. The poor Icelander has, up to the present, been wanting in means to draw profit on any great scale from these treasures which surround him.

Reykjavik resembles a small Norwegian city; it numbers about 4000 inhabitants. As soon as we were anchored, a swarm of row-boats surrounded the steamer. Frederick and I hurried to engage one; the owner, a young man, treated us with the utmost politeness; he himself lowered our baggage into the boat. As we glided along, he plied me with a number of questions, which anywhere else, would be considered impertinent; but it seems to be here the custom of the country, and every one is obliged to undergo this strange examination. I had to tell him my name and that of Frederick, what we were, whence we came, whither we were going, for what purpose, etc., etc. When he learned that I was a Catholic priest on my way to Ofjord he exclaimed, "O indeed, you are going to pay a visit to Gunnar Einarsson; he is a Catholic, his son is at college

here at Reykjavik;" our arrival at the wharf brought the conversation to an end. On landing I wished to pay the young man; but he steadily refused to accept any remuneration for such a slight service. He procured us a porter to carry our baggage and showed us the way to the hotel Reykjavik where we intended to stop.

The hotel is a large frame building, situated in the principal street in the city. The owner, Mrs. Zaega, is a native of Iceland; she spent several years in England to learn English, and cooking, and profited very much by her residence in that country, especially with regard to the latter accomplishment. All the comforts enjoyed in a similar establishment in England can be had here and everything is arranged as in Europe. This is true of all the houses of the well-to-do people; so that the city presented nothing which deserves special mention. Two items may prove of interest to my readers. The first is my visit to the French man-of-war "Nielly." The day after my arrival I hired a boat to take me to the "Nielly" hoping to find a chaplain on board. I found there was none, but 300 men, most of them Catholics. At a second visit I was able to see the Captain of the ship and obtained from him—an unusual thing—permission for his men to visit me on shore, and to attend to their religious duties. During ten days I received daily vists from the cadets and officers, many of whom received holy Communion. On the eve of the departure of the man-of-war the captain came himself to thank me for services I had rendered to his men. He assured me that he valued them most highly.

THE LUTHERAN CATHEDRAL.

The second item worthy of notice was my visit to the Luthern Cathedral. My cicerone, the sacristan, after having shown me through the edifice led me to a small room near the entrance. There he opened an old wardrobe and drew from it a very rich and beautiful cope, but so old that the parts hardly hung together. I closely examined the venerable relic. Was I mistaken? I saw figures of Saints delicately embroidered in gold on a field of red silk, all of exquisite taste. It was indeed a relic of old Catholic times! The sacristan informed me that this cope had been sent by the Pope about 1550 to Jön Arason, the last martyred bishop of Iceland; "But what use do you now make of it?" "Once a year our bishop wears it, when he ordains new ministers. This custom dates from time immemorial." This fact is true. Pope Paul III. sent this present to Jön Arason,

as a token of esteem for the zeal he displayed in the cause of religion. Two years later in 1552 the bishop was captured and decapitated by the Danish reformers. It is interesting to notice with what veneration the Protestants of this far-off island have preserved this precious souvenir of a Pope.

THE GOVERNOR OF ICELAND.

I must not forget to mention here that during our whole stay at Reykjavik, his Excellency the Governor and his lady showed us the greatest kindness. Often they let us use their best ponies to go on excursions in the neighborhood. Young Magnus acted as our guide and one of their servants on horseback followed at a short distance, to render us any services we might need. In this manner we visited many very interesting spots, among others the spring of boiling water, where the soiled linen of Reykjavik is washed. We forded several rivers, and learned to strike out in different paths, for there are no roads in Iceland. This proved a good preparation for our excursion across the country.

All strangers, who in one way or another become acquainted with his Excellency the Governor, cannot help praising his courtesy and noble manners. Moreover wherever we went people always showed us great kindness and were ever happy to give us the information we asked for. Thus I learned many useful things about managing our horses, about the clothing and provisions we required, the different routes we were to take, the farms we were to stop at in preference to others, etc., etc. The route of our trip was so fully traced out that we could undertake it without the least fear, and we needed no guide except for some dangerous passes. Nowhere was payment for services asked. One day I had a small toy repaired by a goldsmith; when I wished to pay him he said he could not accept anything for such a trifle. Two lads who rowed us to the "Neilly" likewise refused the money I offered them. These good people would believe themselves degraded, if they accepted the least remuneration for the little services they render with such good will.

LAST PREPARATIONS.

At last the time came for us to start on our trip; the last preparations for the journey had to be made. It was like crossing a great desert; for we had not only to consider the immense distance to be covered—Iceland is much larger than Ireland—but also the primitive way of making this long

journey. Railways and carriage roads are altogether unknown here. Travelling is done, as in the days of Arild, on the back of Iceland ponies. Moreover once out of the capital, you find yourself immediately out of civilization,—no hotels, no mile post, no roads, sometimes not even the least sign of a path, and no bridges to cross the rivers except in one or two places.

Before undertaking a journey through such a country, it is easily understood how necessary it was to make careful preparations. Our first concern was to purchase horses, as it is preferable to buy them and dispose of them after the expediton. Accordingly, I begged a merchant, whom I knew, to purchase for us three strong and gentle ponies. He promised to do his best to please us, and he kept his word. Our little ponies were charming in every respect, and the further we advanced the more attached we became to them, as they rendered us such good service. I had them shod anew, and I procured some horse shoes and nails, in case of accident. I bought two saddles, a pack saddle, three horse bits, two whips and two solid boxes for our provisions and other objects we had to take along. The price of all amounted to seventeen crowns. Our trunks were sent by steamer from Reykjavik to Akreyri. We were likewise obliged to procure oil-cloth suits, waterproof hats, overcoats, and boots; we added to the provisions we bought at Edinburgh some canned meats, preserves, cakes, biscuits, and Van Houten cocoa, which proved of great service. All these articles cost no more than in England.

To pack the boxes is an art which can only be acquired by practice. They have to be arranged in such a way that the weight is the same on each side of the saddle; every article must be tightly packed so that nothing can move when they are shaken by the lively trot of the pony. An Englishman told me that, from neglect of this, the very first day his cakes and biscuits were reduced to crumbs. Our itinerary was traced beforehand as exactly as possible. My pocketbook was full of notes and marks of the path, the rivers, the bogs, the quagmires, the mountains, the lakes, the farm houses, swamps, etc., etc.

THE START.

We started from Reykjavik, July 29, at one o'clock P. M., after having bid farewell to our many friends. A servant of the hotel accompanied us to the outskirts of the city and then we were left to ourselves and our good angels. We have now bid good bye, for some time, to the civilized world,

to all modern civilization with its comforts and discomforts; here we are alone with God's free and pure nature. Henceforth we are to mingle with people whose tongue, manners, customs and dwellings are such as they were a 1000 years ago! The people of Iceland may very correctly be styled an anachronism in the 19th century; they live and speak, as they did in the remotest times. The only thing modern in their dwellings is the room or parlor for strangers which is a part of every farm house nowadays; but for this improvement we would have had to carry a tent and hammocks, as many English tourists do; but this requires another pack horse.

We proceeded gaily and at a lively rate, and after a ride of two hours we lost sight of the sea. Our course lay now to the interior of the country which we were to cross from south to north. At a distance ahead of us, and lost in the clouds, rose chains of black mountains; many days were required to reach them, and when there we were to be in complete wilderness. This thought produced a strange feeling of loneliness. The temperature was very mild, the sky pure and cloudless, it was a beautiful summer day. "This is what I call travelling," exclaimed my little companion, "it is so different from being locked up in narrow wagons of the railway. What a fresh and delicious climate!" We went on as quickly as possible although we could not count on covering a great distance that day, as we left Reykjavik too late, and we had several unavoidable delays. Suddenly the horses prick up their ears; something unusual ahead of us must attract their attention. In fact we soon caught sight of a curious caravan,—some twenty horses drawn up in one long file, the head of each being tied to the tail of the one immediately before him; a mounted boy in the van led the cavalcade. In the rear a group of peasants also mounted, followed. They had been at Reykjavik, and were on their way home. Each horse carried on his back a heavy burthen of diverse articles; it reminded me of a primitive freight train. Thus they transport sacks of wheat, farm seeds, boxes of sugar, coffee, tobacco, etc.,—even beams, rafters, lumber and other building materials. This caravan proceeded quietly and regularly, although now and then one of the horses becoming unruly, pulled somewhat too roughly the tail of the one before him, and thus caused a temporary confusion. These caravans pick their way in a marvellous manner through the winding paths, and cross with astonishing ease the rivers and torrents; often they have to make over a hundred miles to reach the nearest town. Of course they carry their tents with them on the backs of their

horses. In the evening they select a comfortable camping place in some large prairie to spend the night, the horses are let free to browse.

When we approached the rear of the caravan, the men stopped and saluted us according to the custom of the country: "Saelir veriel per!" namely, "Be ye blessed!" We answered in the same manner. Then came the customary questions which travelling Icelanders exchange when they meet. "What is your name? your profession? whence do you hail? whither are you going? etc." In brief one has to undergo a regular examination. When mutual curiosity has been satisfied, they separate with a last, "Be ye blessed!" and continue their journey, each one in his own direction.

All at once we heard the sound of hoofs in the rear. We looked back and were astonished to see a little boy on horseback making for us at full speed. When he was near us, he stopped, took off his hat and saluted us, saying, "Be ye blessed!" We answered in the same manner. Then the conversation started, beginning with the usual examination, which is never omitted. In my turn I questioned him,—

"What is your name?"

"Thorston."

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular; I am out for amusement."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Reykjavik."

"Whose pony do you ride?"

"My father's."

"How far are you going?"

"I will accompany you for some time, then I will return home. Give me the bridle of your packhorse, I will lead him for you."

I willingly accepted the offer and we rode side by side talking on different subjects. Frederick could already understand Islandic, and the boy asked him many questions. He wished to know how people travel in Denmark, and was delighted to hear about wagons, big horses, tall trees, and the thousand marvels of our dear Copenhagen. "Oh! how I should like to live in your country, what fun you must have!" exclaimed the little Icelander. We had soon to part. Frederick gave the boy a beautiful picture which seemed to please him exceedingly. He thanked him, after the manner of Icelandic children, by shaking hands. He bade us farewell; we wished him a happy journey and off he went at full gallop in the direction of Reykjavik. You will never

meet a foot traveller in the whole of Iceland; everybody knows how to ride on horseback.

MIDDLAR—AN ICELAND FARM.

As the sun was nearing the mountain crests, we distinguished at a distance the farm of "Middlar," where we expected to spend the night. On the right we saw three large lakes between two chains of mountains. They were many miles distant from one another. On the left were the Esja mountains which spread to Reykjavik; along these we were to ride the whole of the following day. It was about nine P. M., and the sun shone as at midday. We soon reached the height above the farm, and we beheld at our feet the house surrounded by luxuriant prairies, where, at a short distance, the mowers were still at work. We had to descend the declivity slowly and carefully as it was so steep that we had to lean backwards to avoid falling down headlong. Finally we reached a small paved yard in front of the house; the farmer had noticed our arrival and had come to meet us. We exchanged the usual salutations and I asked him,—

"May we spend the night with you?"

"Certainly," said he, "welcome to you; please dismount."

"He ran to the entrance of the house and cried out, "Helgi!" A young lad immediately appeared, took our horses, and began without delay to remove the saddles. I wished to help him to take down the boxes, but the farmer would not allow it. "Do not worry," said he, "we will take care of your baggage; you must be tired after your journey, please follow me to the house where you will find rest." We went with him through a long and dark corridor, lined on either side with stout joists which kept the mud walls together. They seemed to have been there for centuries. Soon we turned to the right into another dark passage. Our kind host warned us of some steps which we ascended groping; then he opened a door and said, "Here is your room!" We entered an apartment in which we found everything tastefully and comfortably arranged. The wainscotting was new; there was a wardrobe and a mahogany bureau, a soft lounge, and in the centre of the room an elegant little round table. At the lower end stood a large bedstead of antique form, and—a new harmonium! The walls were decorated with paintings and richly framed pictures.

Our baggage was immediately brought to our room; at the same time the farmer's daughter came to ask us what we desired for supper. I handed her a box of canned meat and told her to put it in boiling water for a quarter of an

hour. When this was done, we sat down to an excellent meal, our host furnishing us with delicious bread and fresh milk. After supper, I went to see how our ponies were doing. I found them on a meadow at a short distance from the house. They were so busily engaged browsing the tender grass, that they did not even raise their heads to look at me. Poor creatures! it is an indispensable condition of their existence to profit, as much as possible, by these few hours of rest to eat to their fill and thus prepare themselves for the fatigues of the next day. Their work is often above their strength and they succumb on the way, as is proved by the numerous skeletons we afterwards met on our journey. Whilst walking in the prairie, I perceived that whenever the horses changed place, they leaped in a rather curious fashion. On examining them I discovered that the farmer had, according to custom, tied their fore-feet together lest they should return to Reykjavik during the night. I greatly desired to procure them a more comfortable rest, but I could not interfere in their behalf, and was obliged, though reluctantly, to leave them to their sad fate. I hurried back to the house to enjoy a much needed rest after so fatiguing a day.

The good farmer kept us company for a while. He eagerly inquired about the news of the Capital and of foreign lands. The Icelanders of to-day are as desirous of news as were their ancestors in years gone by. They say that formerly it was no unusual event to see an important and noisy assembly break up at once, when they heard that a ship had moored in a neighboring harbor: every one ran to hear the news. I asked our host where he had bought the elegant harmonium.

"I did not buy it," he replied, "my son made it."

"But how is it possible?" said I in astonishment.

"My son has been at Reykjavik," continued the farmer, "there he studied an instrument in all its details and on his return he spent his leisure hours manufacturing a similar one."

Could you ever imagine that a simple peasant lad, living on an isolated farm, would be able to construct a harmonium by no means inferior in art and perfection, to those made by well known manufacturers? We were at our wit's end, when we were further informed that he had moreover learned, without master, to play on his instrument. The following morning he executed, very well indeed, several Danish and Icelandic melodies, and sang with much feeling. It seems that in the interior of the country many farmers are in possession of even larger and better-made harmon-

iums than the one we saw,—all the work of their sons. A young man in the North has made a reputation for himself in this kind of workmanship, and he has already made presents of several instruments to the farmers of his neighborhood. We had the pleasure, later on, of seeing one of these harmoniums in the farmhouse of "Mödrvöllum," at Ofjord. It is so perfect in its every detail that no one could guess where and by whom it was manufactured.

FROM MIDDLAR TO THINGVALLA.

Monday, July 30.

We slept profoundly during the whole night; the beds, the coverlets, everything was so exquisitely neat and comfortable. In the morning our kind hostess brought us on a tray hot coffee and rolls. Shortly after we went to see how our ponies had spent the night. We found them still grazing, but with less avidity than on the eve. One of them had broken the rope which bound his feet, but even then—through force of habit—he continued as before to advance leaping, although he was no longer fettered. The good hostess prepared a sumptuous breakfast of all the best things she had to offer; it was followed by another cup of coffee. This is indeed the national drink, and the saying is true,—"If you wish to know what coffee is, go to Iceland." Coffee is taken at least three times a day, and wherever you stop on a journey, you are invited to partake of a delicious cup of this beverage.

Breakfast over, we prepared, without delay, to resume our journey, for between Middlar and Thingvalla, where we hoped to spend the night, there is not a single habitation, and along the whole road nothing is seen on either side but lofty mountains covered with snow and ice. As a thick fog hung over the meadows, we put on the rubber suits, we had provided for such contingencies. On the point of starting, I wished to pay for our board; but our host positively declined to take any remuneration, saying that he never accepted payment for hospitality tendered to his countrymen. As I steadily insisted, he accepted a paltry sum. He accompanied us a certain distance, and we parted.

For hours the landscape presented a wild aspect, until we reached the "Selja" valley which was covered with a fresh and vivid green. We forded five or six rivers and torrents. When we reached the foot of the Mossfellshöj we stopped for a short time to rest ourselves and to give our horses a chance to taste the fresh grass, which abounded there. Poor little animals! They needed refreshment, for soon, they were

to exert all their strength, to climb the mountain before us. The ascent is tiresome, and there is not a blade of grass to greet their eyes during a long and wearisome pull. We bathed the backs of our horses before replacing the saddles, and then started. When we reached the top of the mountain, we beheld a wild but striking panorama. On the left were the snow-crowned Esja Mountains; on the right immense black mountains, of fantastic shapes, formed from base to crest of innumerable boulders of lava—relics of the glacial period—broken up and thrown at random in the strangest confusion. Before us stretched the great plateau of the Mossfellshöj, with a path winding through it as far as the eye could reach. This was to be our direction for many a mile.

Some years ago eight persons were travelling here in the midst of winter. They were overtaken in this unlucky spot by a violent snow blizzard, and losing their way all perished. It is since this accident, that the road has been put in its present condition; for now a line of sign posts, ten or twelve feet high, erected along the road, point out its direction. These silent but indispensable guides, look like so many spectres stretching a thin arm over the road, in sign of warning.

After a ride of two hours, we arrived at the middle of the plateau. There we saw almost bordering the road a strange building which provoked sad reflections. It is built of thick stone walls with no windows, the only entrance being a wooden door, surmounted by a large wooden cross. Here the travellers take refuge when they cross the mountain in winter and are overtaken by a storm. Naturally enough the thought of the eight victims, who perished so miserably, for lack of such a refuge, stole over our minds. We hurried on at a rapid pace, for it was cool on the heights, and we had two more hours to ride before we could begin the descent. As we neared the foot of the mountain we were gladdened by the appearance of a country entirely different from the dark plateau we had crossed. We were surrounded by rolling prairies which were intersected by crystal rivulets, the temperature grew exceedingly mild; here we made a halt to take our meal, and after an hour's repose we were again on our way to Thingvalla.

THE LAKE AND PLAIN OF THINGVALLA.

The lake of Thingvalla is one of the largest of Iceland. Its circumference measures about forty miles. On its borders rise the high and majestic walls of the Althing, a spot

erected by nature almost into a fortress, where formerly the people held the meetings of their "Thing" or Parliament. In its immediate neighborhood is situated the farm house "Thingvalla," where we expected to find a shelter for the night. We had reached the famous "Almanna Gja," of which Lord Dufferin says, that it is worth visiting Iceland were it only to have a sight of this most superb scene. In truth, this great rent in the rocks presents one of the wildest and most fantastic aspects. At the entrance we alighted and led our horses by the bridle; for to penetrate into this marvellous chasm we have to descend a staircase of basalt, hewn by nature itself. Arrived at the bottom, we mount again, to cross this strange passage whose rocky walls rise perpendicular to a giddy height, and are crowned by most extravagant forms in the shape of towers, bastions, minarets, spires, grinning monsters, hideous spectres, and weird figures. One would indeed fancy that in the dark past some Titans amused themselves here, sculpturing in these rocks, this entire freakish design.

Besides its most novel appearance, this spot is of historical interest. Here, according to time-honored traditions, many a bloody battle was fought, the most important of which was the one engaged in between the sons of Njaels, and the mighty Flosi. Snori posted himself with his men at the entrance of the defile, to favor the flight of the sons of Njaels, in case of defeat, or to cut off the retreat of the enemy, should victory smile on them. The "Sagas" relate that, on this memorable occasion, the battle fought between these walls of lava was one of the fiercest.

We soon gained the other end of the chasm. The grandeur of the scene that struck our eyes beggars description. Straight ahead of us stretched the verdant plain of Thingvalla, eight miles broad, and the beautiful lake of the same name. On the left, the waters of the Oxeraa fall, leaping from rock to rock, thus forming a succession of cascades. We advanced to the bank of the river; the ponies plunged into it without the least fear, and waded through the waters up to the shoulders. In the middle of the river we alighted on a small green isle of great historical interest. On this isle, in ancient times, the warlike members of the Althing usually settled their quarrels. Here took place the celebrated duel between "Gumlange Ormstunga" and "Ravu" in presence of the whole body of the Althing. The victory was adjudged to neither combatant; it was the last combat of the kind, for on the following day, the assembly of the Althing, unanimously voted a law, prohibiting forever duelling in Iceland.

We delayed but a few moments on this bloodstained islet, so rich in sad memories, and soon gained the opposite bank of the river. Before us rose the "Logberg." From its top, all decisions of tribunals used to be proclaimed, and the new laws promulgated, and it was from this spot also that the Catholic religion was declared the religion of the state; all the pagans had to submit, and receive baptism in the waters of the Oxeraa. As it was already 9 P. M., and ourselves and the horses were exhausted, we directed our steps straight to the farm house of Thingvalla, where we hoped to spend the night; but our hope was to prove unfounded. On the lawn, in front of the house, we perceived a large white tent, and a number of horses grazing. The owner of the property is a Protestant minister; he came to meet us. I asked him whether he could give us hospitality for the night. "I am sorry to say," he answered, "that it is impossible, the house is already crowded with strangers, all the beds are occupied; the men of the farm are obliged to sleep under this tent."

A STRANGER'S HOSPITALITY.

I judged it useless to insist and decided to go on and find a place of rest somewhere else. Just as we were about to depart, we noticed a man on horseback who seemed to be in the same plight as ourselves. On approaching, he saluted us in a friendly manner, and inquired whither we were bound.

"To the North," I answered.

"In this case" said he, "you have to pass near my farm, should you wish, we will travel together. If the stranger's room is unoccupied, I shall be happy to offer you hospitality for the night."

We accepted the generous invitation, the more readily as we would otherwise have had to ride for many an hour, before we could enjoy a much-needed rest. One thing only made me uneasy; namely, that we had heard nothing of this house; it was not on our list of the farms which had been recommended to us, and I did not like to go to a place which was altogether unknown to me. We passed again before the Logberg and the cascade, crossed the Oxeraa River, and skirted the bloody isle. We then turned to the right and ascended a path among rocks. Whilst we proceeded, our guide informed us that his farm house was called "Skoarket," which means cottage of the woods, and that it was situated in the copse on the summit of the mountain, about two miles from Thingvalla. "It is," said he, "a

humble little dwelling, but we will do our best to make everything as comfortable as possible." Arrived at the top of the first hill, we could see the little cottage before us. The kind farmer bid us good bye and galloped ahead to inform his family of our arrival. All the inhabitants of the farm came to meet us, and gave us a most courteous reception. They hastened to take care of our horses and led us into an adjoining building where the guest's room was. We admired the holiday garments of the whole family, hanging on the walls. They were red, blue, green, yellow, in fine of all the colors of the rainbow. We asked for some hot water to make a broth with our extract of meat, and we heated a box of canned meat. Our supper was readily prepared, our host furnished us according to custom, with fresh milk. The good landlady, a very sprightly little woman, was every now and then at our heels to see whether anything was wanting. How full these simple people are of kindness and politeness, without ever dreaming of the least remuneration!

After supper we went to see our faithful little horses. We were so far from Reykjavik that I begged our host not to tie their feet; they did not abuse my confidence. Henceforth I always let them graze at full liberty. Whilst we were out our beds were prepared. The bedsteads were relics of the remotest antiquity. The four heavy columns were coarsely sculptured; the wood had never been painted, but from continual rubbing it shone like a mirror.

Tuesday, July 31, Feast of St. Ignatius.

The following morning, as soon as we were up, we were served, according to custom, with hot coffee and crackers. Our host then invited us to visit his farm of which he seemed very proud. He had introduced many changes and made many improvements, and everything was in exquisite order. The environs were splendid. On one side majestic mountains, on the other, Thingvalla with all its marvels, — its immense plain, the lake, the Oxeraa river, the celebrated chasm of Almanna Gja and the roaring cascade. We must confess that the ancient Icelanders chose a superb spot for their assemblies. Lake Thingvalla, like all the lakes of Iceland, abounds in trout, and this delicate fish is seldom wanting at table. At the farm of "Grunsthinga" the landlady assured us that on the eve of our arrival, the men had caught more than 800 trout in their nets, and that in a small lake on the top of a mountain. Two hours later, when they were ready to load their horses with their rich draught, they threw the net again and took at one haul ninety fishes.

Before mounting our horses, Frederick distributed some little presents to the children of our host, who thanked him most politely. I could not succeed in making them accept any payment. Their refusal was absolute. Our host offered to accompany us some distance for fear we should miss our road; but I persuaded him not to worry as I was perfectly sure of the direction we had to follow. A fine little dog belonging to the farmer ran before us for two hours; when he reached the spot where the paths crossed, he rushed into the one we were to take, and ran madly until he perceived that we were following him; one would have imagined the little creature was endowed with understanding.

We were very anxious to reach the great Geyser that day; and everything seemed to be in our favor,—the weather was superb, there was no wind, and not a cloud visible. We now entered a very fertile country abounding in rich pastures, and flocks of sheep could be seen browsing on the hills and plains. Thus they live during the whole summer in the open air, without any shepherd to guard them, they are only looked after when they approach too near the farms, and then they are driven again to the mountains. Sheep-raising is one of the principal industries of Iceland. More than half a million of these animals feed in the inhabited parts of the country. We meet them everywhere,—in the valleys, among the rocks, in the plains, on the highest mountains, as far as the eye can reach, even to the edge of the eternal snows. They are all very fat, which proves that the pastures are very rich, and were all horned—a characteristic feature of Iceland sheep.

INTENSE HEAT AND MOSQUITOS.

After midday, the heat became almost unbearable, both for us and our horses. We found it necessary, successively to lay aside our cloaks, coats, vests, jackets and thus add a fresh burthen to our packhorses, which were already very tired. The thermometer must have been as high as 86° Fahrenheit, but the heat was not the only vexation; for the lake of Thingvalla does not abound in trout exclusively. Myriads of mosquitos are hatched on its borders which fill a great space of the neighborhood with their uncalled for music. We were obliged to muffle head and face with handkerchiefs leaving only the eyes and nose uncovered. We met a caravan; every one was as lightly dressed as ourselves. They too had to protect themselves against the bloodthirsty mosquitos, so that we found out that we were not the inventors of the scheme. These troublesome insects prevented

us from entering into conversation with the men, according to custom. We simply exchanged a "Saelir verid per!" and continued our journey in haste. Here and there the surroundings were charming, and we could not tire contemplating scenes so varied and at times so fairy like. I think one could travel for entire months in this country and ever admire with new delight the magnificent and unparalleled landscapes! Those who have penetrated only a short distance into the interior of the island, fancy that there is no variety; but this is decidedly false. The further you proceed, the more you are disabused of this. Every new scene surpasses the preceding, and the interest of the tourist is continually kept alive. Of course, this holds true only in the summer months. One of our travelling companions who had crossed Switzerland, Scotland, and Norway, assured us that nothing in these countries can be compared to the natural beauties of Iceland. We met many Englishmen who had visited the island for the third or fourth time, and they told us that they expected to return again.

APPROACH TO THE GREAT GEYSER.

We continued to ride under this tropical sun. Many a time we had to halt to cool off at some brook before crossing. Finally after six long hours of riding, we came to a spot which invited us to rest and there we lunched. Unbridling and unsaddling our ponies, we turned them loose upon the pasture, and sat ourselves in the shade of a gigantic tower of lava. Here we took our meal with great appetite. An hour later we pursued our journey. We were then scarcely half way to our next station. The aspect of the country changed again. We traversed vast plains which stretched out far and wide. At a distance we sighted lake "Langarvatu," which means "lake of boiling springs." It is neither as large nor as beautiful as lake Thingvalla, but it presents a novel feature. Clusters of vapor columns are continually ascending from it into the sky; the great Geyser cannot be far. We hurry past this region of vapor which betrays no little mixture of sulphur. The overwhelming heat is succeeded by an unwholesome freshness. We hasten to put on again the articles of clothing which we had put off some hours before. The mosquitos had entirely disappeared. We proceed at full speed. Farms appear in every direction; mowers are busy in the meadows, At every path leading to a house, our horses are inclined to turn, but we can not possibly stop along the road. We strike another river which we must cross. Numberless wild duck are seen every-

where, and flocks of ducklings following their mothers; it was a charming sight.

The sun disappeared behind the glittering glaciers; the fog throws a dark mantle over the surroundings. Our road lies across a kind of pathless desert. Suddenly our horses stop, seem to deliberate, and refuse to proceed. What was the matter? We could see no obstacle. We use the whip freely, but they do not stir; they are trembling all over. We concluded that we were on a dangerous track, doubtless some quagmire, where we might have perished and from which we were only saved by the wonderful instinct of our ponies. We retraced our steps and once on the right path we galloped at full speed, to make up for lost time. Thanks to our faithful steeds, we were saved if not from a certain danger, at least, from a great discomfort.

It was 8 P. M., when we reached the foot of a mountain clad in brushwood, the ascent proved to be very tiresome owing to its steepness. The fog grew thicker as we advanced. Before starting our upward march, I hastened to a farm to inquire about the road. "You cannot reach the Geyser to-night," said they, "but you may follow the mountain road, which is good and even. In four hours you will arrive at Brúará, and after having crossed a torrent you will come to a farm where you may rest." I thanked the farmer for the information and wished to leave immediately, but he started, in his turn, to put questions, which I was bound to answer. I then rejoined my companion and we began to climb the mountain. Emerging upon the summit, our horses quickened their pace, and the darker it grew the quicker they ran. At last the darkness became so pronounced that we could not distinguish anything ten or fifteen feet ahead of us. We had to put on our oil-cloth suits, for the atmosphere was damp and cold. At the end of a four hours' ride we heard the dull roaring of a torrent; it was the fall of the Brúará. We spurred on our ponies and soon arrived at its banks. The river is eighty feet broad. Half way across, it is perfectly fordable, but exactly in the middle is a deep cleft, into which the waters from either side fall, and then in a collected volume roar over a precipice a little lower down. Across this cleft, some wooden planks have been thrown—the only bridge in Iceland — over which we were to gain the opposite bank. Our horses hesitate; never had they attempted such a feat. We had much trouble to urge them on. The bridge especially, which itself was under water, caused them to fear. However, as they seemed to realize that there was no other way, they crossed the cascade. We were stunned by the noise of the roaring water,

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

It is midnight, how we long to meet a dwelling! Every now and then we were deceived by enormous blocks of lava, which, at a distance, appear to be houses. After a good half hour we see a horse, an infallible sign of the neighborhood of a farm. In fact five minutes later we perceived a house and hurried to ask hospitality for the night. Unfortunately it contained no guest's room, nothing but what is called "l'Etuve," [2] and we could not think of sleeping in it.

"How far is it to the nearest farm?" I inquired.

"A half hour's ride," they answered.

As we could not spend the night in the "Etuve" we continued our way. It took us an hour and a half to find the farm of "Vesturhild," a path across the meadows leading us to it. We arrived at last before the house; everybody was asleep. However, they had heard the stamping of our horses and some one came to the window to see what was the matter. Curiosity soon attracted many more. I saluted them, saying,—

"Her sè Gùd! God be with you!"

They all answered, "God bless you!"

I then asked,—

"Can you accommodate two travellers for the night?" They stared at one another, deliberated among themselves; finally one of them cried out,—

"Do you hail from a foreign land?"

"Yes, from Copenhagen."

The consultation was renewed; several new faces appeared at the window. They looked at us with evident curiosity; we were made a spectacle to the angels and to men. Poor little Frederick was exhausted with fatigue and longing for rest. I feared lest he should fall asleep on the saddle, if we had to go farther, and endeavored to cheer him up. The door finally opened, and a man approached us and said,—

"We have no guest's chamber, but there is still room in the 'Etuve;' if you are pleased with it, you are welcome."

"Is it far from here to the next farm?" I answered.

[2] In Iceland an "Etuve" is a spacious hall, furnished as in the time of "Harold Haarfager," with big and heavy wooden bedsteads along the walls; the men sleep on one side, the women on the other. Sometimes a kind of partition separates them, but this occurs seldom. The beds accommodate two or more persons; and no one may occupy a bed exclusively for himself, if more strangers wish to lodge at the farm. As long as there is a place left, visitors are welcome to it. This strange custom dates from the middle ages, and was common in most of the countries of northern Europe. The insufficiency of ventilation in these dormitories adds much to the discomfort.

"Austerhild is at an hour's distance," he replied, "there you will find a luxurious room."

I made up my mind at once, thither we had to push our way, and that without delay.

"Wait a moment," said the farmer. He rushed to the opposite side of the house and soon re-appeared on horseback.

"Give me the bridle of your packhorse, I will accompany you; it is so dark and you do not know the road."

I thanked him heartily and having saluted the crowd at the window we set out in haste. In less than an hour, we arrived at a large and beautiful farm; our guide alighted, climbed the roof and leaning over a small window, he cried with all his might,—

"God be with you!" From the interior of the house came the traditional answer,—

"God bless you!"

He leaped from the roof, mounted his horse and bade us good bye. I experienced some difficulty in making him accept a few coins for the invaluable service he had rendered us. "We are accustomed to help strangers without payment," said he.

AUSTERHILD.

Scarcely had he departed, when a young damsel issued from the house followed by her brother; they approached us, and after the usual salutations, I excused myself for disturbing them in the dead of night. "Never mind," said she, "this is no inconvenience, our parents will be too happy to extend you hospitality; please wait a moment, I will light a lamp." Her brother took charge of the ponies and soon introduced us into the house. We traversed a spacious vestibule and then entered an elegant little parlor, which we left immediately to put aside our cloaks, all saturated by the heavy fog. On returning we were not a little surprised to find the apartment furnished like the parlors of Copenhagen. A fine carpet covered the floor, in the centre a little round table and a sofa, along the walls a library and several pieces of mahogany furniture; everything was scrupulously neat and orderly. It was far past midnight, and as we had tasted nothing since midday, our hostess prepared supper for us to which our hunger gave the relish of a royal banquet. Our beds were gotten ready in two separate rooms. They asked us to choose between either down coverlets and woolen blankets; we preferred the latter, for the weather was very mild.

We enjoyed a refreshing sleep, and awoke very late in the

day; the sun darted its warm and brilliant rays into the rooms when we opened our eyes. After coffee we set out to admire the beautiful landscape. Before us stretched imposing mountains, beneath, a delightful valley, in the background, glaciers of dazzling whiteness, and in their midst Mt. Hecla crowned with ice and snow. The mountains, glaciers and valleys, had assumed new traits of beauty, owing to the fine weather which followed the fog of yesterday; the air was embalmed with the perfume of wild mountain flowers. On the right we could see Hankadalen and the great Geyser, smoking and roaring.

THE GUIDE SIGURDR OF LANG.

We departed from Austerhild in the afternoon, and had been hardly two hours riding when we reached the farm of Lang, situated about 800 feet from the great Geyser; here dwells Sigurdr of Lang. He is eighty years old, strong and alert for his age. His great kindness to all has become a byword in Iceland. He owns three farms south of the Geyser. Two years ago, to the evident mortification of the Icelanders, he sold the Geyser, which was his property, to an Englishman for the paltry sum of $ 15,000. The intention of the purchaser is to surround it with a high wall in order to tax every pilgrim who wishes to get a look at it. Really the Englishmen are shrewd merchants! This explains a rumor we heard at Reykjavik. An agent of an English firm had landed there to make arrangements with the local authorities about building a railway from the capital to the Geyser. A line of steamers would ply conjointly between Liverpool and Iceland. They agreed to pay $ 20,000 a year for the land, for the space of thirty years, after which the railway would be their property. The work was to be begun in 1895.

As nobody appeared around the house, I dismounted and with a stick struck the wall near the entrance, three times. This is, during the day, the conventional announcement of the arrival of strangers; at night, one must climb the roof and shout at the window, "God be with you!" to which comes invariably the answer, "God bless you!" Scarcely had I complied with this usage, when a woman opened the door and saluted us. I asked her whether I could speak to the master of the house; she disappeared at once to call him. I wished to beg Sigurdr to kindly guide us to "Kallmanstunga," a farm situated in the midst of a desert on the opposite side of the mountain before us. It required an eight hours' ride over a great stony sea of lava, during which time,

not a house nor a blade of grass was to be found. Our greatest danger however lay in the crossing of the thirteen branches of the rapid Jökelelv Hvita. No one dares engage in this undertaking without a sure and experienced guide. But three men can boast of guiding you safely through this dangerous part of the country; namely, Sigurdr of Lang, his son Greipr of Hankadalr, and Gudjön, a farmer of the neighborhood. In spite of his advanced age Sigurdr is the best of the trio. The gentleman accosted us in a friendly manner. He is a man of a noble and imposing mien, with a snow white beard. I saluted him, he stared at me without answering, then he bent over a little boy who accompanied him; the child shouted into his ear,—"The gentleman salutes you—Saelir verid Per!"

Sigurdr then said, "Welcome, my friends!"

"I come to beg you," I cried with all my might, "to accompany us to Kallmanstunga!" I had not spoken loud enough, so the child repeated my words. The old man thought a moment and answered,—

"I fear I am not able to render you this service, but my son Greipr will most readily accompany you; and if he cannot, well, I will go with you." He then took me by the arm and asked a thousand questions, to answer which I yelled myself hoarse. When this lung and throat exercise was over, he told the boy to lead us to the Geyser to show us the environs, and then to guide us to Hankadalr where his son Greipr lives.

THE GREAT GEYSER.

We were therefore to contemplate, for the first time, the great Geyser. We soon reached the foot of a round rocky hill; from its summit arose thick columns of vapor presenting the appearance of a dozen factory chimneys; the air was impregnated with a nauseous odor resembling sulphurated hydrogen, a great subterraneous noise was heard, like that of boiling water; for the water is always boiling in these immense stone vessels. The boy walked before us showing the way as we ascended to the basin of the Geyser. Our horses began to show signs of fear; they scented the rocks on which they stepped and finally refused to advance. Pricking up their ears, they looked about in great anxiety. We were forced to use the whip to urge them forward, but they only dragged on with great precaution and appeared thoroughly frightened. Having reached a certain height we saw before us a round opening, about the size of our Amagatoro at Copenhagen, whence escaped a dense vapor which

rose to a great height. Our ponies stared at this strange spectacle for a few seconds, when overcome by fear they deliberately wheeled around. We could not keep them quiet, so we were forced to dismount and lead them by the bridle. Passing several of these steaming orifices we pushed on till we reached the great Geyser. The rocks about these Geysers are burning hot, whilst the ground around is of the ordinary temperature. These seething rocks produce a hissing sound like steam escaping from an engine. Our horses became more and more terrified and walked as if they were treading on burning coals.

Finally, we reach the great Geyser. A smooth stone basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, stood before us brimful of boiling clear water, which bubbled up more violently in the centre than at the edges. I dipped my finger lightly into it; but even this slight contact left a burning mark. Several scientists have taken the temperature of this water: On the surface, it indicates 185° Fahrenheit; at a depth of 60 feet, it rises to 250° degrees. We longed to see an eruption of the great Geyser, but we were sadly disappointed. Our guide wondered at the interest we took in this unparalleled phenomenon of nature. He was born in its neighborhood, saw it daily and had witnessed many a violent manifestation of wrath of this monster. I asked whether it was safe to stay so near the basin, as, in case of an eruption we would have a rather disagreeable shower bath of boiling water.

"Oh!" he answered, "it does not occur without a warning. Before the water bursts into the air, subterraneous thunders accompanied by earthquakes, admonish you to look for a safe spot which you find in going against the wind." I further inquired, how the eruption takes place. He replied,—

"The whole mass of water lifts itself up and rises like a column into the air, sometimes 200 feet. This action is repeated four or five times successively. Most of the water falls back into the basin, except in times of strong wind, the rest turns into vapor and scatters."

"When did such an eruption take place?"

"Last night."

"Does it happen often?"

"Oh! the fits are very irregular; sometimes they occur two or three times a day, sometimes once in three weeks; but last spring the eruptions occurred almost every twenty-four hours."

STROKR AND THE SMALLER GEYSERS.

Afterward we visited the smaller Geysers. The most remarkable of these is the Strokr. Its water boils more violently than that of the great Geyser; so that its groaning and hissing could be heard at a distance. The orifice of the Strokr measures only six feet in diameter. As it has no basin, we could approach to the very edge of its funnel, which is smoothly hollowed out of a red rock, and look down at the water boiling perpetually at the bottom. We found it impossible to lead our horses to this Geyser; the noise and vapor made them shiver. After having satisfied our curiosity we directed our steps to Hankadalr, where we wished to spend the night. We forded a river in which our horses got a cold bath, for the water reached to their shoulders. At Hankadalr we gave the conventional sign of three strokes against the wall, which instantly brought out farmer Greipr. He is a tall, strong young man. He received us with the utmost politeness, especially when he learned that we came from his father's house. We were conducted into the guest's room, which was simply furnished, and exquisitely neat. Our bedsteads consisted of trunks placed side by side, the sheets and coverlets were rather rough. Our host served us the best he had. In the evening as we were sitting on the lawn in front of the house, chatting and enjoying the fine scenery, suddenly we saw a man on horseback galloping towards us. We were not long before recognizing old Sigurdr himself, and we rose to meet him. Having alighted, the old man affectionately embraced his son. He had come to ascertain whether his son would be able to accompany us the next day to Kallmanstunga. They held a protracted consultation together. It seems that Greipr had never travelled over more than half the road and we needed a guide who was perfectly acquainted with the whole; for should a fog overtake us on the mountains, we might easily stray from our path and thus be exposed to spend one or two nights without a shelter. It was therefore decided that Greipr should ask Gudjön to accompany us, and if he could not do so, Sigurdr himself would be our guide. After this, the good old man bid us good night and returned home. A message was sent to Gudjön, but he was absent; we were forced to stay at Hankadalr the whole of the following day.

Thursday, August 2.

We profited by this delay to visit the environs and to make a collection of minerals for our museum of Ordrups-

hoj. This part of Iceland abounds in hot springs many of which still bear their old Catholic names. Near the farm, is St. Martin's spring; the landlady uses its clear and healthy water for kitchen purposes, and she keeps there her kettles and some pans. The good people of the village also come to this spring to prepare their meals, and thus spare wood and coal, the subterraneous fire renders them service gratis, winter and summer. I put a box of canned meat into this boiling water, and after a quarter of an hour we enjoyed a good repast. Near this crater, a basin has been dug into which the boiling water flows. Here it soon cools down, and when in winter the water is frozen everywhere else, the cattle come to drink it.

While here we had an opportunity to observe the love the Icelanders have for their horses. At midday the oldest boy went to drive in a dozen ponies in order to feed them on hay. We all left the house with the children. Scarcely were the ponies in sight when they ran to meet them crying out, " Oh the dear little creatures !" The ponies stepped forward with the greatest care for fear of treading on the children, who hung about them caressing them and calling each one by his name. After the meal, they leaped on the horses and galloped off. One pony did not follow the crowd, but ran to the entrance of the house, stuck his head inside and began to stamp.

" He wants his milk !" said one of the children that stood near him. The landlady soon appeared with a small pail of sheep milk and gave it to the pony. She told me that she bought the animal when a foal and raised it on sheep milk, to which he became so accustomed that every day, at this hour, he came to the house for it. In the afternoon we visited the greatest waterfall of Iceland, named " Kellegulfoss." Here the river Hvita tumbles its mass of water down a lofty precipice. The roaring of the torrent can be heard from afar, and at several miles distant a column of spray can be seen curling above the fall.

When we returned to the house, Frederick played hide-and-seek with the children; I was really struck by the ease with which children make friends; later on, Frederick organized games of hide-and-seek at every farm we stopped at, to the great joy of the parents and the amusement of the children. Nowhere was he in want of companions, for Iceland swarms with children in this part. Meanwhile old Sigurdr and his son succeeded in finding our guide; he asked five dollars for his service, the usual fee, for he was to lose two days and he had to use two horses on account of

the difficulties and fatigues of the journey. It was decided that we should leave at six o'clock in the morning.

Friday, August 3.

The next day, before leaving, I wished to settle accounts with our host, but he refused all payment, although we had spent two days and two nights at his house. After much entreaty I succeeded in making him accept a small sum for which he and his wife thanked me with many expressions of gratitude. Everywhere in Iceland the good people of the country look upon hospitality as a sacred duty, and treat as best they can all those the Lord sends them. I was grieved to hear that sometimes, travellers behave rudely towards their charitable hosts. A landlady said to me: "Oh! the strangers are never satisfied with our services. They complain of not being better treated, and of getting bad food; they accuse us of uncleanliness and of charging too much for their board. Once we asked fifty cents a head; they found the price exorbitant, and yet we lost a day's work and gave them the best we possessed." These exacting tourists do not reflect on what the least article costs these poor people. Coffee, sugar, flour, oil, in a word, everything has to be brought from a great distance on the backs of horses.

Between six and seven o'clock we left Hankadalr with five horses. As we ascended the nearest mountain, we saw the great Geyser in eruption. What a mortification not to be nearer! Our road was now the worst imaginable; sometimes we faced a steep ascent up a high mountain; then a rugged descent into a deep valley; again we cut across a bleak desert strewn with big stones, afterward we climbed another mountain. Thus we trudged along the whole day. We traversed the valley Kaldadal, locked up between two imposing glaciers which skirt the path, so that we rode in the snow. The weather however was superb. This slow and laborious locomotion had lasted about fourteen hours when at nine P. M. we struck an even path on which we could ride at a fair rate. Again we had to slacken our speed to descend into a broad valley. Between one and two o'clock A. M.,[3] we reached the ford of the river Hvita. We gazed in astonishment upon this torrent which hurled its foamy waters over numberless rocks. Our guide stopped, examined the river and said,—"It is impossible to cross at this spot; it is too dangerous."

[3] Our readers will remember that at this season there is no night in this northern region, the sun scarcely goes below the horizon.

FORDING THE TORRENT HVITA.

We then skirted the river for a while and made another halt. Our guide tried first to cross the torrent alone with his best pony. In spite of the repeated application of the whip, the poor animal refused to plunge into this icy water; but he finally yielded and walked into the river till the water reached his shoulders. The current dragged him along; suddenly he sank into a hole and his head alone appeared above the surface; he was wet to the belt. Happily the pony succeeded in gaining a footing, but only to retrace his steps. Gudjön betrayed some embarrassment, and proposed to continue along the river until we found a more favorable ford. After a short time, we made another trial, but without success. The horse could not withstand the current; the ford was too uneven. With much effort and with great difficulty did he succeed in returning. We went further up the river in search of a more fordable place. Our brave guide, fatigued and soaked as he was, did not lose heart. He tried a third time, and was lucky enough to reach the opposite bank. He returned immediately and took Frederick on his own horse; the poor beast had again to fight against the violent current. In the middle of the river he sank into a hole as the first time, but happily extricated himself in a moment. Frederick alighted and Gudjön returned to take me across. He made me mount his horse and he leaped upon mine. We tied the others together by the bridle and he took the lead while I closed up the file. For a while we were carried along by the current, but arrived in the middle of the river we were better able to resist its violence and we touched the bank without any other accident.

More than ever we experienced the strength and safety of our dear little Iceland horses. We were told that these ponies are never drowned, and if the riders know how to cling to them, they need have no fear in crossing rivers; the danger is less than it appears. Those who meet with serious accidents, are either under the influence of liquor or rashly hazard a crossing at a place where the torrent is too deep, and where the horses are obliged to swim with the riders on their backs. We traversed the twelve other branches of the river without further incident.

After this we journeyed through a barren pathless desert. Our guide did not know the exact situation of the farm of Kallmanstunga, so we were forced to search for it. To our great joy at three o'clock A. M., we suddenly found ourselves

on a fine lawn; we were at Kallmanstunga. We alighted. Our guide climbed the roof of the house and cried,—

"Her voere Gúd!" and the answer came,—

"God bless you!" Without delay the door was opened and a cordial reception awaited us. Throughout the rest of our journey, we experienced the same cordiality and courtesy wherever we stopped.

Saturday, August 4.

We stayed a whole day at Kallmanstunga to rest ourselves and our ponies, as we had a hard and fatiguing journey before us. It is useless to describe our sojourn at Kallmanstunga, as it varies little from the one at Hankadalr.

Our next station was Grimstunga. To reach it we had to traverse the Arnarvatusheide, a magnificent tract of land with great natural beauty, but entirely uninhabited. We were lucky enough to meet two travellers who were going in the same direction,—a student of Reykjavik, and an elderly lady. The young man had made this trip several times and he assured us that he knew the road perfectly.

Sunday, August 5.

We rose at three A. M. Before leaving we asked our host how much we owed him; he answered, $3.75. This was the only place where the price was mentioned. At four A. M., we set out, hoping to arrive at Grimstunga about eleven P. M., should there happen no accident. Our host accompanied us for three hours, to direct us to the best ford of the river Nordlunga. Sometimes we beheld immense rocks rising vertically to a height of more than 5000 feet, whose ice-crowned summits sparkled with a thousand fires beneath the rays of the setting sun; then we descried lofty blue mountains, studded with crystal lakes, on which flocks of snow white swan were sporting. At midday we took an hour's rest on the shore of one of these lakes, into which leaped a magnificent cascade. On resuming our journey our guide, mistaking the path, led us by a circuitous road through a wild desert, so that instead of arriving at Grimstunga at eleven P. M., we reached it only at five A. M. the following day. The people had already risen when we neared the farm.

Monday, August 6.

The reception tendered us at Grimstunga was most cordial. Our host helped us to take off our overcoats and our dirty boots, and then offered us a drink of warm milk. Shortly after, an excellent breakfast was served, consisting of trout, meat, vegetables, delicious bread and fresh butter, and rhubarb preserves, seasoned with sweet cream. The owner

of Grimstunga is a wealthy gentleman and a Representative of this part of the island in Congress. Soon after we retired to bed for a well deserved rest. We rose late in the afternoon and felt entirely refreshed. We spent the night at Grimstunga to give more time to our horses to recuperate, because their backs were sore and raw. No guide was henceforth needed as our road lay through the luxuriant plains of fertile valleys dotted with cozy farm houses. I will be brief on this part of my trip lest I prolong too much an already lengthy narrative. The farmers of the North in general enjoy comfort and wealth and can easily afford being generous to strangers. We are glad to say that a large share of that generosity was lavished upon us.

Tuesday, August 7.

The following day we bade farewell to our kind hosts and entered the picturesque Vastursdal. This valley lies between two chains of mountains; through the centre flows a large river, with numerous houses on its banks. Wherever we turn we can see the mowers cutting the grass on the meadows. We stopped over night at a farm named Karusa. We were cordially welcomed by the owner of the place, a young theological student of the college of Reykjavik, who lives in a fine two-story building. He put a suite of four apartments at our disposal,—a parlor, a dining room, and two sleeping rooms, each furnished with a large English bed. This young gentleman and his sister, who keeps house for him, spared no pains to make us feel at home. I intimated that our saddles needed repairs, immediately a saddler was called who did the job very neatly. Before leaving, the hostess gave Frederick a box of candy. Such a gift can only be appreciated when one remembers with what difficulties these articles are procured. No entreaties could make them acccept the least remuneration. "Our mother strictly forbade us," said the gentleman, "to receive any payment from those who ask for hospitality." We were not even allowed to pay for the repairs of our saddles. Later on, I learned that this family was in rather moderate circumstances.

Wednesday, August 8.

After heartily thanking our hosts for their extreme kindness, we set out in company with the young student who wished to guide us to the farm "Huansum" where we intended to pass the night. On reaching Huansum our worthy companion introduced us to the owner of the place who welcomed us most politely. He was a well educated gentleman who had travelled a great deal, and was an entertain-

ing conversationalist. Here I slept for the first time in what they called a "closed bed." A similar article can be seen in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, at Copenhagen.

Thursday, August 9.

Our host's son escorted us a great distance, for we had to cross a chain of mountains. The boy bid us farewell when we could see the farm "Solheimar," our next station. We rode by the side of a charming lake several miles long but very narrow. It reminded us of Loch Lomond in the mountains of Scotland, with this difference that the latter is surrounded by beautiful woods, whilst around the former there is no sign of a tree. At Solheimar we were sumptuously entertained.

Friday, August 10.

To-day we were to tread the valley for the last time, first crossing the torrent Blanda, which is much deeper than the Hvita, where we had to undergo so great fatigues, and then riding over a chain of mountains. This stretch would bring us to the farm "Vidimyri," by sunset. The farmer of Solheimar ordered a boy to help us to cross the Blanda. On nearing the bank of the river the boy ascended a knoll and cried with all his might, "Ferjà!" i. e., "ferry boat!" Our guide had to yell again and again before he could be heard. The echo of the mountains repeated without end, "Ferjà!" Finally we noticed an old man coming down a neighboring hill and advancing slowly in our direction; he was the ferryman. His voice was very harsh and his strength seemed prodigious. He placed our saddles and boxes in the boat and then drove the ponies into the river, where they were obliged to swim. Shortly before reaching Vidimyri we found ourselves on the coast facing the isle of Drasig, so renowned for the exploits of Gretta. It is an enormous rock rising perpendicularly above the waves, at a short distance from the shore. There lived for twenty years the outlaw Gretta, and there he was surprised by his enemies and assassinated after a bold resistance. We were treading upon the spot where his head was buried by the murderers.

Saturday, August 11.

From Vidimyri we went to Silfrastathir. Between these two farms lies a very deep river having several branches. One of these, called "Héradsvötnin," the horses swam, and we crossed it on a boat; the others, we forded. Once we found it difficult to discover the ford. We saw a little girl on the opposite bank. We called her and inquired

where we could cross. She directed her pony to where we stood and told us to follow her. We did so without hesitation, and gained the opposite bank without difficulty. On such occasions the usual word exchanged is "Happy journey!" but in these parts of Iceland, intersected by torrents and rivers, they say "Good river!" With this wish the girl galloped off. We arrived safely at Silfrastathir and stayed over night.

Sunday, August 12.

Around Silfrastathir the scenery was beautiful, our path leading us through the picturesque defiles of the Oscnadal. In the afternoon we were rowed over the deep river Horgara which waters the fertile Horgarasdal valley, and came to the farm of Mödruvollum, which is well known throughout the country. Madam Stephensen, the lady of the house, gave us a cordial reception. Mödruvollum is the most important farm we met on our trip and there is an excellent school attached to it. The children were then in vacation.

REACHING OUR DESTINATION.

Tuesday, August 14.

Madame Stephensen ordered a servant to guide us to Hjalteyei, our last station. It is a little merchant town situated at the extreme end of the beautiful bay of Ofjord. Here lives Gunnar Einarsson, with his family, the only Catholics of Iceland. If one remembers that they have the consolations of our holy religion but every other year, he will easily conceive the great joy this faithful little flock experiences on the arrival of a priest in their midst. We had eight days to stay with them; a time of grace for these dear brothers in the faith, so abandoned in this forlorn place. The best apartment of the house was immediately turned into a chapel. Every day I said Mass, and preached on the principal truths of our holy religion, and each member of the family approached the sacraments several times with touching fervor. Never shall I forget the kindness and reverence with which I was treated by this excellent family. I have described the generous hospitality we enjoyed from those who were not of our faith; it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the affectionate welcome we experienced from our Catholic brethren. It was therefore with reluctance that we tore ourselves away from them on August 23, to hasten to Akreyri, whence the steamer "Thyra" was to take us back to Copenhagen. At Akreyri we disposed of our ponies, which had rendered us such good services. Thanks to our host

Gunnar, who accompanied us, we sold them very advantageously. The "Thyra" was late. Gunnar however did not leave us until he had seen us safe on board the steamer.

THE DELIGHT OF TOURISTS.

There we met many of our former travelling companions, all of whom were much pleased with their stay in Iceland, and the greater number desirous to return again. We related our numerous adventures, and listened with attention to theirs. Our seventeen days' trip on horseback had seemed to us an extraordinary feat, but we stopped boasting when we learned that some of our friends had been three, and even five consecutive weeks scouring the country on little ponies. All looked healthy and were delighted with the benefits they reaped during their short stay in this happy clime. I was very glad to meet an English Catholic priest on board,—the professor of canon law and moral theology at Oscott College. Before his trip he suffered so much from insomnia that he was rendered unfit for work. His physician advised him to make an excursion to Iceland, and this completely restored him to health. All the tourists said that there was no place like Iceland to regain health and strength of body, especially, if the summer is always as beautiful as it is this year. I am afraid, however, that this is not the case.

Travelling in Iceland has a charm of its own, unknown elsewhere. The daily riding, the varied scenes, the objects of interest,—all break the monotony and routine experienced in a trip by rail. Even Scotland, with its mountains, lakes and forests, has lost by the introduction of modern comforts, and by the profuse description of every nook and corner. Here you travel always in the open air, behold remarkable scenery, and are continually led from surprise to surprise. Frederick and I could judge of the difference between these two countries, having extensively travelled together over Scotland, the preceding year. There we travelled in comfortable cars, steamboats carried us across the lakes, tramways took us up the mountains, and everywhere, sumptuous hotels with all their luxuries were opened to us. In Iceland, there are no hotels, no railways, no steamers, no noise nor smoke, except the low grumbling of the Geysers and the vapor of the hot springs. You breathe the purest and most invigorating air and enjoy the greatest liberty. You start and stop where you please, you rest as long as you please; there is no ticket to be bought, no time-table to be followed, no darkness to be dreaded, for the sun does not

set in summer. As for food; you make your provisions beforehand, moreover, you are always warmly welcomed by the good people of the country, and invited to share their frugal repast. Sometimes you may lunch sitting on a green knoll, and for drink you have the purest water in the world, for the spring water of Iceland, as a Danish physician affirms, is so remarkable for its purity and health-giving properties that it would pay to bottle it for transportation. In many locations it has a strong taste.

We steamed out of Ofjord Bay August 26, and coasted for several days stopping at half a dozen harbors and fiords to receive passengers and merchandise. Every night the firmament was illumined by the splendors of the aurora borealis. Among the passengers we counted about a hundred inhabitants of the Faroe Islands, who, after fishing on the coasts of Iceland for two months, were returning home. They were a jolly set, full of good humor; and every evening they sang some of the touching national melodies for which their country is famous.

At the Faroes I again visited the old lady at Hvidernaes, celebrated Mass in her house, and gave her holy Communion, though the captain allowed me scarcely more time than at our first visit. From the Faroes we sailed to Edinburgh; thence to Copenhagen where we landed Sept. 6, late in the evening; at half-past ten we boarded the train for Klompenborg and at midnight reached home,—our college at Ordrupshoj.

Yours devotedly in Christ,
JÖN SVEINSSON, S. J.

LEO XIII. SENDS MISSIONARIES TO ICELAND.

Since this journey of Father Sveinsson to his native Iceland, the religious needs of the country have been provided for, as we learn from the following facts for which we are indebted to the Father himself. Early in 1895 our Holy Father, Leo XIII., ordered Monseigneur d'Euch, the Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, to send missionaries into Iceland. The Sovereign Pontiff was incited to this apostolic work by the fact, that besides the good dispositions of the people, there have been found among the population of 75,000, some 300 lepers who were sorely in need of being cared for in an asylum. The Mission of Iceland was offered to the Society by Monseigneur d'Euch but on account of want of subjects it was refused, our fathers in Denmark already being overladen with work. The Mission was then entrusted to the

secular clergy and last September two priests —one a Dane and a former pupil of our college at Ordrupshoj, the other a young German — were sent as the first missionaries to Iceland. They were received very cordially and on the first Sunday of Advent they opened the little chapel of Reyjavik for public worship. At the first Mass the crowd was so great that many had to return home, unable to find room. In the evening at Benediction, which was followed by a sermon, the chapel was filled long before the appointed time, and the crowd outside was four times as numerous as that within. A family applied at once for instruction and it soon became evident that it would be necessary to build a church; for this purpose alms are now being collected throughout the Catholic world.

AN APPEAL FOR ICELAND'S LEPERS.

Though Father Sveinsson— the only Icelandic priest in the world — has been unable to go himself as a missionary to his native country, he is laboring for his people, as far as his duties in teaching at Ordrupshoj will permit, by collecting money for the leper asylum. Contributions have already been sent to him from all parts of the world amounting to 15,000 francs, but 200,000 francs will be needed for this charitable undertaking. It is consoling to learn that heroic souls are not wanting, to nurse the poor lepers; for besides the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are highly esteemed in Denmark, and who are preparing themselves to open a school as well as to take care of lepers, six ladies have offered themselves for this charitable work. Money alone is wanting and Father Sveinsson makes an urgent appeal to Catholics throughout the world to help him in building an asylum for the lepers of his native country, to whose service he is longing to devote all his strength and even his life. Contributions may be sent to him, addressed, St. Andrew's College, Ordrupshoj, near Copenhagen, Denmark.—*Editor of the* LETTERS.

THROUGH AN UNEXPLORED PART OF ALASKA.

AN ACCOUNT OF FATHER TOSI'S SLED-JOURNEY OF 2000 MILES THROUGH A *TERRA INCOGNITA*.[1]

Of all who have travelled over Alaska, it is safe to say that no one has traversed the territory so thoroughly as the Rev. Father Tosi, Prefect Apostolic of Alaska, who has spent the past three months in Juneau. The reverend gentleman has been from the Island of Attu through the Aleutian Archipelago to the most northern point in Alaska, Point Barrow. During his residence of ten years in the Yukon Valley, he has travelled thousands and thousands of miles over territory never before invaded by human beings. Three years ago in company with an Indian boy, he made the trip from the mouth of the Porcupine River overland in sleds in an air line to the Arctic Ocean,—a country of which no one knew anything; a trackless waste totally devoid of animal life and containing not a stick of timber as large as one's thumb. This was but one of numerous journeys of like description, all made with but one purpose, the hardships endured and dangers braved with but one object in view—the temporal and, above all, the spiritual welfare of the Indians in the interior. Such is the life-work of one who has already sacrificed a decade in the frozen North, and in the spring will return to the labor he loves so well.

An account of a journey made by him last summer to the head of Kotzebue Sound, and several hundred miles inland, cannot fail to prove of interest, That part of Alaska is entirely a *terra incognita*, and miners looking for a new country, will there find rivers and creeks which have never had a pick struck into any of their banks, or a shovelful of gravel turned over on any of their bars. The tale will be best appreciated in the Father's own language:—

THE ABORIGINES OF KOTZEBUE SOUND.

I had heard through Indians whom I met, both on the Yukon and on the coast, of the existence of populous and prosperous villages on the streams which empty into the

[1] This account of Father Tosi's journey is taken from the "Alaskan News" of Juneau City, from which it was copied into the "New York Sun" of March 15, 1896.

Kotzebue Sound, villages whose inhabitants were as uncivilized as they were centuries ago. These Indians come to the nearest trading points but once a year, and there had never been a white man among them. In making the trip I had several objects in view, first and foremost of which was the establishment of a mission and a school. Then, too, I had a great desire to see the country, and I thought it might be possible to establish communication between Nulato and the Norton Sound. The trip necessarily had to be made in winter on sleds, and with but an Indian boy for company I left Kozyrevski, our station on the Yukon, Feb. 15, 1895. I took but one sled and had ten dogs in our team. The ice was in splendid condition and we made good time, the first halting place being at the Akularak Mission, on the south fork of the Yukon, 800 miles distant from home. Here we remained a day, and then started across the Yukon delta in a direct line for St. Michael's, which we reached four days later.

FORTY MILES AT SEA ON AN ICE FLOE.

Here I sent the Indian boy home, and was happy to have join me Dr. Crew, who was spending the winter on the islands. Our outfit was increased by another dog team belonging to the doctor, and after spending two days at St. Michael's, completing all the details for the trip, we set out for the unknown country. At the start the ice was very good, but within a few hours a treacherous south wind blew up, and almost before we knew it, the ice upon which we were travelling was floating with the tide. We at that time were about forty miles from land. As soon as we became aware of our perilous position we lost no time in making for the solid ground. Ere we had travelled many miles the ice began breaking into smaller floes, and frequently we would be compelled to make a detour of considerable extent in order to gain a comparatively short distance towards the shore. The thermometer was ten below zero, but we suffered none whatever from the cold until Dr. Crew had the misfortune to slide into the water. As he was falling he had the presence of mind to grab the sled, and he was easily pulled out by the dogs; otherwise he would probably have been drowned. We finally reached the land, after many narrow escapes, and continued our journey overland. The travelling on shore was anything but pleasant, — over rocks, hills, and brush,—and we were tempted to get back on the ice, which, though separated from the shore by three or four feet of water, looked strong enough.

ON AN UNNAMED RIVER.

It required two days to reach Unalalik, a trading station on the sea near the entrance to Norton Sound. A trader was located here by the name of Englestadt. Upon being told our destination he expressed a great desire to accompany us to the new country, to which we made no objection. He took an Indian with him also. Beyond Unalalik we found good ice again, and continued our journey on it to Norton Sound, and thence to the head of that body of water. The weather became very cold, the thermometer falling to 40 degrees below zero. Three times in one day Dr. Crew's cheeks and nose were frozen. On an unnamed river of considerable size which flowed into the Norton Sound, we found a village of about 200 Eskimos or Innuit Indians, who spoke the same language, with a slight difference in dialect, as those of St. Michael's. They had plenty to eat, and their houses were comfortable. We followed this river to its head and crossed the divide between Norton Sound and the tributaries of Kotzebue Sound. A strange peculiarity of this country is the total absence of any timber whatever, excepting a small spot on an island about three or four miles in extent. Here nature has seemed to mock at the immediate surroundings, for she has been more than bounteous in supplying this small oasis. The trees are eight and ten inches in diameter and are so close together as to make this miniature forest well nigh impenetrable. Prospecting travellers and also miners who may think of visiting that section will do well to remember this, as it is the only wood that can be found between Norton Sound and Kotzebue Sound. It is located about twenty-five miles up the river emptying into the head of Norton Sound. The divide between the two sounds is quite flat, and no trouble whatever was experienced in crossing it, it requiring but one day to to make the trip.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN ALASKA.

The first camp we made after crossing the summit was on a small stream flowing into Kotzebue Sound. Along its shores were vast quantities of willow brush of the thickness of one's finger. Another peculiarity of this section is the immense quantities of small game we found. Small rabbits, Arctic hares, and the delicious ptarmigan were encountered everywhere. We killed a great many of them, and we not only had a feast ourselves, but gave the dogs a

much-relished change of diet. On the shores of Kotzebue Sound we found Miner Bruce's partner, a man named Gibson, who is running a trading station there. He seemed happy and contented, although he does not see people of his own race but once a year. Crossing the head of the Kotzebue Sound, we entered the Selawik River, one of the principal tributaries of the Sound. We continued up this river for a number of miles, when to our surprise we found it widened out and become a beautiful lake from twenty to thirty miles wide and fifty miles long. This lake we found surrounded with many small villages containing twenty-five to thirty houses. Passing through the lake, we again entered the Selawik River and continued our travels up the stream for three days, a distance which we judged to be about eighty miles. The river forks at this place, and a small settlement of probably half a dozen houses lies on the right-hand fork. The first person we encountered was an old man who was assiduously engaged in making hoochinoo, the only sign of liquor we found upon all our trip. Whether he was making some merely for home consumption or for sale I did not learn. This village is Carbonna, and is situated in one of the most beautiful and attractive spots in all Alaska. There is plenty of timber at hand, fir and birch, and the country seems overrun with game. In the woods are found a great number of deer, caribou and bear, and the rivers and creeks abound in fish, — salmon trout and whitefish being very common and easy to catch. Fur-bearing animals are also very plentiful, white foxes and beaver in particular. Land otter and red foxes are also found in great numbers. In the summer time these Innuit Indians all emigrate to Atom Island, in the Kotzebue Sound, where they meet whalers and exchange their furs, ivory, and curios for molasses, tea, flour, and hard tack.

It is not an infrequent occurrence to find 2000 of these natives congregated on Atom Island at one time. They treated our party very hospitably, and seemed rather loath to have us leave. From these Innuits I learned that it was practicable to establish overland communication between Kotzebue Sound and Nulato, on the Yukon. The head of the Selawik River is in a low range of mountains, on the opposite side of which a fork of the Koyukuk finds its source. Indians have made this journey in six and seven days, and found native villages in which to stop over night each evening but one. By this route we would have reached home in a week, and saved over 600 miles. Travelling, the Indians say, is good, and wood can be found along the entire distance.

SIMILARITY OF THE GREEK AND ESKIMO LANGUAGES.

We spent several days at this upper village, taking some much needed rest, both for ourselves and for our dogs. I observed in their language a kind of patois or dialect differing only in the slightest degree from the Eskimo of Norton Sound and those at the mouth of the Yukon and the Kuskokwim. It may sound strange to hear that the Maneloots or Eskimo language is one of the most beautiful on earth. It more closely resembles ancient Greek than any other language. The roots and derivatives are nearly the same, and so it is also with the declensions and conjugations. The affixes and prefixes are also nearly identical. One of the fathers at Kozyrevski has been at work three years compiling a grammar and a dictionary of the language, but it will require many years yet before it is completed.

PREPARING TO RETURN HOME.

Our dogs had stood the trip for nearly 1000 miles better than we had anticipated, and we were more than gratified to observe their good condition, and particularly the soundness of their feet, due, doubtless, to the care bestowed in shoeing them. When we had rested a few days at the village near the fork of the Selawik River, we began making preparations for our return. On the day of our departure every human being in the village crowded about us to know where we were going, and would we ever return again. They showed much sorrow at our leaving, some of the men accompanying us several miles down the river. We reached the beautiful Selawik Lake again without mishap, and made a detour of some forty or fifty miles around a small portion of its shores before proceeding down the lower river to the Sound. This lower river is but a few miles in length, and resembles more a narrowed channel than a river.

WARM SPRINGS IN A FROZEN LAKE.

The lake being but a comparatively short distance removed from the ocean is susceptible to the tides, and thus we have presented a body of water, which paradoxical as it may seem, is both fresh and salt — fresh at the upper end and salt at the lower. Another peculiar phenomenon noticeable about Lake Selawik is the evidence shown in the ice of the existence of subterranean warm springs. The lake freezes in the winter to a depth of from four to six feet, the

presence of springs being readily detected by the appearence of the surface of the ice. There will be found the thin ice surrounding the hole where the warm water refuses to freeze for perhaps six feet in diameter, the ice growing more solid as the outside of the circle is reached. Upon the periphery of this circular freak of nature, the water accumulates and freezes as it is forced through the opening by the influx of the tide, until a ridge of ice will be formed sometimes three feet high, hollowed at the centre and, from a distance, resembling a saucer, which might have fallen from the table of some huge giant.

MASTODON TUSKS.

Surrounding Lake Selawik there are probably twenty or thirty villages, some containing but few families, while others have a population of two or three hundred, A person visiting these villages for the first time cannot fail to be impressed with the large number of huge bones lying around. Paleontologists would here find a perfect paradise, the remains of the extinct mastodon being visible everywhere. It is not uncommon to see the doorway of a hut ornamented by two immense tusks standing on the large end, one on each side of the opening, their curved points nearly touching overhead. They are frequently six and eight feet long and as many inches in diameter, weighing several hundred pounds. Investigation has proved them to be in a wonderful state of preservation, considering the thousands and thousands of years that have elapsed since they were the ornament and pride of some male mastodon.

The core of the tusk, sometimes three inches in diameter, was found to be perfectly hard and sound, and possessing the same lustre when polished as does the ivory of commerce to-day when freshly taken from an animal. These tusks are sometimes sold to whalers who find a ready market for them in San Francisco. Ribs and vertebræ are also very common, but these seem to possess little or no value except as curiosities. The Indians informed us that these remains were found in the frozen gravel banks after an avalanche or landslide had torn out a side of the bank and exposed a large quantity of the bones to view. They are also found in glacial deposits, and they made particular mention of finding one some years ago upon which a portion of the skin, covered with long, coarse, bristle-like hairs, and also some of the flesh was in such a state of preservation that the dogs would have eaten it had they not been driven away. Dr. Crew bought a small pair of tusks, which

added not a little to the weight of our outfit. Upon arriving at civilization he would not have parted with his curios for any small sum of money.

A RIVER WITH TWO MOUTHS.

Upon reaching Kotzebue Sound we followed up the northeastern shore intending to ascend the Kuwak River. Near its mouth we came upon some Indians who informed us there were no villages whatever on the Kuwak River. There is a peculiar feature of the outlet of this river, the like of which does not exist at any other place on earth. The stream has two separate and distinct mouths, not, however, of the nature of a delta. The river divides less than a quarter of a mile from the Sound, and standing stolidly between the two streams thus formed is a mountain we judged to be about 1000 feet high, whose sides are so precipitous as to render ascent an impossibility. We did not enter the Kuwak as we intended, but instead passed around to the northern shore. From here we started across country to Port Clarence, a distance of nearly if not quite 400 miles. We had to travel entirely by compass, and during the entire distance did not encounter a human being. There was no fuel to be had on the way, and the only fire we had during the eight days it took to make the trip was that derived from a small oil stove upon which we boiled tea. We remained but a few days at the reindeer station, which seemed to be in a flourishing condition, and then turned our faces homeward once more.

A FROZEN WHALE.

Before proceeding along the beach two miles we came across the carcass of a whale which had either been thrown on the shore during a storm or had floundered on the sand spit and was unable to get off. It was a huge monster, fully sixty-five feet long, and was frozen as hard as stone. We cut off some of the blubber with our axes, but the dogs would not eat it unless very hungry, on account of its being so oily. I also sent word back to Port Clarence, and the natives soon arrived and proceeded to cut the animal to pieces. A day's travel below Port Clarence we entered Grantly Harbor. Following it to its head, we continued up the river and stopped at the divide lying between it and Golovin Bay, the latter being an estuary of Norton Sound.

At the lower end of the bay we came upon a trader who would have excited pity in a heart of stone. His name was

Ingalls; he was formerly a whaler, but had deserted from his ship the year before. He had been given a few goods to sell by a Mr. Gibson, and was doing as well as could be expected until he met with the accident which will cripple him for life. He had been seal hunting, and upon his return had fallen into the icy water of the ocean. Not being able to change his clothes at once, and the weather being very bitter, he contracted a cold which developed into complete paralysis of the lower limbs. He had no medical attendence whatever until our arrival. Dr. Crew applied such remedies as he had with him, including a small galvanic battery, but all to no avail. He was told his condition and advised to go to San Francisco at the earliest possible moment, which was the best we could do. He was a perfect type physically of manhood, which made his affliction all the harder to bear.

The remainder of our trip from Golovin Bay to St. Michael's was made without incident, and I arrived home at Kozyrevski on April 24, just sixty days after my departure, having travelled between 1900 and 2000 miles, the greater part of which was over a country never before invaded by white men.

THE SCHOLASTICATE IN CHIERI.

A Letter from Mr. Maurice D. Sullivan to the Editor.

CHIERI, Sep. 20, 1895.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER, P. C.

Apart from the general interest which we all take in the success of Ours in every corner of the world, there is I dare say, in every reader of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS a feeling of gratitude to the province of Turin for the foundation of three most successful missions in our grand and free Republic. After giving these three vigorous sprouts to America, the province of Turin remains perhaps the most successful and firmly established and hopeful of the five Italian provinces,—successful in its three colleges and one apostolic school, firmly established because it possesses the whole machinery for making the Jesuit in its own province, hopeful for its comparatively large novitiate. In Chieri there is under one Rector, Rev. Father Fumagalli, a novitiate, a juniorate, a course of philosophy, a course of theology, and this year, a tertianship.[1] It is interesting to see the novice of sixteen years with beautiful and youthful face—a mere "bambino" — walking in the cloister with, let us say, Father Agus, the commentator on St. Paul, born in 1806. Then there are various stratifications of Jesuit life, with the corresponding degrees of seriousness which the labors of the Society superinduce even in the laughter-loving Italia. That famous individual who laughed once in his life would be indeed a rarity in Italy. It is quite clear that St. Philip Neri's type of sanctity is far more to their taste than any more gloomy style which affects not only to mortify oneself, but wears a mask of sorrow careless of the fact that such a mask is highly mortifying to others.

The gracious politeness and active fraternal charity of my brethren in Chieri are delightful reminiscences. As in Italian painting there is that happy blending of color and that justness of line which challenge the admiration of the world, so in Italian character there is that happy blending of virtues, that correct poising of heart and mind which draws praise even from hostile observers prepossessed with national prejudice. Their politeness possesses at once the quality of unaffected simplicity and thoughtful delicacy.

The Casa di S. Antonio was a novitiate built for the Society by Cardinal Maurisio di Savoia, a relative of his Majesty Humbert, King of Italy. The buildings of the old Soci-

[1] The catalogue of the province for 1896 gives the number as follows: — Tertians 13, Theologians 21, Philosophers 34, Juniors 11, Scholastic novices 21, Coadjutor novices 13. Total, 113.

ety in Italy are as a rule among the largest buildings of the respective cities in which they stand. They are the auditoriums and the twenty-storied structures of the 17th century. This novitiate, though plain in appearance, is one of the largest and finest houses of Chieri. The old palace of Tana cannot compare with it. Cloistral in form, with an enclosure eight arches in length and five in breadth, with its lofty arched ceilings and its broad staircase, its ample corridors and vast rooms, this edifice would suffice to convey to posterity a concept of the broad ideas of the Jesuit who lived in the Society's golden age of saints and scholars. The church is small, but highly wrought in the famous style of the age—classic inclining to "barocco," and saved the fathers who were engaged in the novitiate from being utterly cut off from the useful works of the ministry. Large as the house is, the projecting bricks of the unfinished wall show the builders' intention to prolong the structure and enlarge it to twice its present size. But the Suppression came and the expulsion from Italy came, so that the province is now in that incipient condition in which it was three hundred years ago. Adjoining the house is a large fruit garden, where the laughing novices gather the purple grapes with the large, golden, toothsome pears.

Chieri is a small compact town of some ten thousand inhabitants, and when the community of the Casa di S. Antonio Abbate goes out in bands of two or three, clad in cassock, mantle, and shovel-hat, there is probably nobody in Chieri who is not aware of the fact. They all know that the inhabitants of the house of St. Anthony are Jesuits.

"Sono questi i Jesuiti?" was the question which I put to the boy who carried my valise from the station to the house.

"Si, Si, Signore, i Jesuiti," was the prompt reply.

A few years ago the "Gazzetta del Popolo" of Turin, kept up a constant cry against the Jesuits that were being nourished in Chieri. People ask sometimes why does not the just indignation of the Italian Catholics rise and drive out the authors of these calumnies. To answer this question a residence in Italy is required; and its satisfactory answer would lead me too far. I shall merely state here, that in a conversation with Father Brandi, on the way from Chieri to Turin to attend the Catholic Congress, I inquired of this well informed father whether the Pope would grant permission to the Catholics to take part in the next general election. The answer was something to this effect: "No; the people are not prepared. The party is not organized; it is only beginning to acquire experience since it recently took active part in the municipal elections."

Shrewd men palm themselves off as good Catholics, go to Communion frequently, but as soon as they are elected line their pockets with bribes. You are aware of what happened in Naples lately, how the municipal council decided to take no part in the insult of the 20th of September. Crispi went to Naples and a few members of the council saw "good reason" to change their mind; but those few sufficed to give Crispi a majority. The Catholic party is weak through want of a plan; the Pope is the only hope of unity.

But let us return to St. Anthony's house. The villa is the same which served the novices of the old Society for their recreation. Situated on the most desirable height in the environment, twenty minutes walk from Chieri, it commands a view of a vast plain to the south and east, far far away to the Ligurian hills. On the north and west the sublime range of the Alps in its robe of azure light from Monte Rosa to Monviso entrances the vision. Soperga, the "Saint Denis" of the House of Savoy with its mighty dome and vast structure, crowning the heights near Turin, is projected on the horizon and seems to float over the Alps more like a temple let down from heaven than an edifice built up from the earth. When red-roofed Chieri sleeps below bathed in the dazzling light and splendor of the full Italian noon-day sun, and the cicadas sing in the poplar and cypress trees with as much dreamy monotony and persistence as they sang to the Mantuan bard of old—

"Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis,"

the imagination is tempted to revel in oriental dreams—to picture the gorgeous scenes in the drama of Italy's by-gone days of glory. Or at even when the red clouds of sunset in the painted occident shed a purple light on the fairy pinnacles of the Alps, what is wanting to entrance the holy spell but the sonorous voices of the scholastics singing our Lady's litanies near the grotto in the garden. And how sweet the famed "Lode di Maria Consolatrice!"

Mille volte benedetta
O dolcissima Maria!
Benedetto il nome sia
Del tuo Figlio Salvator!
O Maria consolatrice
Noi ti offriamo il nostro cor!

Servus in Christo,
MAURICE D. SULLIVAN, S. J.

THE WOODSTOCK ACADEMY FOR THE STUDY OF THE RATIO.

(*Concluded.*)

SOME OBSCURE WORDS IN THE RATIO.[1]

Supplicationes (Reg. Prov. 36, 9) are religious processions either on stated days, or for public necessities. The word in that sense is quite classical (Cicero). It may have been used purposely to distinguish ecclesiastical processions from secular pageants (*pompæ*), for which there may be no reason to grant vacations, sometimes reason not to grant them. It is used by Gregory XIII. in the Brief "Quæcumque sacrarum" (16 Jul., 1576), which exempts Ours from public processions.

The reason of the Rule is clear, at least for day schools, because the externs must be left at the free disposal of ecclesiastical authorities. There may be some doubt with regard to boarders, as they are to be accompanied by Ours and we are exempted in virtue of the privilege quoted above, which has been restored to us by Leo XIII. Still, the Society wishes that we be careful—even for ourselves—not to offend the ordinaries by an indiscreet use of our privileges (Cf. with regard to processions Cong. 3, Dec. 35 and Can. 10).

I remember a case of the kind years ago in one of our colleges in France. The Ordinary sent an order for the procession of Corpus Christi, in which a place was assigned to our boarders and a number of prefects to accompany them. The Rector had some doubts, on account of the privilege, and referred the case to V. R. F. General, who directed the Rector to yield, at least for the present year, because, said he, if the case were carried to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, we were not sure to win, and even if we should win, it was more prudent not to have such cases brought forward at all.

Emblemata, Hieroglyphica, Symbola (Reg. Prof. Rhet. 12, etc.).

The ancients called *emblemata* various ornaments, in alto rilievo, of metal or marble, representing mythological, historical, natural or allegorical subjects (V. Scapula sub voce *βάλλω* and Forcellini s. v. *emblema*).

[1] The following useful information (as far as p. 238) has been kindly forwarded to the Academy by one of our fathers of the New Orleans Mission.

After the age of the Renaissance, emblems (sensu strictiori) were symbolical representations (in painting, engraving, sculpture), commonly accompanied by a legend or even an epigram, and destined to convey to the mind certain maxims of wisdom and virtue, "metaphors speaking to the eye," says Marmontel.

Thus Pontanus (Progymnasmata, p. 2, pag. 170) defines it: "Emblema est symbolum ex omnimodis, humanisque præsertim, figuris compositum et ad erudiendos mores comparatum, cui plerumque additur epigrapha."

In a wider sense—which is, I believe, that of the Ratio—the word applies to all the various branches of composition, which the French comprise under the name of *Poésie savante:* Hieroglyphics, Symbols, Blazons, Emblems and Devices. Though these compositions have many common points and, in fact, are often used as synonymous by modern writers (English and French), yet they are not the same.

An example will show the difference. Take the figure of the lion. In phonetic *hieroglyphics*, the lion represents the letter L; in *ideographic*, e. g. the sun, because "ὁ ἥλιος εἰς λέοντα γενόμενος πλείονα τὴν ἀνάβασιν τοῦ Νείλου ποιεῖται." (Horus, Hierogl.) As a *symbol*, the lion represents strength, magnanimity, etc., also "the lion of the tribe of Judah;" in *Blazonry* the lion variously placed, with various legends and attributes, designates various families, countries, dignitaries, etc. (the lion of Flanders, of England, etc.); as an *emblem*, a lion dragged along by a hare with a golden string and the inscription ἕλκει χρυσίνῳ βρόχῳ signifies a magistrate or other person in power carried away by bribes; a lion, with or without the person, and without a legend is the device of St. Mark; the crowned lion with the inscription: "Pax tibi" is the crest of the Republic of Venice.

The differences may thus briefly be stated: Hieroglyphics and blazons are conventional, not implying or supposing analogies to the things they represent; symbols, emblems and devices suppose some analogies with their object, allusions to the name, some historical fact, physical phenomena, etc. Amongst these, the symbol has no legend—at least, not necessarily. The device and the emblem stand nearer to each other, but differ in this especially, that the emblem may be a figure without a legend, or a legend without a figure, or both together, whilst the device necessarily requires both figure and legend, and often has besides an explanation or address in epigrammatic verse. But the great difference is in this, that the device applies to a particular person, country or fact, whilst the emblem refers to a general max-

im of morality or speculative truth—as an author expresses it, the emblem is a thesis, the device, a hypothesis.

Emblems—in the wider, or in the narrower sense—are divided into natural, artificial, historical, fabulous, chimerical and allegorical.

The art of emblems originated, as has been said, in the time of the Renaissance. The most refined and learned literati of the Courts of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., indulged in the fanciful work (Bembo, il Tasso, etc.).

The first collection, at least the best known, is by Andrea Alciato of Milan († 1550), professor of the Roman Law at various universities, who has the merit of first doing away with the barbarous glosses of the middle ages and teaching the Pandects in classical Latin (V. Hallam, v. 1, p. 509). He collected the same emblems and added others of his own, in moments of leisure, as he says himself:

Hæc nos festivis cudimus emblemata horis
Artificum illustri signaque facta manu.

By the end of the 16th century, the learned trifles became all the rage, so that no one could pretend to the reputation of an educated person—especially in France and Italy—who could not compose, or at least understand and criticize such productions.

What proves this best is the fact that the most pious and most learned men of the epoch—even ladies that had some pretentions to literary refinement—sought that sort of sport of the imagination. Thus we find amongst the Jesuits the great names of Eusebius Nieremberg, René Engelgrave, Andreo Mendo, James Balde and others.

Our Ratio, published at that very epoch, could not neglect an art so universally valued and sought for. All our College Manuals of Poetry and Rhetoric have special chapters devoted to the rules and examples of emblems (Pontanus, Lejay, Ruæus).

But the standard works of Jesuits on the subject are: Nic. Caussin, the King's Confessor, "Symbola" († 1651); Phil. Labbé, the celebrated author of the "Collectio Conciliorum"—Epitaphia († 1666); T. Lemoyne (L'Art des Devises) 1666. But most of all, F. Francis Ménéstrier of Lyons († 1707), the principal authority even now on heraldry. His works are: "L'art des emblêmes" (1662), "L'art des Devises" (1666), "L'art du Blason," often reprinted (1652) (See Feller's Dict. for some particulars and interesting anecdotes).

The emblem, born in Italy, received its best developments in France, whilst the device, "un art tout français" says F. Lemoyne, was most cultivated in Italy (F. Ménéstrier gives

the instance of a lady, who made herself a living device by the form and color of her dress). When the 18th century came with its pretentions of enlarging the sphere of human knowledge, the learned trifling had to give way gradually, until now-a-days it is scarcely practised except by a few persons who have a hobby for bric-a-brac objects and titles, by decorators and manufacturers of seals, etc., God knows with how little taste. The decay of the art was connected with the weakening of our studies, which I have no doubt existed before the suppression of the Society (Cf. the decree of the last Congregation and the Letters of the last Generals). Now, though I should not like to fall into the sophism, "post hoc ergo propter hoc," yet I cannot help remembering the psychological fact that curiosity to find something new and ingenious is natural to man and that the gravest men must have some relaxation from more serious pursuits. Whether the replacing of the learned trifles of the 16th and 17th century by the athletics, callisthenics and what not of the 19th has been favorable to progress in serious studies may be questioned.

The *rules* for the different branches of the art, given by our authors, may be resumed under three heads: the figure, the epigraph, the epigram. The *figure* may represent any number of objects historical, natural, mythological, etc. Human forms are the best (and in the device almost only admissible and then only one or two persons). The object must generally be noble and idealized (Hence the sun, the rainbow, the eagle, the lion, works of ancient architecture, etc., rather than pigs, cats, modern fabrics, etc.). It must imply an allegory, deep and ingenious, but not too far fetched and enigmatical. The *legend* must be short (5 or 6 words at most); illustrating the object, without containing its name; commonly in a foreign language, especially Italian or Spanish, but Latin is the best; preferably a text of the Sacred Scripture, the saying of a celebrated person, a passage from a classical writer, etc.; not too plain, yet not too difficult to find. The *epigram* or verses (which may accompany the symbol or not) admits, like the ordinary epigram, of any kind of versification; it must be short—6 lines at most—original and made to the point; abounding in delicate allusions, especially at the end.

The *Imago Primi Sæculi S. J.*, published in Belgium in 1640, contains many beautiful examples, illustrating the rules, offices, works, etc., of the Society with legends in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and modern languages.

Symbola Pythagoræa.—Symbolum est "pictura certorum paucis vocibus constans quæ rem aliquam singularem cum

qua habet similitudinem repræsentat" (G. F. Le Jay, S. J., Bibliotheca Rhetorum, Paris, Dupuis, in 4°, P. 2ª, p. 712, Liber de Symbolis). The author gives a complete system of doctrine on the subject. F. Caussin (Electorum Symbolorum, etc., Syntagmata, Paris, Beauvais, 1618) gives, under the title of "Polyhistor Symbolicus," a collection in twelve books (Mundus, Dii, Hominum Bona et Mala, etc.) of symbols, gathered from various authors, Greek and Latin.

Pythagorea (are we to read "Symbolis Pythagoreis, Apophthegmatis," or "Symbolis, Pythagoreis Apophthegmatis?" for both can be said): symbols or apophthegms, not as coming from Pythagoras (even the χρυσᾶ ἔπη of the Greek gnomics are commonly considered as apocryphal), but as made after the fashion of Pythagoras and his school, in which the esoteric doctrines were hidden under the form of symbols and sentences. Examples in Diog. Lærtius, Lib. 8, Cap. 5.

Apophthegmata (Reg. Prof. Rhet. 12). Scapula, Lex. (v. ἀποφθέγγομαι): "Dictum sententiosum et breve. Forcellini: "Brevis et acuta sententia . . . non cujuslibet, sed illustrium tantum virorum." Plutarch has a whole collection of ἀποφθέγματα under various heads. Pythagoras, Cato, Cæsar, and among the moderns Erasmus and Manutius and several of our poets have made such collections. Cicero (de Officiis, 1. 22): "Duplex est jocandi genus, unum illiberale . . . alterum elegans, urbanum, ingeniosum, facetum, quo genere non modo Plautus noster et Atticorum antiqua comoedia, sed etiam Socraticorum philosophorum libri referti sunt multaque multorum facete dicta, ut ea quæ a sene Catone sunt collecta, quæ vocantur ἀποφθέγματα." Idem (de Cæsare): "Audio Cæsarem, quum volumina jam confecerit ἀποφθεγμάτων, si quod afferatur ad eum pro me quod meum non sit rejicere solere" (Epist. ad Fam. 9, 16). Bacon counsels one to make use of a pointed apophthegm of some illustrious personage, if he wishes to say some unpleasant truth to a person whom one's own words would be liable to offend.

Adagia (Reg. Prof. Rhet. 12) (Proverb, παροιμία). Festus: "Ad agendum apta dicta, quibus continetur aliqua sententia aut præceptum utile ad actiones vitæ recte componendas." Forcellini also gives some examples. Of this class are the Proverbs of Solomon, the Books of Confucius, the Gnomic poets among the Greeks (Solon, Phocylides, Simonides, etc.), Cicero, Virgil, etc., passim, all ancient and modern languages with most of their idiomatic expresions.

NOTES OF TALKS ON THE REGULÆ COMMUNES PROFESSORIBUS SCHOLARUM INFERIORUM.

RULE 35.—*Magistratus eligendi præmiisque, si videbitur, afficiendi (nisi id alicubi in Rhetorica minus necessarium videretur) singulis fere aut alternis mensibus. Ad eam rem semel soluta oratione, semel etiam, si videatur, in superioribus classibus carmine Græceve scribant in schola, toto scholæ tempore, nisi in inferioribus melius videatur semihoram concertationi relinquere. Qui omnium optime scripserint summo magistratu, qui proxime accesserint aliis honorum gradibus potientur. Quorum nomina, quo plus eruditionis res habeat, ex Græca Romanave republica militiave sumantur. Duas autem fere in partes ad æmulationem fovendam schola dividi poterit, quarum utraque suos habeat magistratus, alteri parti adversarios, unicuique discipulorum suo attributo æmulo. Summi autem utriusque partis magistratus primum in sedendo locum obtineant.*

In all the classes there is to be a monthly, or at least bimensal, selection of officers or dignitaries, whose rank is to be determined by a Latin prose competition. In the higher classes, it is allowable, but not obligatory, to hold a second competition in Latin verse or in Greek and to assign the ranks according to the average of the two exercises. The whole of the school time should be given to this contest, but in the lower classes a half hour may be spent in a concertation.

The rule bids us take the names of honor from classic sources and adds the reason that an air of greater erudition may thereby be given to the contest. These names were, commonly, Imperator, Dictator, Consul, Prætor, Tribune, Senator, Decurion, etc.

The class is to be divided into two camps, each with its complement of officers, the highest in rank having seats in front of and facing their camps.

In their *Adnotationes in Rat. Stud.* (1832), the Professors of the Province of Upper Germany observed that these titles did not take well in classes above Suprema.

Considering the average age and temperament of the students in our higher classes, it would seem that their remark would find application in this country. However, if students were accustomed to the system from the lowest classes and closely held to it, its advantages might be reaped even in Rhetoric.

Cf. Management of Christian Schools, 3. 7.—Pachtler, 1. 146; 2. 392; 3. 412; vol. 4, pp. 398–448.—Loyola, p. 241.

—Manuel des Jeunes Professeurs, p. 487.—Instruction pour les Jeunes Professeurs, pp. 74, ff.—De Ratione Docendi, cap. 2, sect. 3.

Rule 36.—*Decuriones etiam a præceptore statuantur, qui memoriter recitantes audiant scriptaque præceptori colligant et in libello punctis notent quoties memoria quemque fefellerit, qui scriptionem omiserint aut duplex exemplum non tulerint, aliaque, si jusserit præceptor, observent.*

Cohorts, which are implicitly spoken of in this rule, are but an evolution of the idea conveyed in the preceding.

Each camp is divided into squads of eight or ten, officered by a tribune or decurion, who supplies the Professor's place in many respects. He hears the memory lines, collects the written exercises, and takes note of the mistakes or failures of each one in the squad.

If the highest officer be a boy favored with his full share of mother wit, it would be well to appoint him to attend the door, to mark the absentees in the Prefect's book, and to perform other like offices. He may also be called upon, now and then, to correct a theme or poem, which is afterward to be hung up for inspection.

In some of our American colleges, the student's class standing is determined by his general average for the whole month. When this practice is followed, the boy who averages highest in January becomes Dictator of the Roman Republic for February; the second highest becomes Dictator of the Carthaginian Republic for the same month; the third highest becomes a Roman officer, the fourth, a Carthaginian, etc.

In some places, the camps are seated in different parts of the room, but this is often not easy nor necessary.

The words of the rule *aliaque, si jusserit præceptor, observent*, seem to leave considerable freedom to the Professor. It may be that on these words is founded the appointment of a "monitor," whose office is to oversee his fellow-students and report their delinquencies.

The "monitor" system was in full force in Cologne in 1557. One exemplary youth is put down as having seventy-eight fellow-students under his guardianship both in and out of class.

A rock upon which the professorial craft may possibly strike with dire results is the perversion of the "monitor" system into the encouragement of miscellaneous tale-bearing. Such a disaster would undoubtedly seriously impair the master's efficiency and bring much misery to his monitors.

The lessons of the minor officers are heard by the Dictators, who recite to each other. At irregular intervals, the Professor should personally hear the lessons of the officers, and he might call daily those privates who have been for some time notably remiss in their work.

Cf. Pachtler 1. 143, 153, 161; 2. 169; 4. 61, 172.—Management of Christian Schools, pp. 168, ff.—Observations relatives a la bonne tenue d'un pensionnat, 3, 3.—P. Judde, Instruction pour les Jeunes Professeurs, seconde partie, c. 3, n. 5.

RULE 37.—*Ad promotionem generalem, uno ferme ante examen mense strenue discipuli in præcipuis quibusque rebus in omnibus classibus, excepta fortasse Rhetorica, exerceantur. Quod si quis longe in ipso anni decursu excelleret, de eo magister referat ad præfectum ut privatim examinatus gradum ad superiorem scholam facere possit.*

It is to be noted, in the first place, that this rule has no reference to competitions for prizes, but regards exclusively the yearly examinations for promotion. The Professors have nothing to do with their students' competitions for prizes, nor do they commonly know the result before the prizes are given. As a general rule, the marks obtained in the competition are not combined with those of the examination for promotion, and hence a boy may, absolutely speaking, obtain several prizes and yet barely reach the minimum required for promotion.

In our American colleges, the month for review is always taken, even in Rhetoric.

Promotion during the year, which is mentioned in the latter part of the rule, is in some places seldom permitted, since it has there been found impossible to carry out that particular injunction of the Ratio that directs the Professor to see all his year's matter during the first term and to review it during the second. However, a boy should be promoted during the year if he is so far ahead of his fellows as to dishearten them by his presence and success in the lower class.

Some experienced Professors, like the late Fr. Yenni, for instance, preferred to keep a boy in the lower class for the whole year and let him skip a class. When promoted during the year, a willing boy is liable to become discouraged and to lag behind when he contrasts his new position, which calls for extraordinary exertion without reaching the head, with his former place of honor in the lower class.

If the opportunity of skipping a class be offered him, he

can prepare during long vacations for an examination in the matter of that class and thus begin the year more on a level with his classmates.

The practice of holding the oral examinations in public has never been followed. The boys are called singly before the Board of Examiners, each member of which marks his opinion of the way in which each student has acquitted himself and hands the list to the Prefect. The average of the votes of the examiners is taken as the boy's standing in the oral examination.

Optional studies, naturally, do not affect the student's promotion, and it might be well to put all accessory branches in the same category. Such, indeed, is the practice in some colleges, but seemingly it is not general.

At La Flèche in the seventeenth century, the examinations for promotion took place after the distribution of prizes. In some places, the student who had won first honors was promoted without further examination.

Cf. Management of Christian Schools, p. 132.—Pachtler, 3. 132, 413.

RULE 38.—*Catalogum discipulorum alphabeti ordine conscriptum præfecto tradat sub anni initium. Quem catalogum interdum in anno recognoscat ut, si quid sit opus, immutari queat; accuratissime vero cum generale discipulorum examen impendet. In eo autem catalogo quamplurimos discipulorum gradus distinguat, videlicet, optimos, bonos, mediocres, dubios, retinendos, rejiciendos: quæ notæ numeris significari possent 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.*

According to this rule, the Professor must hand to the Prefect, about the beginning of the year, an alphabetically arranged list of his students. This, however, is not to be done as soon as classes open, but after the Professor shall have become fairly well acquainted with the comparative merits of the various boys. This list he is to revise from time to time, as his better knowledge of the boys may direct, but especially at the approach of examinations he is to go over it most carefully, as it is handed to the examiners for their guidance.

Of the six grades indicated, the first three are promoted, the fate of the fourth is decided by the Prefect or Rector, the fifth must spend another term in the same class, and the sixth must withdraw from the college.

In the "Manuel des Jeunes Professeurs," the closing article, on the management of a boarding-college, gives the following directions: "Some days before the end of the first

six months, each Professor gives to the Prefect of Studies a program of the matter of examination and a list of his pupils with two notes, one for talent and one for diligence." The boy's class-standing is the average of the two.

Moreover, at the end of the year, the master sends in three other lists: A. The order in knowledge,—*optimi*, *mediocres*, *dubii*, *infimi*; B. The order in diligence,—*optime*, *bene*, *sat bene*, *mediocriter*, *male*, *pessime*; C. The order in conduct,—*optime*, *bene*, *sat bene*, *etc.*

In the College of La Flèche, the master's list showed the student's moral qualities, intellectual abilities, and success in examinations.

A much different list for the opening year is prescribed in the "Thesaurus Spiritualis Magistrorum" (p. 105, q. v.)

In our American colleges, the Professor's lists commonly contain nothing but the averages in examinations, although in a few places, the diligence is also indicated. Nevertheless, a student whose conduct average is below mediocrity loses, in some places, the premium to which his examinations may have entitled him.

It seems well to remark here that it is a very praiseworthy custom of some of our colleges to keep specimen copies not only of these lists but also of whatever the college publishes in the way of programs of entertainments, specimens, and the like. These last could be preserved in a scrap-book, in which might also be advantageously placed newspaper notices of the various exercises as they take place. Such a book would grow in value from year to year.

Cf. Pachtler, 4. 370; 3. 55; 4. 370, 401 ff., 437.

Rule 39.—*Disciplinam omnem nihil æque continet atque observatio regularum. Hæc igitur præcipua sit magistri cura ut discipuli tum ea quæ in eorum regulis habentur observent, tum ea quæ de studiis dicta sunt exsequantur. Quod spe honoris ac præmii metuque dedecoris facilius quam verberibus consequetur.*

With this rule begin the regulations on discipline: very naturally the first sets forth the general principles. These are two in number.

First, good order depends on the observance of rules. Hence the Professor will see that his pupils follow the prescriptions marked out for them, their rules of conduct and such as direct them in their studies. These rules are to be read to the boys at the beginning of each month, except in Rhetoric, and are besides to be posted up in some conspicuous place and in each class room (Reg. Præf. Stud. Inf. 49).

The rules of extern students will be found in the Ratio after those which apply to our scholastics. Like everything in the Ratio, they are brief, pithy, comprehensive and to the point.

The second principle assigned in the rule is characteristic of the Society's method. Emulation, the desire of praise and the fear of blame, not corporal punishment, is the great corrective in discipline as in studies. When the Society first began to teach, it was the custom to flog unmercifully for misdemeanors. Knowledge in those days made a bloody entrance indeed. The Society set her face against all this, to a great extent banished corporal punishment from her plan and substituted the principle of emulation. As a consequence, the Jesuits gained the earnest affection of their pupils. The contrast with the brutality of other teachers aided the superiority of the Jesuits as trainers to earn them reputation and devotion (Cf. Delbrel, Juan Bonifacio, p. 74).

If the Professor is careful to live by rule himself, he will gently lead his pupils by example to do the same. Boys have keen eyes to note whether their Professor is a creature of whim, or of settled and determined lines of action. Determination is a great factor in securing good order. A class soon yields, keeps silence, remains quiet and is studious, if it learns that the Professor means to insist firmly on these points. Of course, firmness can be overdone. Too great persistence takes on the appearance of tyranny and challenges opposition. On the other hand, mildness easily gives place to weakness. The Professor has to strike the mean, which is golden here as in other virtues. Let him be assured, however, that his effectiveness as a teacher will depend largely on his success as a disciplinarian (Notes from the English Province, n. 40).

The De Recto Modo Agendi cum Discipulis (Thesaurus, p. 12) contains some correct recommendations as to keeping order. It reminds us that men are led by reason, love and reverence. Reason we cannot always depend on in boys; they are often too young to feel its force. But love and reverence are two fruitful motives of good behavior. The love meant is not that of the thing commanded, but of the person commanding. We need hardly be told that if boys like us, they will do whatever we ask of them. An old father of this Province used to express himself emphatically on this subject: "I consider it," he used to say, "the first duty of a teacher to be popular." Of course, the Professor is not to rest in this love as a last end: he will make his boys love him that he may bring them to God.

Cf. Instruction pour les Jeunes Professeurs, Thesaurus,

pp. 263, 266.—Avis du P. Barrelle, Thesaurus, p. 303.—Thesaurus, p. 353.—Trial Ratio, p. 170, p. 181.—Reg. Prov. 40, Rect. 18 (17), Com. Prof. Class. Inf. 11.—Instruction, 21, 6.—Juvencius, de Ratione Docendi, c. 2, sect. 5, and c. 3, sect. 1.—Sacchini, Parænesis, c. 6, sect. 4.—Management of Christian Schools, pp. 125, 159.

RULE 40.—*Nec in puniendo sit præceps, nec in inquirendo nimius; dissimulet potius, cum potest sine cujusquam damno; neque solum nullum ipse plectat (id enim per correctorem præstandum), sed omnino a contumelia dicto factove inferenda abstineat; nec alio quempiam quam suo nomine vel cognomine appellet; pœnæ etiam loco aliquid litterarium addere ultra quotidianum pensum utile interdum erit. Inusitatas autem et majores pœnas, ob ea præsertim quæ extra scholam deliquerint, sicut eos qui plagas (1832 correctionem) recusant, præsertim si grandiores sint, ad præfectum rejiciat..*

If the Professor is overhasty in punishing, it will appear that he is led by passion. The boys must never know that we are subject to such weakness. Besides, to assign or inflict a punishment immediately on the discovery of the offense is likely to make the Professor impose too severe a one. Anger and impetuosity are bad counsellors. There are sometimes teachers who seem to be always on the watch for an occasion to impose tasks. If such men do not find misdeeds on the surface, they make sure to ferret them out. They were born to be detectives. The Ratio is against all this. See everything, but never have the appearance of prying about. Know all that regards your boys, but do not always act on your knowledge. If you can conceal your discoveries without doing harm, conceal them. "Caveat," says Sacchini pithily, "ne videatur amare plagosi nomen" (Parænesis, c. 11, sect. 3). In general, it is not too bold to say that the fewer punishments a Professor inflicts, the better Professor he is, always supposing that he keeps order without punishing.

If, however, a flagrant violation of rule has been committed and cannot be passed over, then you must, however, not punish corporally yourself. Leave that to the servant appointed. He can do it without bringing hatred on you. A blow from the Professor is long felt by its recipient. There is the disgrace of the thing, far more stinging than the whip.

The *Corrector* here mentioned is a licensed flogger. The story is told that in a certain college of Ours once a policeman used to come at a certain hour each day and see to the correction of those who could not be moved by words. It

appeared to the boys that he was a city official detailed for this special service at the college. Needless to say, his badge went a great way towards preventing disorder in the class room, yard and dormitory.

The Professor should never, especially in class, allow himself to address a boy by a nickname, much less invent one for him. Few nicknames are wholly complimentary and they are readily seized upon and rendered permanent by the boy's companions. Neither should the Professor call his boys names, as "blockhead," "numskull," and the like. In fine, as the Ratio here warns us, any word or act indicative of contempt should be scrupulously avoided. If the Professor descends to these things, will it be surprising if his pupils follow him and call him names behind his back, or even answer him in his own language to his face? Such a repartee has not been unknown.

The literary task suggested in lieu of the strap is, of course, the time-honored "lines" we were all raised on. A few suggestions from some-time sufferers may not be amiss on this head. It is not good to assign catechism to be memorized as a penalty; it makes that sacred book become an object of aversion. Again, do not set to be learned by heart anything that is not first fully understood. The custom of committing Greek lines never before seen is an abomination. When there are so many fine things to have learned, things thoroughly understood, why not give them? To commit them to memory will benefit the mind as well as punish. Thirdly, if the lines are to be written, do not take them scrawled out carelessly, running in all directions, etc. Impose a small number of lines and make the offender do them in copperplate style, every one. Such a practice will teach care and train some poor hands (O the consummation!) to decency.

But there is really no reason for confining punishment tasks to copying from books. Impose a composition at times, a Latin or Greek theme. It is good to let the penalty be of the same kind as the matter in which the offence was committed: it is useful to have your punishment not only salutary, but also medicinal. One of our fathers years ago was known to impose as a penance for college misdemeanors a visit to the chapel and an act of contrition. For some kinds of faults such a practice would naturally have the effect of awakening the conscience to the fact that there is at least a possibility of sin in the half-considered faults of boys.

Extravagance in punishing is to be seriously deprecated. To assign 2000 lines for memory is to overwhelm the boy,

to throw him into despair and harden him in malice, or, if it has not that effect, he will simply laugh at the whole thing as a huge joke. Hence, the Professor is to refer all such extraordinary penances to the Prefect; this official is to decide on cases also where punishment has been refused, especially among larger boys. Unusual, unheard of and exquisitely refined methods of punishing should be avoided. They give the impression that the Professor is only desirous of torturing and gloats over the discomfort of his pupil.

Above all things, no boy should ever be punished on false or insufficient grounds. "Incredibile enim dictu est," says Sacchini (Parænesis, c. 11., sect. 1), "(et utinam compertum usu non haberemus) sive falsa sive impari de causa inflicta flagra quam acerbe urant, quam alte infigantur in animis: et nulla unquam ætate obliterentur ac mitescant, sed roborentur potius et crudescant."

A hint may be added here on threats. The teacher who threatens lightly will soon lose his authority. It is much better to suffer an evil to go on unnoticed than to threaten punishment and not execute it. Again, the Professor should be careful not to threaten what he is not sure he can do. Other authorities sometimes feel called upon to refuse their co-operation and then the Professor ceases to be feared. Neither is it good to threaten many together. Community of disgrace or danger binds boys together and excites them to opposition (Cf. Sacchini, c. 12, sect. 4).

An offender should never be suffered to entertain the feeling that the Professor is "down on him." This easily leads to despair; the subject of it throws up all and, unless something extraordinary happens, his work for that year is over. Let the Professor be kind to such boys out of class, and when he punishes, do it with consideratlon and self-control and rather leniently, giving his reasons always and above all letting it be clearly seen that he is not punishing from vindictiveness or sudden heat.

Cf. Sacchini, Parænesis, cc. 11, 12.—Juvencius, de Ratione Docendi, c. 2, sect. 1.—Management of Christian Schools, p. 146.—Constitutions 4. 7. 2. and D, 17 G, Canon 17 of the 17th General Congregation.—Reg. Præf. Stud. Inf. 38, Reg. Ext. 7.

Rule 41.—*Assiduitatem maxime a discipulis requirat, nec proinde ad publica spectacula sive ludos eos dimittat. Si quis abfuerit, aliquem ex condiscipulis vel alium ad ejus domum mittat et, nisi idoneæ afferantur excusationes, absentiæ pœnam sumat. Qui plures dies sine causa abfuerint ad præfectum remitti nec sine ejus consensu recipi debent.*

The object of this rule is to secure to each boy every particle of class time. It is, in general, much better for the Professor to see to the absentees of his own class. The higher superiors are too much taken up with the multitudinous duties of their offices to attend to such minutiæ as the absence of individual boys from class each time it occurs. If the absence is of longer duration, it becomes the Prefect's business to interfere.

No one teaches even a short time without recognizing the greatness of the evil of absence. Hence the Professor is never to permit his boys to spend the precious hours of class in such distractions as seeing a circus, reviewing a parade, or attending a baseball game. It is in the spirit of this rule to refuse to cancel lessons for such things, so that the pupil, namely, may be off to them in the evenings.

The method here suggested of getting at the why and wherefore of absence is a very useful one and can be so managed as to prevent the boy sent from incurring odium. This, of course, should always be avoided. Let it be understood that the Professor is really interested in his absent pupil and neither his parents nor he himself will feel aggrieved by the means taken to get information.

As to excuses, the best kind unquestionably are such as parents bring in person. A written excuse is liable to a good many accidents in the delivery. It is clear that no excuse is to be accepted unless signed by a responsible person, by one of the parents, preferably the father, or by the guardian. Fraud can hardly be wholly excluded unless by an occasional visit to the boy's home, or a call now and then from the parents (Cf. Rule 46). It is needless to add that parents should be respectfully let know that a really valid excuse is necessary even from them. It often happens that they give very inadequate ones.

Cf. Reg. Prov. 36, Reg. Præf. Stud. Inf. 39.—Sacchini, Parænesis, c. 19, sect. 4, and c. 21, sect. 2.

RULE 42.—*Ne confessionum causa quidquam remittatur ex iis quæ scholarum propria sunt, terni vel plures, ubi sit opus, initio mittantur ad confitendum; deinde, ut singuli redeunt, ita ex cæteris singuli binive submittantur: nisi forte alicubi ad confessionem simul omnes ire consueverint.*

This rule is observed sometimes in its first section, sometimes in its second. The arrangement of the buildings will often determine which is better. Some Professors find it hard to teach when boys are leaving the room frequently, especially if they go out several together. On the other

hand, the presence of a large crowd in the chapel at once is apt to cause confusion. It is well, then, that the rule allows the option of having them there in small parties or in a body.

RULE 43.—*Silentium et modestiam servandam in primis curet, ut nemo per scholam vagetur, nemo locum mutet, nemo ultro citroque munera schedasve mittat; ut a schola non egrediantur, præsertim duo vel plures simul.*

Silence and modesty are essential to good order; rather they are the elements of it. The boys ought to be trained to regard the class room as a sacred place. It is rarely good to allow them to recreate in it; at least during class hours they should respect their teachers and one another enough to hear in absolute silence.

The points in which the modesty prescribed is required are set down in the rule—running about the room, changing places unbidden, passing presents, as of candy or chewing-gum, sending notes, going out many together. These points are too evidently important to need comment. Many is the college which has learned the bad effect on discipline of a number going down to the yard or to the Prefect's room in a body. It does not take a large number of boys to start a noise, and a crowd of them naturally, it would seem, turn to that vent of long-suppressed feelings.

Cf. Management of Christian Schools, passim.

RULE 44.—*Cavendum est ne facile, præsertim prælectionis tempore, a quopiam discipuli evocentur. Ut confusio etiam et clamor in egressu præcipue vitetur, magistro sive e suggestu sive ad januam spectante, proximi quique valvis primi exeant; vel alia ratione curetur ut modeste omnes et silentio egrediantur.*

The first part of this rule has for purpose, like Rule 41, to prevent the loss of class time. The same thing is enjoined on the Prefect (Reg. Præf. Stud. Inf. 47). Evidently, this loss is most serious if it occurs during the prelection.

All the boys are to leave the room in silence and in order. There is to be no jostling, no running about, no noise of feet, no hurry. It is impossible to secure this order unless the Professor firmly and every day from the very first insists on it. Prevention, however, is to be preferred to punishment. Let him always be on hand and attend to the boys at this critical time. These are not minutes reserved for the correction of stray themes, or for conversation with

another Professor, or with one of the boys. Let him take his station at the desk or at the door and have his eye about the class room. This will be a more effective plan than to punish afterwards for disorder which he could easily have prevented by a little watchfulness. No boy is willing to misbehave while he thinks his Professor's eye is upon him.

RULE 45.—*Academias instituat, si Rectori videbitur, ex regulis quæ propterea seorsim conscriptæ sunt. Ad quas discipuli maxime festis diebus, vitandi otii et malarum consuetudinum causa, conveniant.*

The subject of Academies is one of such importance that it deserves more thorough and exhaustive treatment than can be given to it in these brief comments on the rules. Hence, as it is hoped that a paper specially devoted to that matter will some day be written for the LETTERS, it will be barely touched upon here.

That a well conducted Academy is of very great utility for the intellectual development of its members is generally conceded, but how to secure the best results is often a perplexing question.

The rule implies—*si Rectori videbitur*—that an academy is not always desirable. This would naturally be the case in a college where the paucity of students in the upper classes would render difficult or impossible the selection of desirable members, for as soon as an academy ceases to be select and to maintain a high standard for admission to its ranks, it loses standing and must suffer in consequence.

It would seem that the term "academy" is broad enough to include not only Reading Circles and Debating Societies, but Dramatic Associations as well.

Experience has shown that if an earnest, active spirit can be aroused among the members, they will undergo not a little inconvenience to prepare themselves for their parts and to assist at the meetings.

Cf. Pachtler, 2. 262, 270, 364, 460, 468; 3. 199; 4. 135, ff., 415, ff., 504, ff., 519, ff.

RULE 46.—*Si necesse videtur discipulorum causa cum eorum parentibus interdum loqui, Rectori proponat an ii per præfectum vel alium accersendi sint, vel etiam, si personæ dignitas postulet, conveniendi.*

We here find two points for consideration. First, if the Professor thinks it advisable to communicate with a student's

parents, he is to consult the Rector. Second, it being supposed that the Rector is of the same opinion, their social position is to determine whether they are to be visited or called to the college.

If stress be laid on the word *necesse*, it would seem that such communications should be of rare occurrence, but if *videretur* be emphasized, a very grave reason would not be required to authorize them.

In case of the serious illness of a student, a visit from his Professor would be gratifying to the family, for it would show his interest in his pupils. Should death ensue, the Professor, with either some or all the classmates of the deceased, is allowed in many places to assist at the funeral.

If a student be particularly unsatisfactory in conduct or studies, a personal interview with his parents and a clear statement of the case from the Professor might help to an effectual correction of the delinquent. The plan has passed beyond the stage of experiment, for it has been put into practice with encouraging results.

Cf. Pachtler, 1. 314; 2. 396; 4. 173.—Sacchini, Paræn., c. 21. n. 2.—P. Judde, Instruction pour les Jeunes Professeurs, seconde partie, c. 1, n. 4. — Management of Christian Schools, p. 155.

RULE 47.—*Familiarem non se uni magis quam alteri ostendat, cum iisque extra scholæ tempus non nisi breviter ac de rebus seriis, loco etiam patenti, hoc est, non intra scholam, sed pro scholæ foribus, aut in atrio, aut ad januam collegii, quo magis ædificationi consulat, colloquatur.*

It will be unhesitatingly admitted that a Professor accused of favoritism is sadly hindered in his work. His kindly words of good advice fall on deaf ears and his exertions for his class are viewed with coldness or distrust.

Although malicious tongues will never cease to wag and mischievous minds will never cease to impute faults which have no objective reality, still a strict observance of this rule will be a precious safeguard to the Professor's reputation in a matter which is of vital importance to the proper and successful discharge of his duty.

The first part of the rule, which prescribes a uniform spirit of kindliness and charity towards all, can be violated not only by manifesting favoritism, but also by showing dislike for some member of the class. Who is there that, during his regency, has not been brought into contact with some boy for whom he felt a natural aversion? Happy is the Professor who has not been thus tried, for it requires

constant watchfulness over self to avoid any outward indication of a feeling which may owe its origin to the student's uncouthness, mental obtuseness or moral obliquity. Should the other students detect in the master any such feeling towards an unpopular boy, they would be still readier to show their own aversion.

The all-embracing charity of our Divine Lord should ever be before us, if we would fully appreciate and reduce to practice this most important provision.

How and of what the Professor is to speak with his boys we find pointedly set down,—*breviter, de rebus necessariis.* Fr. Perron, of happy memory, believed that much talking to boys about sports and the like tended to stifle in them any aspirations to higher and nobler things and to the religious life. His judgment and ripe experience give much weight to his words.

Even if long conversations should not attract the notice and arouse the jealousy or suspicions of the other students, it is plain that they would be a cause of much loss of time to the Professor, and on this account, if no other, they should be avoided.

It cannot be denied that the Professor's well-timed advice may be of the greatest benefit to the student, but this happy result presupposes prudence, earnestness, and a knowledge of the boy's moods and tenses. He should not arrogate to himself the office of deputy confessor, especially in questions of vocation, but by lending a willing ear to those who spontaneously offer their confidence, he can do much good.

Not only are we to eschew long, unprofitable conversations, but, when it is needful or desirable to talk, we are also to shun anything that looks like secrecy or concealment. *In loco patenti*, the rule says, thereby to regrate whatever might spring from the malicious surmises of other students. Even when a boy is to be drilled in elocution, it is highly desirable to have one or two others present. They may be invited to assist at the rehearsal and give their opinion of the manner in which the speaker acquits himself.

Cf. Pachtler, 1. 159, 271, 313; 2. 274; 3. 59, 342; 4. 179. —Management of Christian Schools, pp. 185, ff., 211.

Rule 48.—*Nemini pædagogum inconsulto Rectore proponat, nec a pædagogis permittat aliis domi prælectionibus onerari discipulos, sed tantum auditas exigi.*

The first part of this rule forbids the Professor to suggest anybody for the office of tutor without having conferred with the Rector; the second part speaks of a tutor's duties.

The word *pædagogus* may be of wider application than *tutor*, for it not unfrequently happens that a mother or sister will assist the boy in preparing his tasks, or will do so much that his share of the work is confined to transcribing what has been composed for him. The harmful effects of such mistaken kindness are patent.

Although tutors are not so commonly employed in this country as in Europe, still they are met with often enough to warrant a few words on their duties.

A good old custom, which might be advantageously revived, if possible, obliged the tutor to assist at the regular classes with his charge. He was, therefore, viewed simply as a *repetitore*, and as such, was expected to follow the Professor's development of the matter in hand and go over it again at home for the benefit of the boy.

If the student is obliged to listen to a second Professor's independent exposition of the same subject, he is in danger of being hopelessly confused, rather than assisted. The difficulty, however, would be appreciably lessened if the tutor should be a former attendant at our colleges and therefore fairly familiar with our method of teaching.

Although there is not much likelihood that a tutor will exact much more than the allotted task along the line of regular class-work, it may be reasonably feared that he will occupy too much of the boy's time with music and other frills of education, to which fond parents are wont to attach an excessive importance.

Cf. Pachtler, 1. 351, 402, 415; 2. 167, 398.

RULE 49.—*Nullius opera utatur in describendo aut in aliquo quod ad usitatas scholæ exercitationes non pertineat; nullaque in re ullos pro schola sumptum facere patiatur.*

It is hard to see how this rule could be misunderstood. Outside of regular class-work, no student is to be employed as a copyist or in any other capacity; and the Professor must not permit his boys to incur expense for things connected with his class.

The employment of some willing student to copy out marks, reckon class-standing, or fill out bulletins is blameworthy for several reasons: First, courtesy may prompt him to accede to the Professor's wishes, while at the same time he laments his enforced absence from the play-ground or reading room; second, he should not have free access to the mark-book, for false accusations of tampering with the marks may be made; third, it is not easy for the master to be perfectly impartial towards such a useful and willing as-

sistant; fourth, their mutual knowledge of the marks is likely to beget familiar conversations or exchanges of opinion on the merits or demerits of the members of the class; and lastly, the practice may give rise to suspicions among the other boys of some private understanding, by way of compensation, on the subject of monthly examinations and the like.

It might be urged that since, with three exceptions, our colleges in this country are obliged by circumstances to establish a tution-fee, those students who, nevertheless, pay nothing—and they are not few in number—could, with propriety, be called upon to perform some extra service in behalf of the class or college.

Such a course would be sadly out of harmony with that uniformity of treatment which students should receive, and which should be gauged, not by their purses, but by their deportment and intellectual ability. The practice of confining to the Rector and the Procurator the knowledge of who are the "paying" and who are the "free" students is highly commendable and strictly in keeping with that Christian consideration and delicacy of feeling which should animate the Jesuit in all his intercourse with his neighbor.

Boys, therefore, should not be impressed into service when the hall and stage are to be decorated for a specimen or exhibition. What does not fall naturally to the lot of the participants themselves is to be done by brothers, or servants, or the Professors.

Since it is a matter of no trifling importance to impress upon the youthful mind a proper appreciation of the value of money, it follows that the master should use his influence towards preventing any extravagant expenditure; but the rule leaves him no discretionary power where there is question of money to be employed for class purposes. He must not suffer his students to spend money for anything of the kind. Pictures for the class-room and decorations for the May altar, therefore, are not to be bought by subscriptions from the boys. With regard to the May altar, there may easily arise, without any reference to our Lady, a determination to outdo the students of other classes, which leads to unreasonable extravagance and no increase of devotion. A nosegay culled on a holiday ramble and laid lovingly at our Lady's feet is much more to the purpose than a splendid vase whose cost is defrayed by the parents.

One strong objection to admitting contributions from the students for some local and temporary affair is that those

boys who really cannot spare the money must stint themselves and part with it or be put to the blush before their companions. Not every student in our colleges can afford a good breakfast to prepare him for his daily work.

Cf. Ordo Domesticus, 7. 7. — Pachtler, 1. 158, 274, 280; 2, 370, 398.

RULE 50.—*Sit denique in omnibus, divina aspirante gratia, diligens et assiduus, profectus studentium tum in lectionibus tum in aliis litterariis exercitationibus studiosus. Contemnat neminem, pauperum studiis æque ac divitum bene prospiciat profectumque uniuscujusque e suis scholasticis procuret.*

Though occupying the last place, this is by no means the least important of the Common Rules, for it gives the gist of the Professor's duties towards his students. From the opening prayer to the end of class, he is, as it were, on trial before a keen-sighted and quick-witted jury. His actions and words are the key-note, which his charges speedily notice and adopt. He should therefore, be fully alive to the responsibilities of his position and should invoke the divine blessing upon his work and elevate the students' thoughts by devoutly making the sign of the cross and saying the prayer with gravity and feeling. Let it be a prayer, not a few hasty meaningless words.

His tacit example by being at his post punctually will not be lost on the laggards. A cheerful, composed countenance should greet the students when they arrive for the morning session, for he loses much of his authority if they know that they must make a daily inspection of his face as they would of the bulletin of weather forecasts. The surest way to prevent ungainly lolling over books is to avoid in himself whatever has the appearance of listlessness and lounging.

Since the progress of his boys must be dear to his heart, let him remember that in his private devotions he should be mindful of those entrusted to his care and should pray for the successful outcome of his and their common endeavors.

It is quite to be expected that all boys will not respond with equal alacrity and generosity to the Professor's efforts in their behalf, but his zeal must not flag at sight of the lack of appreciation manifested by some. It is, of course, possible that a whole class may be spiritless and slow, but if such be the case, the Professor may be responsible for it. To be ever reaching after the absolutely unattainable is not peculiarly exhilarating, yet a Professor may put his boys in

such a plight by placing before them a very high standard of excellence and never admitting that their best efforts bring them nearer the ideal. Hence, judicious praise is a powerful factor in the Professor's success,—a praise which descends to particulars and calls the attention of the class to some marked excellence in a composition or theme.

In every boy there is an element of good, every boy has a side from which he can be approached. Hence, it belongs to the Professor's office to study his boys' characters and to lead each one along the rugged path of knowledge, as far as possible, according to his disposition.

Although all the branches of the college course are not of equal importance, it ill becomes a Professor to speak slightingly of a subject which he does not teach. Such an action would not be in keeping with his own self-respect or with the consideration which he owes his brethren..

It not unfrequently happens that the son of wealthy parents is much more refined, courteous and winning in his way than a boy who is trying to eke out a bare existence and get the benefit of a college course at the same time, yet the Professor who is captivated by such outward show and is led to neglect some diffident poor lad, would be far from realizing in himself the traits which the Society looks for in her children.

Is, then, anything like special private assistance of some boys to be frowned down and not tolerated? By no means. As a rule, there are in every class some students whom the Professor should particularly assist, not in a spirit of toadying to the rich, but in a spirit of Christian charity. Shy, fainthearted boys need encouragement to keep up with the class; eager, earnest boys, if prudently directed, are spurred on to greater exertions and to the accomplishment of much highly beneficial work both in class matter and in kindred subjects.

The ideal at which the Jesuit Professor should aim is set forth in these fifty rules. The more closely he follows them, the more perfectly will he realize that ideal; and the more perfectly he realizes that ideal, the more surely he works A. M. D. G.

Cf. Pachtler, 1. 273, 279; 2. 358, 398; 3. 291; 4. 156, 245, 246, 247, 249; 4. 67, ff., 137, ff., 197, 238, ff.—Sacchini, Paræn., cc. 7, 14.—Sacchini, Protrepticon, 2. 21.—Manuel des Jeunes Professeurs, pp. 319, ff.—Management of Christian Schools, pp. 235, ff.

With the 50th of the Common Rules, the publications of the Woodstock Academy for the study of the Ratio are brought to a close (See WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. 23, 1894, April, pp. 91–107: July and October, pp. 296–337: Vol. 24, 1895, Feb., pp. 109–124: May, pp. 207–225: Vol. 25, 1896, Feb., pp. 52–73: May, pp. 233–257). Into the 140 pages of notes thus completed have been gathered pretty much all of the discussions of the Academy, and these took in all the Rules of the lower classes.

The Academy held its first meeting Oct. 1, 1893, and its last Apr. 18, 1895, having, in the course of its 71 sessions passed in review and studied every regulation in the Ratio Studiorum regarding the classes from Rhetoric down, considering even such as are found in the Rules of the Provincial, of the Rector, and of the Prefect General.

There were 17 active members, representing the Maryland–New York and Missouri Provinces, and the New Orleans, California, New Mexico and Rocky Mountain Missions, and bringing to bear on the discussions experience gained in 30 colleges, American and foreign. Others also of the scholastics, at times, attended the meetings.

It was the constant object of the Academy to learn, not to reform. In this spirit it was ever careful to accept gratefully all corrections and suggestions, and it now again takes the opportunity to thank all those who have been so kind as to offer any.

The members of the Academy adjourned the last meeting with a deep sense of having been immensely benefitted by their interesting and easy conversations in common on the Ratio. May the publication of these records have done some little towards a better understanding of and consequently to an honest devotion to its prescriptions.

The Academy's last word must be one of gratitude. It is grateful to all who have shown themselves its friends; to its superiors, immediate and mediate; to those who, at home or abroad, in America and in Europe, have deemed it worth their while to give expression to words of encouragement regarding it; especially to such as have lent its study substantial assistance by way of pamphlets, bound volumes, etc.; and in particular to the editor of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS; the Academy gives hearty thanks to them all,and trusts that their aid may not have proven altogether fruitless.

THE FIRST CONFIRMATION AT THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND.

A letter from the Chaplain Father Hart.

HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK, April 2, 1896.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

When I stated at the close of my last letter that I hoped to have Confirmation here soon, I little knew what that "soon" meant. I had hoped that the event would not be later than October; but alas! it was only on Dec. 15 that the Archbishop could arrange to come. But this is anticipating.

When after the summer vacation Sunday school was resumed, I found that my congregation had greatly increased. The new element, according to the register, was not of the most elevating character, but still was not entirely out of place, and soon found its place in this eddy of New York Society. We are not of the Four Hundred either in numbers or in refinement, but in influence I believe we are second to none. My charge now numbers about three hundred and seventy-five and is steadly increasing in strength. Petty thieving, burglary, assault and battery, and murder are the causes of my latest additions. Perhaps you are surprised that a murderer should be here, but here he is, convicted of manslaughter in the first degree, and yet he is only fifteen years of age. Shop-lifting, running away from home, no home at all and incorrigibility, explain the other cases.

When I broached the subject of Confirmation to the Managers, they were as much pleased as the children were; for you must know that Archbishop Corrigan by his prudence and firmness has won the hearts of these Protestant gentlemen. One of them begged me to postpone the ceremony until he could have the chapel thoroughly renovated. I did so; but when I tried to make an engagement with his Grace, I found that he had gone to Washington for the Eucharistic Congress and before returning intended visiting the city of Mexico, to take part in the crowning of the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe. A letter to Washington failed to reach him in time; a telegram to Mexico would cost three dollars—an expenditure that my finances could ill afford—and so I was forced to wait till his return, on Nov. 1, unable all these weeks to come to a definite agreement. At last after his return, the 15th of Dec. was decided on, and I announced the result of our consultation. I may tell you now that even this date was almost cancelled, as you may

remember that it was the first day chosen by Cardinal-elect Satolli for the day of his elevation. But Providence was kind to the poor islanders and later Archbishop Satolli chose another day. I imagine that there are persons foolish enough to believe that this change of date was brought about by the influence of the Jesuits.

Now my work began in earnest. On calling the roll, I found I had about one hundred and forty candidates for Confirmation ranging from nine to twenty years of age. Some of these could not read, others would not. To get into their heads sufficient instruction for a worthy reception of the sacrament meant a repetition of the same thing over and over, and put in as many ways as I could think of, until I felt pretty certain that they knew what they were about to do. The officials of the Refuge showed a kindly interest. Anything the Father wished to have done in the chapel would be attended to at once. The Father asked to have the altar-platform extended, steps built in the middle aisle so that the children could go up to the Archbishop with ease, and a little more time in which to instruct the children, all of which requests were cheerfully granted. What a struggle the children had over the choice of Confirmation names! and such names! Cosmas and Damian and Gervase, Leo and Anastasia, were not forgotten, for I must tell you that I had also fourteen girls for Confirmation. Then came the question, should the girls dress in white—with veils, wreaths, gloves and all the rest—till my brain was in a whirl that forbade the thought of correcting Latin and Greek themes on my return home in the evening. A week before the eventful day I found that sixteen new members of the Confirmation class had been received, and how to hear 156 confessions and get all ready for the following Sunday was a new problem. But like many a problem in mathematics and morals the final solution was easy enough. When I put the difficulty before the ruling powers, I proposed to bring another priest with me on the following Saturday and to hear the confessions in the afternoon, a thing never allowed heretofore, as my work must be done on Sunday. Strange as it may seem, my plan was accepted. Fr. Casey came on Dec. 14 and we heard a hundred of the larger boys; but when we went to hear the confessions of the Primary boys and of the girls, we found that, though it was only 8 o'clock, they had given up all hope of seeing me that evening and had gone to bed. I began the next morning at seven o'clock and heard them, so that everything was in readiness when Mass began at nine o'clock.

The arrangement was to have Confirmation at the Refuge at half-past nine, and as soon as possible afterwards his Grace

was to go to the northern end of the island, where Father Ryan had about seventy-five waiting for him. A few days before, Father Ryan had obtained from the Commissioners of Charities and Correction the use of a steam launch to take the Archbishop from the foot of East Fifty-Second St. up the East River to Randall's Island. That launch was to reach the House of Refuge at 9.20 and was on time. Two of the most prominent of the Refuge managers, both Protestants, received the guest of the day at the wharf and conducted him to the Board Room which they placed at his disposal. Rev. Father Provincial who intended to accompany his Grace was obliged to forego the pleasure, and Father Rector and Father O'Sullivan, with the secretary of the Archbishop, formed the visiting party. I was at the altar just finishing Mass when the visitors reached the house. The numerous candles on the altar were lighted, the chair was placed for the Archbishop, the organ pealed and his Grace and the accompanying clergymen entered the chapel. It was a sight to make some of the former managers turn in their graves. After resting, the Archbishop said a few encouraging fatherly words to the poor unfortunate children and then began the ceremony,—Father Rector, Fr. O'Sullivan, Fr. Casey, and Fr. Connelly assisting. One of my Catholic teachers sang the "Veni Creator," and the children, knelt two by two before the Archbishop. When the fourteen girls dressed in white entered, it was evident that the other children were surprised. They wore white dresses made by themselves in their sewing class, veils, wreaths, gloves, ribbons,—everything that is usually seen on such an occasion, —and once the sacrament received, one could see that they were happy for one brief half hour in their strange lives.

After Confirmation I asked his Grace to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I had often wished to have this ceremony, but thought it more prudent to introduce it on this occasion for the first time. Now that it has been brought in I may have it on solemn festivals. But all this took one hour and a half, just ending at the time the Protestant services should begin, but the officials were so pleased with everything that the *second service* was readily postponed for half an hour. A substantial breakfast awaited the guests in the dining room, at which all sat and chatted, while the managers moved about putting everyone at his ease, and really giving one the impression that the Archbishop and his friends were being entertained in a Catholic institution. And so the auspicious day ended, giving genuine pleasure to his Grace and the clergymen who accompanied him, and not less I believe to their hosts at the

Refuge. Many Protestants and Catholics, both visitors and officials, were anxious to be presented to his Grace; and his kind word, his pleasant smile, and his gracious bearing only increased the esteem in which they all hold the Archbishop of New York. As there was diphtheria at the northern end of the island and I was not allowed to visit it, and as it is not included in my territory, I must close this account of the first confirmation here and leave the further acts of the Archbishop to be told by the resident chaplain of that portion of the island, Father Richard Ryan.

Just a few more items connected directly or indirectly with the Confirmation. While I was saying Mass that day I chanced to look at the altar and could not help admiring the roses,—the plunder of the hot-houses, and the special care of the Catholic florist, — and to my surprise saw that they filled four brass vases. Two vases I knew belonged to me; the other two—I tell you this in confidence—belonged to the minister; they had been taken from his altar-service by some one in authority and placed on my altar, because too many roses had been plucked for my small vases. I assure you I was no party to the theft.

On Dec. 22, just one week after my Confirmation ceremony, I was told that Bishop Potter the Episcopal Bishop of New York was about to have Confirmation for the Protestant children at seven in the evening. He came and Confirmed about eighty. What does it mean? I take it as a hint to go slowly; I am afraid that the Catholics seem to be going too fast.

Since my last letter a new Matron has been appointed over the building inhabited by the girls and the primary boys. This lady is a Catholic, and I am glad to say has proved very successful in a position by no means easy. My three Catholic teachers have given the greatest satisfaction. One or two assistant Matrons, also Catholics, have done and are doing good work. But as if to offset all this, I have with regret to state that my organist, the Protestant lady who took so much interest in the Catholic service, and to whom I was so deeply indebted, has secured a better position in another institution and has left us. Her interest however has not lessened, she came readily on Confirmation Sunday and played the organ and led the singing during the entire service.

Thanksgiving Day and all national holidays are celebrated with more or less solemnity. This year as Thanksgiving Day drew near I was invited to address all the children of the institution. It was the first time this chance was offered me and of course I accepted it. A few semi-

religious songs were sung; I spoke to the children for twenty minutes. The national anthem was chanted and I closed the ceremonies by giving the "benediction." A year before, all these things were done by the minister, this year it was thought proper to give the priest a little prominence.

Towards Christmas, rumo rreached us that a new Superintendent would be in charge after Jan. 1, 1896. The rumor was not a pleasing one. I was accustomed to the ways of the last Superintendent, and I was not reassured when I found that the new one was from the Juvenile Asylum. This is a sectarian home for truants and incorrigibles, but not for criminals. During the twenty-five years of the gentleman's sojourn in that institution, no Catholic priest had looked after the Catholic children; all the religious services had been conducted by our present Superintendent. That, however, did not disturb me much, as he was told, at the time he was engaged for the position, that the children's spiritual welfare was looked after by a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister, and that he was not to hold services of any kind or to talk religion to the children. So far he has not only not interfered with my work but helps it along, occasionally attends Mass, and sees that flowers are always on the altar; his wife told me that it was a great relief for him to be freed from the spiritual direction of the children. I see no reason to anticipate any trouble from him.

Some months ago I introduced the League of the Sacred Heart, as I felt the need of some powerful spiritual agent to draw these unfortunates to a better life. With many of them their faults spring more from ignorance than from malice, and the very simplicity of the League makes it peculiarly fitted for just such work. Of course, we cannot carry it out in every detail, but we can grasp the essentials, and that is gaining a great deal when there is question of participating in the good works of over 24,000,000 pious souls. The promoters are chosen from the Class of Honor, to get into which requires good conduct for eight consecutive weeks. These promoters are approved by the managers, and this sanction lends a new importance to the position. Anything that will help to make better boys and insure good men is readily approved by these gentlemen.

It is claimed that seventy per cent of the boys reform. If this statement is true, it says much for the institution; but very often on the first few months of a boy's life after his discharge depends reformation or relapse. At that time they need much encouragement and interest to keep them from old associations and former evil ways. I have been trying to devise some way of helping them, and I flatter

myself that I have hit on one, which, if faithfully carried out, will be of the greatest benefit. No boy is discharged unless employment of some kind has been secured for him by his parents or friends, and this must be proved by a letter from his prospective employer. If a boy is friendless, the officers of the Refuge secure employment for him and many of the positions thus obtained are excellent. At present, as soon as a batch of Catholic boys leave the institution I am handed their names and addresses. These I forward to Mr. Thomas Mulry,—brother of our Fr. Mulry and a member of the Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society. By him these addresses are dispatched to the Head Conference of the cities in which the discharged lads live, they again send them to the proper parish Conference and a member is appointed to visit the boy monthly and send reports of his conduct.

In this way the boys can be followed up, an interest is shown in their welfare, and no doubt many boys will be helped over the most dangerous and difficult period of their lives. I have had reports of boys in Albany, N. Y., Haverhill, Mass., and from the South, but even if a boy were to go to San Francisco, he is still within reach. I explained all this to the managers and they were delighted with the scheme, while I assured them that all the glory of the "Reformed Juvenile Delinquents" would be given to the Refuge. Judging from results I think the plan a good one; it certainly helps the boys, it gives me great assistance and is within the province of the Vincentians.

I must tell you of one more step gained. I am now allowed to hear the confessions of some of the children on the Saturday evening before Communion Sunday. With the single exception of the eve of Confirmation, this privilege had been denied me. I believe it was granted my predecessor and afterwards revoked, now it is granted again and I hope permanently. The advantage was noticeable on the first Sunday of December when I had eighty-two confessions and seventy-five Communions. The weekly Communion I have not asked for yet, although I wish it very much; but just at present so many changes are taking place that I think it better to wait till the affairs of the house are in a more settled condition.

I do not want you to have false impressions about the work here,—that I have merely to say to a boy "Be good," and he becomes so; some of these boys are hard to manage and while penitent one moment, will boy-like forget their good resolution and take any advantage a few moments later. I often say, to persons complaining about their stub-

bornness and want of obedience, that if the boys were good they would not be here. But let me illustrate this. Some months ago two boys determined to carry out a well laid plot to escape. They chose an evening when the rain was falling in torrents. One was excused from class on account of his work; the other, dropped out of line when the boys were filing up to evening session at 5.45. An officer brings around a book for absentees at the beginning of each session, and if a boy is reported absent search is begun at once for him. The boy who had left the line knew this too well, so waiting until the officer had made a visit to each class and was returning to the Superintendent with the list of absentees, he boldly marched up the stairs leading to the class rooms acting at the same time in such a way that the officer could not help noticing him. When the list was presented to the Superintendent, of course the boy's name was among those reported absent, but the officer stated that the boy had just gone upstairs to class, and so nothing more was done. But the boy never entered the classroom. When everything was quiet below, he joined his confederate, both broke into the tailor shop, discarded their naval uniforms, donned street suits, took two overcoats and hats, put on spectacles and mustaches, previously prepared, and with coat collars turned up walked down stairs and passed through the boiler room, where the engineer thought they were visitors, and a moment later were outside the walls. They must have known that the captain and crew of the steamer were at supper. This boat plies between the island and the city, is owned by the Refuge, and run for the convenience of the managers, teachers and friends of the boys. The runaways stepped aboard, mounted to the upper deck and stowed themselves under the life-boat. When the hour for the regular trip arrived, the captain, engineer and crew came from the supper room and set out for the city. As soon as the boat touched the wharf on the New York side, the lads walked off and were soon lost in the darkness and storm. Of course their absence was noticed and reported, and the island was searched till long after midnight. Meanwhile the detective of the institution was summoned and put on their track, and the next afternoon saw the two runaways back on the island again, having enjoyed their liberty less than twenty-four hours. When taken they were about to leave the city by a freight train setting out for the West. One of these runaways is the wayward son of a millionaire in one of our western cities.

In January I invested two hundred of the children with the Brown Scapular. I am now preparing boys and girls

for their first Communion, to be received in May. On Palm Sunday we shall repeat the ceremony of a year ago and on Easter we shall have another high Mass for which the children are preparing so earnestly that I feel confident that the success of last Easter will be forgotten in the glory of our present effort. The new organist is a worthy successor of the one I lost, and though not a Catholic is very much interested in the church service. On Easter Sunday, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow the high Mass, and I have been requested already by one of the managers to have the high Mass repeated on the first Sunday in May, as a proper opening of the month of the Blessed Virgin. With this request comes the promise of the most beautiful flowers that the hot-houses can produce. Of course the request will be granted, as I know from the many Protestant visitors brought to my Sunday school by the Protestant managers to hear the Catholic children sing their hymns, that the managers want to be present and bring some of their friends, and this could not be done easily on a day like Easter.

I told you in a former letter that I brought the Superintendent to the Catholic Protectory to get new ideas for the House of Refuge. Since then some of the managers have visited the same Protectory and insisted on the Catholic matron of the Girls' Department of the Refuge visiting the corresponding department in the Protectory and the House of the Good Shepherd. Two of the managers paid an unexpected visit to a Catholic orphan asylum conducted by the Sisters, and after announcing their object asked to be shown through the institution. Their request was complied with at once and they returned disgusted with their own institution and in a rather discouraged frame of mind. I always encourage such visits as I am confident of the result. When the spring comes I intend inviting some of these gentlemen to visit the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Mt. Loretto, Staten Island the house for boys founded by the lamented Father Drumgoole.

Let this be enough for the present. My work is advancing, unfriendliness is fast disappearing, and while many things remain to be desired, I have reason to thank God for what has been done. Three years have wrought a great change here.

Tuus in Xto Servus,

J. C. HART, S. J.

Catholic Chaplain.

THE MISSION OF OUR PORTUGUESE FATHERS TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE MISSIONS GIVEN BY FATHERS EMMANUEL VILLÉLA AND J. B. JUSTINO, S. J., TO THE PORTUGUESE SETTLERS IN MASSACHUSETTS AND RHODE ISLAND.

A Letter from Father Justino to the Editor.

BOSTON COLLEGE,
BOSTON, MASS.,
November 18, 1895.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Before speaking of the different missions we gave to the Portuguese, who, after leaving their mother-country, have sought in the United States a new home and more abundant means of livelihood, I have thought it would be of interest to set before the readers of the LETTERS a few points of general information concerning these Portuguese settlements.

Every one knows how the United States, built up within a century which seems to unite in itself the inventions and discoveries of all past ages, and possessing everything requisite for the material development of a rich and prosperous nation, found itself soon overrun by an ever-increasing stream of emigrants from the old world. Portugal too has furnished its contingent of laborers, who though scattered throughout the whole country, are found somewhat grouped in certain favorite settlements. Hence in some States the Portuguese are so very few, that it is almost impossible to ascertain the number; while elsewhere, they are numerous enough to form settlements or colonies, with an organization and influence of their own, somewhat like the Irish and the Canadians, who had come first and in vastly superior numbers, to colonize this part of the American continent. The States where such larger groups may be

found are, — Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, Illinois, California, and Nevada. In all of these States, the Portuguese have churches of their own, or are about to have them. Unfortunately in some places they are in danger of falling into Protestantism, for want of priests to teach and guide them; for instance in Nevada, where large numbers of them are employed in tending the flocks. There, almost all those settlers who are natives of Madeira, seem to form a peculiar sect,—half Catholic, half Protestant, —the result no doubt of the heretical propagandism carried on in the Island of Madeira some years ago, but which has now almost disappeared, thanks to the zeal of the present bishop of Funchal. In the Bermuda Islands, which, though belonging to England, may be geographically considered as part of the Great Republic, they easily turn Baptists, and follow the leadership of a minister of their own nationality, a native of St. Michael's, an island of the Azores. The chief cause of the evil is that these unfortunate people have no Portuguese priests to instruct them. His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, pitying their condition, some years ago begged the bishop of Providence to send some of the clergy of his diocese to visit them from time to time. In consequence one or two missions were given to them.

To our shame it must be confessed that in religious instruction, our Portuguese settlers are much behind both the Irish and the Canadians. The reason is but too well known to all of us. In their eyes, our Catholicity is somewhat like that of the Spaniard who had made up his mind to kill his enemy early on a Sunday morning The latter not being on hand as speedily as had been expected, he exclaimed on hearing the last stroke of the Mass-bell: "A curse on the wretch! he is going to make me miss Mass." And yet it should be easy and natural for these settlers to be exemplary Catholics, for they come mostly from the Azores, and the Azorian is full of faith and docility, and religiously inclined. But of what avail are all these good dispositions if the very foundation is wanting, if they are ignorant of the most essential mysteries of our religion? A permanent residence of our Portuguese Fathers, solely occupied in visiting these various colonies, would be of the greatest benefit. Happily the evil is being remedied little by little by the foundation of special parishes.

II.

It is beyond my purpose to inquire into the exact time when the Portuguese began to establish themselves in North America. I leave this question to such as may write the

history of our emigrations, confining myself to what I have been able to observe and learn about those of our own period. From what I have been told by some of the earliest colonists, who are now old men, it was towards the middle of the present century that they settled on the East Coast at Fall River, New Bedford, etc. At that time the whale fishing was the great industry of these parts. Ships were built, and whalers were sent to the remotest regions in pursuit of these monsters of the deep. These whalers would sometimes call at the Azores, and many of the inhabitants, having first engaged themselves as sailors, and coming to the United States, which offered them so many advantages over their own little isles, settled here permanently, and founded regular colonies. The first of these settlements seems to have been New Bedford. Later on, invited by friends already established in the country, and attracted by the discovery of the California gold mines, the Azorians passed in ever-increasing numbers into the United States, especially after a regular service of sailing vessels had been organized for the emigrants. It was a period of feverish excitement and gigantic development for the Republic. A large population was needed to settle and cultivate the land, and all those whom other nations sent, were accepted indiscriminately. Whoever wished, could enter, and in whatever manner he chose; no custom house investigations, and no inquiries for passports were known in those days. The advent of steamships opened new facilities for emigration; our Azorians could no longer be kept at home, and for a time it looked as if the whole population had been struck with a mad longing after foreign shores.

To-day it is no longer so easy for all classes of men to enter the United States, and the Azores would doubtless furnish fewer emigrants, were it not for the dread of their compulsory military service. As a result of this dread, there are islands like that of St. George, where it would be difficult to find a youth over fifteen years of age. Hence suitable marriages have become almost impossible at home, and the women too are forced to emigrate. In this manner the Portuguese population of the different States is to be accounted for. They may be found scattered here and there in greater or less numbers, according to the means and opportunities they have met with. Not to speak of California, their first distinct colonies seem to have been founded at New Bedford, Boston and Nantucket in Massachusetts, and at New London in Connecticut. When I speak of colonies, let it not be imagined that there is question of some quarter of a city, or portion of a State, ex-

clusively inhabited by Portuguese. I simply mean that finding themselves in sufficient numbers in some city, they have formed among themselves a kind of society with a vitality and organization of its own for the promotion of their religious and material interests. Such groups are already very numerous. I may mention in the State of Connecticut, New London and Stonington, where they are not yet in possession of a church; in Rhode Island, Providence provided with church and priest; in Massachusetts, Fall River and its neighborhood, with two priests and a church; Taunton and Martha's Vineyard, without church, New Bedford the first of all the Portuguese parishes, which has two priests, who attend also the Nantucket colony; Boston, Provincetown, and Gloucester which have likewise their pastor. From the latter place are attended the stations of Wellfleet, Truro, and North Truro, where there are no churches as yet. Portland (Maine) is likewise without a church for its Portuguese colony. Of that of Chicago (Illinois) I have been unable to receive any information. In California there are already, thanks be to God, both priests and churches.

At first, almost all our Portuguese, either allowed themselves to be led astray by the Protestants, or abandoned all religious practices. A few pious families alone preserved their Catholic traditions in their home circles, whilst keeping aloof however almost entirely from the Irish and Canadian churches. Little by little as the restraint wore off, they mingled with their fellow Catholics of other nationalities, where Portuguese churches were wanting, the Canadians having their preference.

III.

From what has been said, it will be seen how advantageous it would be for our Portuguese if missionaries were sent to look after them, to strengthen them in the faith, and to renew in them the true Catholic spirit. Whilst the English-speaking congregations have a mission almost every year, and the Canadian congregations at frequent intervals, the Portuguese remain neglected and abandoned; yet no other body of Catholics needs it more than they. Some, it is true, go to church; but the hearing of Mass is the only profit they are able to derive; for, either they do not know any English at all, or what they know is so limited and disfigured, that it barely suffices for the most ordinary intercourse of daily life. As to moral sermons and instructions, they are altogether unable to understand them, less in fact

than their children who, frequenting the public schools, forget their mother-tongue, and are soon as learned in Portuguese as their parents are in English. In this country every one should be able to read and write; without this knowledge, there is in some places no employment to be found in the factories, unless a person has been living fourteen years in the United States. In this very condition of having at least a minimum of learning, is implied a more urgent need of religious instruction for our Portuguese. Too poor to build and support parochial schools, they are obliged to send their children to the state schools, where not a word of religion is ever spoken. The Irish and the Canadians, who are often called French, are in this respect much better provided for than we, possessing as they do many flourishing parochial schools. The sons and daughters of our colonists are thus brought into daily contact with Protestants, and if their parents do not instruct them at home, what will become of them? I may add that not a few who have been for some years in the country, have already substituted for the religion of their childhood the worship of the three or four dollars they are earning a week; they have not made their first Communion, and will surely be lost unless rescued by the zeal of their pastors. In order that this zeal may bear fruit, the Portuguese must unite, they must come to church, they must be taught their obligations. Alas! how many arrive here and spend year after year without knowing the way to the church! How many trampling under foot the sacred bonds of marriage, avail themselves of the divorce laws to the great scandal of their countrymen, and their Catholic neighbors!

Deeply grieved at this state of affairs, the Portuguese priests residing here, resolved to call a few missionaries from abroad, to see whether the voice of new preachers and confessors could not arouse their countrymen to life and energy. The plan was good, but for a long time it looked as if it would never be realized. Finally, what had been almost despaired of came to pass through the instrumentality of a young seminarian of Angra, Madeira, who had come to America to finish his education for the priesthood, the Reverend Anthony Neves, the present pastor of New Bedford. Scarcely had he been appointed to this parish, when he began to direct his efforts towards securing the long wished for mission. In 1891 he went to Lisbon to speak with Father Provincial on the subject; he begged and insisted, but all to no purpose. Difficulties of all kinds were met with, but he was not to be disheartened. Having learned one day that our Fathers had a residence at Angra, he thought

that the favorable moment had come: "Two Jesuits at the Azores, those are the very ones I must get." He wrote at once to his friend Dr. Fisher; his wish was communicated to Father Pereira, superior of the residence; letters were written and explanations given; the mission at last was granted, and Fathers Villéla and Justino were appointed to carry it out.

IV.

I left Angra on July the 18th, after a ten months' sojourn on the island, leaving behind me Father Pereira and brother Frias, and after making my retreat in my old novice-home of Barro, Portugal, I embarked with Father Villéla, on the 17th of August on the "Peninsular." On September the 7th, after a pleasant trip of twenty-one days, we landed at New York with more than 300 emigrants from the Azores. It was Saturday, and we were anxious to say Mass on the morrow and on the following days. To our great joy, Providence sent to our assistance an excellent young man from Lisbon, who kindly offered to accompany us, night as it was, and to show us the way from Brooklyn to the College of St. Francis Xavier. We were most cordially received and, thanks be to God! were able to sleep again in one of our houses. There is no need for me to describe our college and magnificent church at New York for the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, so I pass at once to our field of labor. On the 11th at 5.30 P. M., we took the steamer for Fall River, where we arrived the next morning. It was at Fall River that we were to give our first mission; but whilst preparations were being made for the mission, Father Neves took us to his residence of New Bedford, distant about fifteen miles. It was Thursday, and Fr. Villéla was determined on opening the mission on the following Sunday. However, the priests were no less determined on giving us a longer time for rest, and seeing that they would not yield, Fr. Villéla had to submit. Finally, it was agreed that a preparatory course of instruction for the children should be carried on during the next week and the mission begin a week later.

THE MISSION AT FALL RIVER.

Fall River is one of those typical American towns, whose almost too rapid growth and consequent state of transition, are a subject of wonder and often a puzzle to the foreigner. Twenty years ago it numbered less than 60,000 inhabitants; to-day it numbers 100,000. The Portuguese colony is also

of recent date, the first baptism upon the register by a Portuguese priest, having been entered on October 20, 1876, when the colony had perhaps fifty souls all told. Their spiritual wants were ministered to by the priest of New Bedford who used to visit them at rare intervals. As their number increased, these visits were multiplied, first to every month, then to every fortnight, and finally they had Mass and instruction every week. Having no church of their own, they had to go to St. Joseph's, the church of the English-speaking Catholics, for their religious needs. It is there they had their children baptized, it is there they celebrated their weddings, as well as all their religious and national feasts. They felt the necessity of a special church for themselves alone, but a division of parishes is not easily made, and bishops hesitate long before granting it.

In 1889 the Rev. Candido Martins, assistant pastor at New Bedford, on the feast of St. Joseph, spoke to this Fall River colony, in earnest and eloquent words, of the necessity, and of the advantages of a separate congregation with a church of their own. He easily convinced the Portuguese, whose number had by this time risen to 800. There stood in those days on Columbia Street, a Baptist temple which had been built for the avowed purpose of attracting Catholic emigrants. It had been erected on the very simplest and most unexpensive plan; it was surrounded by grounds extensive enough for the erection of a good sized church, and near by there was a piece of property well suited for the priest's residence. It was the very thing for the new congregation, as there would be no difficulty whatever in transforming the building into a church. Besides, it so happened that at this very time the Protestants, having neither proselytes nor money, had put up the property for sale. Mr. Francis M. Silva, a good and fervent Catholic and one of the first Portuguese settlers, lost no time in carrying out the suggestion of his pastor. He purchased the temple and its surrounding grounds together with the lot intended for the priest's residence, the act of sale being drawn up in the name of the bishop of Providence. The zeal and good faith of this gentleman were such that he never thought of asking himself whether the bishop would grant permission for a new parish, or whether the Fall River priests would not oppose it. Happy at the results so far achieved, Mr. Silva notified Father Neves of what he had done. The surprise of the latter was only equalled by his joy. "We must not lose a moment in bringing this business to a successful issue," said he, and going immediately to Providence, he succeeded in removing all obstacles so effectually, that the

erection of the new parish was granted. The Rev. Candido Martins was appointed pastor with the Rev. Anthony Claude Vieira as assistant. It was on the 28th of July 1891.

Meanwhile the colony continued to increase rapidly, and to-day it numbers no less than 1500 souls. The church on Columbia Street has long since become insufficient for its growing congregation, many of whom moreover live at the opposite end of the city. There is, therefore, a project on foot to build a handsome large brick church of Gothic style, not far from that of the Canadians. The ground is already bought, but it may take years before work will be begun, as money is wanting even to repair the old building. Everything here is very costly, and our Portuguese are reluctant to contribute for the church. At present they use the basement of the Canadian church, paying twenty dollars a month for the privilege. Every Sunday evening Vespers are sung according to the French custom. There is singing with organ accompaniment at all the parochial Masses, and on Sundays there is an instruction or sermon both in the morning and at half-past ten o'clock, and catechism in the afternoon.

After spending two days at the residence of Fr. Neves, New Bedford, we returned to Fall River on September the 14th, to prepare for the mission. It was Saturday, the day generally set apart for the baptism of children. The other priests being away on sick calls, I baptized the four or five children who were brought to me. The next day, Sunday, I sang high Mass, and as they would on no account allow us to open the mission, we began the catechism of the children, teaching them a few hymns to make it more attractive and interesting. Fr. Villéla went to the Canadian and I to the Portuguese church. There was a fairly good attendance throughout the week, especially at the service of half-past seven at night, when we had often as many as 300 persons present. On the 22nd the mission was formally opened with solemn high Mass, sermon, etc. There was a large crowd present, but as there are pews in the church according to the custom of this country, and as these could seat only about 600 persons, many of our audience were obliged to remain standing. On Monday there was a first instruction at five o'clock in the morning. It was but poorly attended, for this is the hour when our people get ready to go to the mills, where they begin work at half-past five, and even sometimes at five. We concluded therefore to drop this morning instruction, and to confine ourselves to the children's catechism at five P. M., and the sermon at half-past seven P. M. Our congregation was almost entirely made

up of emigrants from St. Michael's Island, who still remember those of Ours who labored there some years ago. Here nothing can be done outside of the church walls, so we had to confine ourselves to their narrow enclosure. Our hardest work was that of the confessional, where we were kept busy from half-past six till ten or eleven A. M., and from the evening hours until midnight. We were all alone in this work, for Portuguese priests are scarce in these parts, or find it impossible to leave their parishes.

On the 29th the first Communion of the children took place, and sermons were preached morning and evening. The same day at 7.30 P. M., the mission was opened at the Canadian church, the audience being very large, in spite of the various services and sermons they had already attended. This church is really magnificent, and so vast, that our Portuguese, however numerous, could no more than half fill it. It is at a considerable distance from the residence, and I gladly accepted the generous hospitality of a kind gentleman, Balthasar by name, a native of St. Michael's. The mission at the Portuguese church was closed October the 6th, with general Communion and instruction in the morning, and sermon and the Papal Blessing at night. The building proved much too small to accommodate the crowd. The Apostleship of Prayer was established and promoters were appointed. We heard the confessions of many who had come from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. These poor people have neither priest nor Catholic church within reach, or if they have, their ignorance of the English language keeps them aloof. They come to the city for their baptisms, their marriages, and their burials, sometimes perhaps for their Easter duties, and that is all. How sadly they need the visit of the missionary!

Many reconciliations were effected during the mission; the confessions numbered at the very least from eight to nine hundred, and the Communions were considerably more than one thousand. That much good was done, there can be no doubt; that much remained undone, cannot be denied. Purely civil marriages, together with the divorce laws, have wrought much havoc among these people; they marry, separate, marry again, just as if it were an ordinary business transaction. As the law of clandestinity is not in vigor here, the decree of the council of Trent having never been promulgated, the first marriages contracted before the civil magistrate are valid, and the contracting parties incur excommunication reserved to the bishop. From all such cases we had received full powers to absolve, but a difficulty remains, that numbers of persons so situated are nec-

essarily condemned to a solitary life if they wish to save their souls, as their former partners have already other ties and another family. One of these latter remarked to his friends some days ago: "I would like to know why these missionaries have come here. Do they take us for savages? Who ever heard of missionaries coming among civilized people?" The answer he received silenced him effectually; but he does not think of changing his life. The zealous pastor of these poor souls, the Rev. Candido Martins, is anxious that before returning to Europe we should give them another mission of fifteen days. I do not know whether we shall be able to grant his wish. At all events, may the Sacred Heart of Jesus deign to bless the work begun! May the Apostleship of Prayer, which has been so sucessfully established here, attain that prosperity which it has reached elsewhere among the Catholics of the United States!

THE MISSION AT NEW BEDFORD.

New Bedford, as I have already mentioned, was the first of those centres where our Portuguese emigrants settled in comparatively large numbers. They were attracted thither by the extraordinary profits which the whale fishing brought at that time, and not a few succeeded in rising to wealth and influence. They are chiefly natives of the Azores, especially those that have arrived since the erection of the numerous mills to which the city owes its present prosperity. Thirty years ago these Portuguese settlers numbered between one and two thousand, to-day there are more than 6000, forming the strongest and best organized of all our colonies in the United States. All the older persons still speak our language fairly well, especially the women, who have less intercourse with their American neighbors. The younger people, on the contrary, seem to make it a point to speak only English, so much so that many are unable to express themselves in their mother tongue. There are also physicians, lawyers and policemen of our nationality.

The city itself is in appearance much like Fall River. It has good streets, but the houses do not present a favorable appearance, they are small, low, and except the factories and some few edifices of greater importance, are all frame buildings. The population is now nearly three times as large as it was twenty years ago, and amounts to a little more than 60,000. From what I have said, it will be seen how urgent the need was of a separate church for the Portuguese, who were living in such numbers in a city where both the Irish and Canadians had their churches. Faith is always inti-

mately bound together with nationality for those who live and move among non-Catholics. This is especially so with our colonists who are not inclined to frequent the other Catholic churches, either because they do not understand the language there spoken, or rather because they do not find the sympathy they need for their peculiarities of character and customs. Thus little by little they gave up all practices of religion, while some went so far as to join the Protestant sects. This state of things lasted till 1869, when the first Portuguese priest arrived at New Bedford,—the Rev. Ignatius Azevedo of the Incarnation, a native of the island of Pico, and to-day stationed at St. Charles in Terceira. I speak of him as the first priest, because he founded and built up the first Portuguese parish, although another priest, José das Flores, had landed before him in Massachusetts but had died a few days after his arrival. The organization of this first parish was carried on among difficulties of every kind, and it was only in 1871 that it was finally completed by order of the present archbishop of Boston, New Bedford not yet being under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Providence. First in numbers as well as in order of time, this parish was also the first in fervor. It spread life and activity among the other Portuguese settlements, sending them priests to found and govern parishes. For a a long time it had no church of its own, and the services had to be held in St. Mary's, belonging to the English speaking Catholics. This want was at last supplied by the zeal and enterprise of the Rev. Anthony Freitas, the successor of the Rev. Ignatius of Azevedo. He erected the building which is still in use. It is a frame building, in the pointed style of architecture, and has three aisles. While its seating capacity is scarcely 900, as many as 1200 used to crówd into it during the mission, every corner being occupied and densely packed. It boasts of a very fine organ. The corner-stone was laid on September the 7th, 1874, and on the 27th of September of the year following, it was opened to public worship. A little later, through the efforts of the same pastor, a commodious residence was added, which has since been improved by the present incumbent, Father Neves. The congregation has increased till the present church is totally inadequate to accommodate those who attend the services. The property is extensive enough for the erection of a sufficiently large church, but money is wanting. The congregation possesses a spacious cemetery, bought in 1886, a Mont de Piété established in a fine, large building, and an asylum for destitute children, founded in partnership with the English speaking Catholics, and man-

aged by the Brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis. The Mont de Piété has still a debt of from 10,000 to 15,000 francs, the asylum a debt of about 2000.

As in other places we have to deplore that there are apostates and preachers of error. Some are affiliated with secret societies, others have become Protestants and even ministers. Those who have thus fallen away are almost all natives of St. Michael's Island. The Catholics call them "Kerosene," from the fact that their first place of meeting was a miserable store on the ground floor, lit up by kerosene oil lamps. When passing by the place, the street boys accustomed to electric and gas lights, would shout: "Look at the Kerosene! Hello, Kerosene, Kerosene!" The faithful Portuguese willingly joined in the cry, hence the name. As soon as one of these preachers begins to hold forth in the streets, the children and the people—Irish as well as Portuguese—raise the cry, "Put out the Kerosene! Down with the Kerosene!" No policeman can stop them, and if the officer happens to be an Irishman, the small boy's triumph is complete. These wretched apostates are showing themselves very aggressive, although on a recent occasion they paid dearly for calumniating in their meeting house a certain Catholic priest. He brought them before the tribunals where they received a salutary rebuke; besides, the originator of the calumny was censured by his own superior. Another enemy of Catholicism is the so-called American Protective Association, a secret society of bigots scattered throughout all these States, and existing apparently for the sole purpose of antagonizing the Church. Thanks be to God, we were able to carry on our mission without interference, in spite of the indignation of the "Kerosene" at beholding some of their companions return to their old faith.

After closing the mission at Fall River on October the 6th, we stayed a few days longer in that city, and arrived at New Bedford on the 9th to prepare the children for their first Communion which was to take place on the 13th. The day of our arrival was spent in decorating the statues for the procession, preparing flags, banners, etc., and when evening came, our hearts were filled with hope and consolation at the excellent prospects for a successful mission. We found the church crowded with grown up persons. To give a mission to the Portuguese in America means to speak to Portuguese emigrants from all points of the globe; but this is especially true for New Bedford. Here might be found side by side men from the islands of Fayal, Rico, St. Michael, Graciosa, Corvo and Terceira, or again from Lisbon, and from the banks of the Minho and the Douro. Our

joy was great at the sight of these souls hungry for the word of God, and the opening of the children's mission was most promising. Father Villéla taught them first a little catechism and a few hymns; a short instruction followed; then came the procession around the church, wherein were carried the banner of our Lady of the mission, and statues of the Infant Jesus and of the Blessed Virgin. It is this feature that more than any other attracts the children to the missions. Saturday they all went to confession, and the next day at half-past eight they received Communion. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, a procession was made from one church to the other, in which the children took part in their first Communion dresses. In spite of the rain, there was a large number present. At the church entrance, a few words were addressed to them in the form of questions on our holy Church, the consecration to the Blessed Virgin, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the renewal of baptismal vows, etc. Then came the ceremony of begging pardon at which many a heart was moved. At half-past ten solemn high Mass was celebrated and a sermon delivered in which Fr. Villéla explained the end and object of the mission; at half-past three in the afternoon came the catechism class which is taught here every Sunday to more than 300 children, divided into groups under their respective teachers; and at half-past seven the women's mission was opened. From that day, the 13th of October, until November the 10th, I preached every evening, and Fr. Villéla in the morning at half-past eight. The church was always well filled, and the confessions never allowed us a free moment. The women's mission was closed on the following Sunday with 315 Communions and that for girls was begun. This week not only every corner of the church was occupied, but the very sanctuary was invaded. Besides the pastors who were always there to help us in hearing confessions, two other priests had come to our assistance, but they left us again, unable to hold out any longer. In the general Communion 385 took part. Next came the mission for the men. Judge of our surprise when at a quarter past seven we found every nook and corner of the church filled and packed to the very steps of the high altar. We had made no distinction between married and unmarried men, not thinking that their devotion would equal that of the women; but in the Azores, at mission time, the men never allow themselves to be outstripped by the weaker sex. The proof is that we had nearly 1200 men at Mass every morning. We had intended to give only eight days, but seeing how they crowded to the confessionals and to the sermons, we added another week.

Two more priests came from the Azores to help us; so that we were five confessors, not to mention those that came now and then from other parishes. Thus we heard the confessions of a thousand men, 540 of whom joined in the general Communion. Some came from a distance of ten, fifteen, and twenty miles, and as they all work in the mills, they easily lose in this way five or six dollars or more, for a man earns on the average ten dollars a week, a woman from two to three dollars. Besides, if they wish to stay away for a day, they must get the permission of the manager, who is usually a Protestant, and cares little for confession or religion. Deserters and backsliders of two, three, and fifty years' standing even, were reconciled; one of them left the Freemasons. Two brothers renewed the abjuration they had made during the year. More than fifteen marriages contracted before a Protestant minister, were rectified and the contracting parties received the blessing of holy Church. In a word an immense amount of good was done.

The "Kerosene" Portuguese came almost every day to the sermons, and gave me an opportunity of refuting their absurdities, of inveighing against the crime of apostasy, and of asking prayers for their conversion. Incensed as they were on account of the mission, their vexation became extreme when they saw the two converted brothers go to confession. On November the 7th, on leaving the church where I had been hearing confessions till eleven o'clock at night, I was confronted by a group of men. A little astonished at the gathering at so late an hour I said,—

"Good evening, gentlemen, are you coming from confession?"

"Good evening," was the answer, and then one of them said,—

"There is a gentleman here, who would like to speak with you," and he pointed with his finger to a young man about thirty or thirty-five years of age.

"I wish to say a few words to the Reverend gentleman," said he.

"Is it to be secret? If so, we will go back to the church for a moment; but I beg of you to be brief, for I shall have to be up at four o'clock to-morrow morning and since four this morning I have not had a moment's rest."

"No, sir; what I have to say may be said here: the fact is that these two gentlemen—designating his two nearest neighbors—and I follow another religion, and it is on this subject I would speak to Your Reverence."

"Very well," I answered, "if you will take the trouble to come and see me next Monday, I shall be delighted to

comply with your wish. You have made studies, have you not?" I asked one of the three.

"I? no, sir."

"And you?" I asked the other.

"Nor I," said he; "here is the one who studied," pointing to him who stood in the middle. When I had been told the college and the university where he had been taught, I again turned to the others and asked one of them,—

"How many years is it since you have left the Catholic Church?"

"Eleven years thanks be to God!" he answered, his voice trembling with emotion, and his eyes raised towards heaven.

"And you?" I asked the other.

"It is now nine years," said he with tears in his eyes, and hands joined over his breast, "it is now nine years since the Lord has made the light of truth shine unto my eyes. What a happiness it is! I was in darkness and I have seen the light!"

"You have seen the light and known the truth," I replied, "yes, but this light is nothing but the darkness of perdition, for you have left the one true Faith."

"But we follow the pure word of God."

"I see, all that you gentlemen want is to have a little chat with me; for as you are so well satisfied with your religion, you are not anxious to have me settle the great question of the salvation of your souls."

"Indeed sir, we wish to be saved and converted, if you can prove to us that we are in the wrong."

"Well then, come at some other hour."

"I am," continued he who had been at the university, "I am ready to defend my religion against all comers, in the church, lecture-room or on the public square; for St. Paul says that even if an angel from heaven,"—

"An angel from heaven!" I broke in impatiently, "and what else? I think we have said enough. If you desire a conversation with me, come at a more convenient hour, and in the mean time, since you follow the pure word of God, be so kind as to tell these men in what part of the Bible you have seen it written that the Roman Church is a false church." Evading a direct answer, he passed on to a new topic, urging a torrent of texts of every discription. All I could do in my annoyance was to turn to the group of spectators, and say,—

"You see he is not able to answer me either yes or no. Tell me, did you see it in the Bible, yes, or no? It were better for you to ask the Lord to open your eyes." Just

then one of the by-standers drew near to him with clenched fists, shouting,—

"Is this what your grandfather has taught you, tell me; is this the religion of your father?"—

"My parents lived in error," he replied.

"No, it is you who have lost your head." From the behavior of the men I could plainly see that there was trouble ahead; so I quieted them down with a few words, and told the champion of error to meet me on the following Monday, advising him in the mean time to study tradition a little, that we might understand one another.

"The Lord says that your traditions"—he began again, but I wished them all a good night and hurried home, else I might never have escaped their clutches. Father Neves told me not to pay any attention to the occurrence, for the minister was aiming only at notoriety, and at being considered of some importance.

On the morning of the 9th, I received the following letter:—

111 Acushenet Avenue, New Bedford, Mass.,
Nov. 8, 1895,

Reverend P. Justino, S. J.

As the conversation I have had with Your Reverence has not proved satisfactory to me, and as other persons share my opinion, to wit, that the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church is for the greater part opposed to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Bible, I have concluded to challenge Your Reverence to a public controversy in any church or hall of this city, being ready to pay all the expenses of the place of meeting, of the advertising, etc. Your Reverence will prove from the Catholic Bible, that all the doctrines of your Church are therein contained, and I, on the other hand, shall give my reasons for believing the contrary. Should Your Reverence succeed in proving that the truth is on your side, I shall forever renounce Protestantism and embrace the Roman Catholic Faith, and probably many others of those who, like myself, call themselves Protestants. Anxiously awaiting Your Reverence's answer by return mail,

I am Your Reverence's humble and devoted servant,

Francis C. B. Silva.

The priests of the residence advised me to take no notice whatever of the challenge; but Father Villéla thought otherwise, so I sent Mr. Silva a polite note dwelling on the uselessness of a public discussion, where, as experience shows, an adversary may be worsted, but not converted; adding that if he wished to see me at the residence, I should be

most ready to oblige him. Moreover, I said, I had no time to prepare for the discussion, being on the point of leaving for another city where I was expected, and that for the present I sent him the catechism of Cardinal Cuesta against Protestantism. I concluded by saying that I would earnestly pray to God to grant him the grace of returning to the fold of the holy Roman Church.

On the following day, the 10th of November, all the English newspapers of the place, published this item of news: "Debate Declined! The Rev. Francis C. B. Silva feeling himself attacked by the teachings of the Jesuit Fathers in their mission to the Portuguese at St. John the Baptist's church, challenged them to a public discussion which was not accepted." And this proved to be the end of the story. A few days later, one of Silva's neighbors told me of the following conversation which he had overheard.

"Well, Silva, have you been to the mission?"

"Yes."

"And what do you think of our missionaries?"

"They have made a very good impression on me."

"Why then do you not give up Protestantism?"

"Because Protestantism gives me fifty dollars a month for food and clothes. What more can I want?"

It is evident that it is ignorance, corruption, or money which makes these unfortunate people change their religion. It is well to note that all their Protestant books in the Portuguese language come from Lisbon or from Brazil.

Pitiful as is the state of these apostates, their bad example did not prevent our doing great good. Indeed we have to thank God for the manner in which he has blessed our mission at New Bedford. There were more than 2400 confessions heard and some 3000 received holy Communion; yet much had to be left undone. Many could not get to confession for want of time, and were we to go back, much additional good might be done. For my own share I heard 913 confessions, not counting the reconciliations; the priests of the neighboring parishes helped us, it is true, but as a general rule, the people preferred to go to the missionaries.

We are now at Boston, and the mission will be finished when this account reaches you. Meanwhile, dear Fathers and Brothers, let me beg your good prayers that we may be of some use to these unfortunate Portuguese, and help them to find peace of heart in the midst of the gold they are looking for.

Your Brother in Christ,

JOHN B. JUSTINO, S. J.

THE WORK OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

FROM ADVENT TO EASTER.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—Missions by the Fathers of the Society are not frequently given in Baltimore. Possibly our influence there is regarded as sufficiently great already. When, therefore, the venerable Mgr. McColgan asked for a two weeks' mission, the call was eagerly accepted. The result surpassed the expectation formed of it. It was most successful and elicited the warmest praise from the Monsignor and his associate clergy, especially from Father Gallen who is an outspoken friend of the Society.

In only one other church of the city was any work done. It was almost supererogation; for it was in our own church, where the constant preaching and assiduous devotion to the confessional made the enthusiasm of the mission more of a luxury than a need. There were thirteen Baptisms and forty-three first Communions of adults. There has been a great increase in the congregation since the mission.

SALEM, MASS.—Before Lent some of the missionaries were called to what is, perhaps, the quaintest city of the whole country, namely Salem, Mass. Most of the Massachusetts towns affix the monosyllable "Mass." to their names. With a curious kind of infatuation the place boasts of its opprobrious title — apparently self-imposed — of the Witch City. Geographically Salem is near Boston; there is only a flat marshy level between them of about fifteen miles, accentuated profusely with little wooden dwellings, which offer a standing challenge to the winds of the ocean roaring on the right as one goes Salemwards. The only thing to interest you on the journey is that Lynn, which you pass by, is larger than Salem though built after it; Lynn is dedicated to St. Crispin being inordinately given up to shoemaking.

The train rumbles into Salem through a most unlovely shed which has however a pretentious front. The combination suggests the old Puritan solicitude for the outside of the platter. Fittingly enough the façade has a fortress-like look, but its gloom is towards the town as if to

prevent the inhabitants from getting out, which in old times they were prone to. In fact, the existence of Salem was never imperilled so much by enemies from without as from the powers that ruled within. The Puritan Father always held his gun in one hand while offering the Bible to the aborigines with the other. If any troubles arose the Indian was soon pacified.

Emerging from the station the train plunges immediately into a tunnel whose mouth yawns to receive it a few hundred yards off. It was a kind providence of God or man that made the arrangement, for the spot above has an unholy memory. It was here that Gov. Endicott cut the cross out of the royal standard as savoring too much of Popery. Roger Williams, one of New England's saints, suggested this choice form of devotion. Endicott was punished for it afterwards as an act of treason to the king. Probably the insult to God was reserved for some post-mortuary period. On earth he suffered only vicariously in his lieutenant, who was struck by lightening at Fort Independence in Boston Harbor some years later. Close by stands the First Congregational Church of America, a brazen tablet on it declares that it was the First Christian Congregation on the Continent. The truthful historian of Salem also indicates a certain school in the neighborhood which, he says, was, probably the "First Free School in the world." No one could ever surpass these sturdy old saints in their love of truth. Out of regard for the form of worship within, there is nothing ecclesiastical in the church's exterior. A very worldly concern, called the Naumkeag National Bank, occupies the lower floor and shows how the worship of God and mammon admits of combination. The money changers are in the temple.

Naumkeag is the Indian name for Salem. They gave it a peace-compelling title for they were determined to have peace if they had to make a solitude to get it. They began by being unsociable with their own brethren at Plymouth, and sailed high up to Naumkeag. Apparently there was little to quarrel about in the bleak country they came to. On one side is Marblehead, named apparently in a contentious spirit, for there is no marble there at all. Its black crags are in constant war with the great ocean which dashes its breakers against it. This is the scene of Skipper Ireson's ride. Northward is a network of shallow harbors and inlets, and to the west and south, wide marsh lands stretch drearily. The Pilgrim Fathers were the first contract laborers that came to these parts and now-a-days would not be allowed to land. They were owned by the London Company

and had to make due returns of the work of every man women and boy in the Colony. They were goodly men and the Company announced cheering news after their arrival, viz., that three ministers and a hundred head of cattle were sent them. The chronicler averreth that "no right New Englander would undertake anything without his minister." For these ministers a return cargo was exacted of fish, timber, sturgeon (which seemingly was not fish in those days), sarsaparilla, sumac, silk-grass and beaver. This was cheap for three apostles, but in reality none was given, for one parson stipulated that he was to get £30 for apparel for the voyage and a free passage for himself and his family. His salary besides was £30 a year. At the end of three years he was to secure one hundred acres of land, after another year a hundred more, the milk of two cows and half the increase of their calves, the company to get the other half. At least this messenger of peace looked well to his script and staff. Supporting the spiritual power with the secular arm, the Company—which with its eye to business was heavenly-minded—wrote, "No idle drone was to be permitted in the colony. We pray you to make good laws for the punishment of swearers whereto it is to be feared too many are addicted"—a sad indication of early Massachusetts piety. The colony is advised "to suppress intemperance by endeavoring, though there be much strong water sent out for sale, so to order it that the savages may not for our lucre sake be induced to excessive use or rather abuse of it and to punish those who became drunk." It is urged also that "no tobacco be planted unless it be in small quantities for physic and for preservation of the health, and that the same be taken privately by ancient men and none others." This, says the admiring historian, laid the foundation of the high social and moral standard which is a characteristic of the colony. This simple code of ethics has sufficed for Protestant New England ever since. The veracious Bancroft says that it was here that the first separation was made between Church and State, and yet every new settlement in their odd phraseology was called a "Church-State." The parsons were the absolute rulers of the colonists and old John Cotton actually proposed "with all sweetness the adoption of the Mosaic legislation as the code of laws to govern New England." They were in point of fact the most priestridden people of the world.

By dint of repetition historians have succeeded in having these colonists held up as examples of the highest moral rectitude. Yet Roger Williams was a divinely inspired hater and persecutor of every one opposed to him and was about

to be sent to England for sedition, when he fled to Rhode Island, which he bought from the Indians for a few spades and twice as many shirts. He had complained that the Massachusetts Bay Co. had cheated the aborigines by not paying enough for the land they got. Salem cost £20 and extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Hugh Peters was another laborer in this part of the vineyard. He was "one of the most highly educated among the early immigrants and a zealous promoter of popular intelligence," says his biographer. He took an active part in establishing Harvard College and made great effort to bring it to Salem. Bishop Burnet and others describe him as a preacher and a politician and a man of the grossest immorality. He went to England to further some scheme of his own and was hanged for complicity in the murder of Charles the First. The arch-Pharisee Cotton Mather dwelt here with others of the like kidney. It gives one a shiver to hear that Oliver Crommell was on the point of coming to the colony; unhappily for England he was arrested in a vessel on the Thames. Nathanial Hawthorne ascribes most of his own troubles in life to his being a descendant of the fierce Puritan who murdered the witches.

Of course all Catholics were shut out of this choice presence and especially Jesuits, and yet, amusingly enough, just after the law was made, two Jesuits, Marie and Druillettes, came as ambassadors from Quebec to arrange a line of defense against the Indians. The Colony harbored angels unawares. This was about 1650. There are interesting things in Salem, like the House of the Seven Gables, Hawthorne's Custom House, Washington's Elm, but they show you with greatest zest the house where the witches were tried. It was formerly Roger Williams' house and still keeps the Roger Williams respect. At present an apothecary compounds his samples in the lower story. Gallows Hill, where the witches were hanged, cannot be missed by the traveller who proposes to enjoy himself in Salem. It is a bleak, repulsive spot mostly covered by old shanties except the unholy portion where the executions took place. A glass vial full of the canny looking pins with which the witches prodded their victims is religiously preserved in the Court House. Visitors are permitted only to gaze at them through the protecting crystal. Salem revels in the gruesome history and makes profit of it. A prim looking Priscilla, who presides over a shop full of superstitious bric-a-brac, was quite shocked at the insinuation there was any impropriety in it. Her moral perception was not acute enough for the suggestion and she reflected the sentiment

of her devout co-religionists. This witch craze which made Salem famous is a bit of diablerie of course, but this is a monument to ecclesiastical avarice. In 1692 the Rev. Samual Parris thought he had a right to a more liberal supply of winter firewood. His vestry men thought otherwise and war began. It happened just then, that a daughter and a niece of the minister along with an Indian servant were practising magic in the parsonage. Immediately they began to accuse the minister's enemies of bewitching them and Cotton Mather, who believed in whitchcraft, was on hand to fan the flame. Over one hundred and fifty people were cast into prison, fifty were tortured, nineteen were executed —among them, all of the minister's enemies. The first victim was a rival preacher, who was thought to be in league with the devil because he was somewhat of an athlete. A lady was hanged, because she bewitched people by her amiability. It looked like war against the *fortiter et suaviter.* One woman suffered because she flew past a man into the house. There were sometimes great cruelties practised in the execution, but mingling with the tragic the Hudibrastic elements of the grotesque never fails to obtrude itself. A Mrs. Bridget Bishop was one of the prominent victims. Possibly both Bridget and Bishop were offensive appellations to the congregationalist Puritan. Bridget was not a Catholic in spite of what her name would suggest. She is sometimes mistaken for the Irishwoman who was put to death at Boston and adjudged a witch, because she could not say the Lord's Prayer in English. She volunteered to give it in Irish or Latin, but that was proof positive of her guilt. Seemingly some anticipative shade of Dickens hovered about Salem, for we find a Samuel Pickwick testifying that he saw Mistress Ann Pudeater flying through the air. The chronicler meekly lamenteth that "Ann could not fly from her cruel fate." Illustrating this same ludicrous side to the old Puritan's character was the small-pox fright, which seized upon Marblehead shortly after the Witch excitement had died out. To stop the plague in human beings, every dog of a certain size was pursued and remorselessly killed. The longer or shorter canines escaped. They had no microbes about them. It was akin to the scheme of measuring holiness by height, which a beloved friend has adopted elsewhere as a sodality requirement. John Gatchel was fined ten shillings for building on town land, but "one half was remitted in case he should cut his long hair off his head." One man was acquitted because he said he was a witch, and when he

repented of his lie was hanged because he said he was not. It was hard to please them.

Of course, Salem has its glories like Hawthorne and Bowditch and Count Rumford and Israel Putman and Peabody and Mrs. Partington, but the early Puritans were not the refined and educated people usually supposed by American superstition. Witness the names of some of the early streets of Salem, such as Knockers Hole, Bluber Holler, Button Hole, Big Three, Johnny Cake, Gutter Lane, Spite Bridge, Hog Hill, *et al.* It will be of interest to Irish Catholics to know that they unwillingly were the originators of much of the science and literature which has given scholastic prominence to Salem. During the Revolutinary War the valuable scientific library of Richard Kerwin, LL. D., of Dublin, was captured in the British Channel on its way to Ireland and became the nucleus of the Atheneum which is now one of Salem's glories. It appears also in this connection, that during the Dutch War the Salemites would have perished of hunger, if it had not been for abundant relief sent from Ireland. "We had the opportunity of repaying the debt," says the chronicler, "a century and a half later." It was a case where gratitude had leaden soles to her shoes. Meantime it was death or slavery for any Irishman to be seen in Salem, and it was only in 1790 that the ban was lifted at the instance of a Quaker who was head of the Selectmen. The Quakers had fought for a hundred years for their own liberation.

The introduction of Catholicity is very curious. A Protestant minister, named Thayer, went to Europe to see the corruptions of Papistry at their source. He came back a Catholic priest. This was in 1790. He sent word to a liberal Unitarian minister, named Bently, to hunt up all the Catholics he could find in Salem. Salem then included Marblehead, Lynn, Saugus, Reading, Danvers, Amesbury, Newburyport, Lowell, Dover N. H., and Waltham. Bently found seven Catholics in all that territory; amongst them one Portuguese, one Corsican, and one Irishman, and he was able to serve Mass. He had the very appropriate patronymic of Divine. Fr. Matignon came there in 1796. In 1798 there were only three baptisms in the Salem district. From 1791 to 1810 there were but twenty baptisms and they appear in the records in groups. Bishop Cheverus used to visit Salem, coming from Boston on foot. Between him and Bently, the Unitarian minister, a strong friendship sprung up, and it is recorded that once when a poor Frenchwoman was dying, Bently out of regard for his friend

heard her confession and prayed with her till she departed. It was like Bayard's confession to his companion in arms. Perhaps not so good, but it was the best under the circumstances. Could the old Puritans revisit these scenes now-a-days, how they would stare at the churches and the religious institutions which cover this entire territory! Salem proper is only a small section of what once had its name, but there are over five hundred children in its parochial schools.

In St. James, where we gave the mission, throngs came night and morning. Some Protestant ministers assisted at many of the exercises. One is suspected of having renewed his baptismal vows at the end of the mission, if he had any to renew. The wife of one of the prominent ministers was baptised, her husband coming to see the missionary and professing his willingness to let her do so if such were the will of God. It does not look as if such a man were very far from the Kingdom. He was quite willing also to submit to whatever temporal disadvantage this break in his household might bring him, and God seems to have rewarded him by preserving him from any trouble in consequence of it. Six other converts were made at the same time and one open apostate brought back. Such is the witchcraft going on in Salem at present.

Ogdensburg, New York.—If you take the early morning train of the R. O. W. R. R. from Utica and go northward, you will wriggle for six weary hours through the western foothill of the Adirondacks before you reach Ogdensburg. Possibly the scenery is bewitching in summer, but the heart never longs for it again in midwinter. Towards noon you are running along the wide expanse, not of water but ice of the St. Lawrence on which you see long lines of black dots, which are being conveyed to and from the Canadian shore. The little wooden house on the shore, with the American flag flying above the word U. S. Customs, forces the unwilling patriot to admit that his country has limits. Farther down, the river is comparatively narrow and heavy steamers keep breaking the ice that threatens to freeze the town of Ogdensburg to the Dominion. Over this route thousands of Lapps and Norwegians steam annually on their way to the Northwest, having their poor traps examined when they reach the opposite shore.

There is nothing in Ogdensburg to attract attention save the City Hall, which is built exactly like a church nave, transept, towers and all. As religion disappears its architectural distinctions vanish also. There are two Catholic churches,

—one the Cathedral, the other belonging to the French Canadians. Canadians abound in upper New York, but, be it said, without much sympathy for it or any other State. It is curious to observe how their English speech differs from what a Frenchman would acquire both in modulation and the expressions they invent. They have a curious mania for transforming their names either by supposed English spelling—as when Michaud becomes Meshouor—or by heroically translating them. Thus Durocher becomes Rock; La Framboise, Raspberry; Eveque, Bishop. This isn't bad, but there is on record the reckless rendition of Trudeau into Waterhole. In the public park of a certain place, where their political importance prevails there is a proclamation which reads, "Ne marchez pas sur larbe," For one acquainted with Canadian pronunciation that meant "Keep off the grass;" but for an ordinary student the last word is a mystery. When naturalized, the average Canadian is a Republican; not that he understands what differentiates that genus from Democrats, but because the Irish are Democrats and hold the offices. Were political preferment not an inducement, his lack of very intense affection for the Celt would act centrifugally in any case. In Ogdensburg their church and school are a credit to them and they are a thrifty and orderly population. The Cathedral is a power in the city, thanks to the energetic and popular Rector. The Mayor and most of the public officials are Catholic.

The entire territory has the stamp of the Van Rensselaer family upon it. There is Van Rensselaer Falls and Van Rensselaer River and Van Rensselaer this and Van Rensselaer that, and Ogdensburg itself and its neighbor Waddington, are named after sections of the Van Rensselaer family. Making use of this worldly bait, the missionaries had Father Van Rensselaer with them on the first fishing excursion which the modern Jesuit made on the banks of the St. Lawrence since discovery days, when the early Jesuits travelled over this whole territory. The nets evidently went down on the right side of the boat for the draught was so great that it almost broke the net, and Father Van Rensselaer had to return a month later to count the fishes. A little while after the mission, the Bishop wrote to a New York priest: "The Jesuits have given a very successful mission in the Cathedral"—he was not unduly partial to us before—"and as a result I have just confirmed ninety adults, mostly converts." This exceptionally large capture calls for an explanation. In the primitive days there was an old pioneer priest on these frontiers who had the habit of baptizing all he could lay hands on. Actuated mostly by dread

of asking the Bishop for dispensation in mixed marriages, he never failed, if he could, to baptize the Protestant parties on the spot, they possibly taking it as part of the ceremony. As he was a sort of a recluse he never looked after them, and neither they nor their children ever came near a Catholic church or knew any more about their impromptu Christianity. The tireless zeal of the present pastor has been engaged for years in ferretting them out, and, besides others whom he himself converted—for converts they were as genuine as if they had never been baptized—he succeeded in bringing fifty of them to Father Van Rensselaer's instructions. Forty others also were baptized. The crowd was so great in the sacristy that the preacher had to stand on a chair in the midst of listeners who literally sat at his feet.

A large number of the men of the city are sailors on the Great Lakes, and as the mission was given in the dead of winter we were able to reach most of them. The efforts of both men and women to come to the church were at times heroic. The thermometer dropped at one time to 32° below zero Fahrenheit and the cold went through one like a knife. The snow was piled in drifts four or five feet high. It was difficult enough travelling in the city, but some people came ten and twelve miles over a wild wind-swept country. There was nothing dilettanti about the piety that filled the church on such mornings at the five o'clock Mass. Their enthusiastic congregational singing wouldn't lead me to think they had any trouble to come to church at all. It is a pity this singing at the missions is not common. Any energetic priest can teach his people to sing, especially if he doesn't know much about music.

One of the missionaries had a personal experience of what these winter hardships are. It was on a sick call with the pastor to the State Lunatic Asylum about three miles from town. We were well wrapped in furs and only enough of the face was exposed to permit us to use our eyes. The night was coming on; the snow which drove across the river froze to our eyelashes, so that we were unable to see our way; the drifts obliterated the roads, and although we reached the grounds of the great establishment we were unable to proceed. A workman, whom we picked up at an outhouse, volunteered to drive us the other half mile of our journey and we at last reached the Pavillion, which we had to break into through a snow drift higher than our heads. Coming home matters were worse. Our guide left us at his own house, and then our way lay through a wood and over a white waste of country where no roads could be seen because of the snow and the darkness. So we left it to the

horse and our guardian angel to bring us home, though with a dread that we were lost and might pass the night in the snow. Finally we reached the town tired, wet, and frozen, with the knowledge imparted to the missioner of the hardships priests have to undergo even in our State of New York.

The great institution which we had visited is an example of altruism gone mad. It covers a great extent of territory which juts out into the St. Lawrence River below Ogdensburg. The grounds in summer time we are told form a splended park. The State has expended already $4,000,000 on the buildings and has not stopped yet. The Pavillions are scattered, and separate cottages have been recently built to carry out the idea of Ghael in Belgium, where the patients live in the families of the keepers. Most of the inmates were paupers and consequently accustomed to hardships; yet their present home is a palace; the floors tesselated, the ceilings are of oak or of ornamental metal, the dining rooms suggest the elegant rooms of a hotel, and the treatment exacted from the keepers is one of most extravagant consideration. The priest preaches there regularly, but any exciting or doctrinal topic is debarred.

The parish schools of the Cathederal are under the Regents of the State and rank high for efficiency. You may see the first class of girls and boys reading Latin with tolerable ease. They were at a difficult passage of Virgil when we entered and the answers of the girls would have done credit to our lads in "Suprema," and perhaps put many of them to the blush. It is rather startling at first to see girls and boys of sixteen and seventeen years of age sitting in the same class under the direction of nuns. Co-education in the City High School down the street is a very evident and admitted evil, but the very vigilant pastor assured us that his co-education has succeeded in refining the boys and is doing no harm to the girls. It jarred somewhat on our preconceived notions of perils and proprieties, but perhaps worldly conditions are changing while we are asleep.

We left Ogdensburg after creating the kindest feeling towards the Society, which up to that was almost unknown there. That is a strange condition of things in a country given to civilization by Jesuit martyrs. Elsewhere much larger missions were given during the time, as for example in St. Stephen's in New York, where eight thousand three hundred confessions were heard, ninteen converts were baptized, two of whom were Jews, and eighty-nine adults were confirmed. There is little to be said in connection with it for usually there is nothing interesting in New York.

Boston, Mass., St. Stephen's Church. — St. Stephen called us to a Church dedicated to him in Boston also. It is one of those dwindling parishes which set at naught the calculations of ecclesiastical authorities in directing the spirituals of our shifting American cities. It once had nearly 20,000 people,—which was certainly an undesirable size, —now there are but 4000. The decrease is not from divisions but the influx of business and Jews. We made seven converts there. There were fifty confirmations of adults and over 4000 confessions. If any one is interested in that very prominent patriot, Paul Revere, who while he made his famous ride charged the government for his horse's oats and who was, by the way, a Grand Master Mason, he will be gratified to hear that he cast the bell which now calls the St. Stephen's folk to Mass. He can make a pilgrimage also to the great man's house, which is just behind the church.

Another immense mission was given in St. John's in Worcester but the exact results have not yet been given in. Worcester evidently regards us with favor, for within a year we have evangelized almost every parish in it.

Besides this combined work, individual fathers preached missions of a week to men in Albany and Rochester Cathedrals, and in our own church in Jersey City, and also gave retreats to the children of Mary in Boston and New York.

At the present writing, April 15, 1896, three of the missionary band are in Worcester, one in Charleston, S. C. evangelizing the negroes, and two others in Texas,—not the land of steers and six shooters, but an inconspicuous village near Baltimore. It was once called Ellangowan, but its riotous beginnings merited for it the name of Texas. It is restive under the title, but its name, like original sin, is stamped on it. One of the meekest of men that ever preached a retreat or taught a class of scholastics passed his guileless boyhood and youth in these congenial surroundings. Nothing now remains to tell of its former uproar but limepits and abandoned iron furnaces. The missionary work continues up to the time of the Retreats when another phase of the spiritual life is dealt with.

From September until Easter the Confessions heard were 111,968; Confirmations of Adults 2045; First Communion of Adults 1135; Baptism of Adults 232.

THE NUMBER OF STUDENTS IN ALL THE COLLEGES OF THE SOCIETY.

The following tables of the Number of the Students in All the Colleges of the Society have been compiled from information received directly from each province and mission. While of course there must be errors in so extensive a work, it is believed that they are not great and that these tables give a correct idea of the numbers attending our different colleges, as well as the total number of each province and of the whole Society. The number in actual attendance during the scholastic year 1895–'96 was the number asked for and is the number given, except in a very few cases, where the total number for the past scholastic year was sent. The number of boarders and of day-scholars is given whenever it could be obtained; the half-boarders are counted with the day-scholars. Colleges only have been numbered, not parochial schools, even though they are under the direction of Ours. Medical and Law Schools are counted when they are under our supervision, but, to avoid misapprehension, their numbers are given separately. Seminaries in which Ours teach are also given, and the better to distinguish them, Theological Seminaries have been followed by a †, Preparatory Seminaries — in which Theology is not taught—by a *.

The only similar list, we know of, is one printed in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. viii. pag. 64, February, 1879. This list contains the number of students in the colleges of the Society in 1878; it is reprinted at the end of our list for 1896, in order that comparison may be made between the two and the increase of students in the Society be shown.

Finally, we shall be glad to correct any errors which may be noticed, and that the corrections be made in our next number we ask those who may find them to forward them to us without delay.

Italian Assistancy.

Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
Rome	Rome	Univers. Gregoriana †	.....	1025	1025	
	"	Col. P. L. Americano..	102	.....	102	
	"	Collegio Germanico...	95	.....	95	
	"	Collegio Greco.....	26	.....	26	
	Ferentino.....	Seminario †.....	60	10	70	
	Frascati	Conv. di Mondragone	92	.....	92	
	Strada..	Convitto di Strada.....	.....	.....	125	
	Segni.....	Seminario †.....	40	.....	40	
		Other Colleges.....	7	500	507	
						2082
Mission of Brazil	Itù.....	Collegio de S. Luiz...	600	17	617	
	Nova Friburgo..	Collegio Anchieta.....	140	.....	140	
						757
						2839
Naples	Naples	Collegio Pontano.....	.....	560	560	
	"	Convitto Pontano.....	140	.....	140	
	Lecce.....	Istituto Argento.....	80	70	150	
	Sorrente.....	Convitto Sozi Caraffa.	52	58	110	
						960
Mission of New Mexico, U. S.	Denver, Col. U. S.....	Col. of the S. Heart...	48	52	100	
						100
						1060
Sicily	Acireale.....	Col. Agno. Pennisi...	60	.....	60	
	Malta.....	Convitto di Gozo.....	70	38	108	
	Messina.....	Palazzo Belviso.....	....	105	105	
	Gazzi	Collegio Cassibile.....	63	40	103	
						376
Turin	Cuneo	Col. di S. T. d'Aquino	54	28	82	
	Monaco.....	Col. della Visitazione	80	.....	80	
	Turin	Istituto Sociale.....	85	269	354	
						516
Mission of California	Santa Clara.....	Santa Clara College...	139	77	216	
	San Francisco...	St. Ignatius "	.....	524	524	
	San José.....	St. Joseph's "	.....	110	110	
						850
Mission of Rocky M'ts.	Spokane.....	Gonzaga College.....	33	39	72	72
						1438

	Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
Italian Assistancy.	**Venice**	Brescia	Cesare Arici	.....	92	92	
		Cremona	Girol Vida	119	37	156	
		Milan	Leone XIII	12	82	94	
		Padua	Pensionato	9	.....	9	
		Scutari	Institutum S. F. Xav.	.....	125	125	
		"	Collegio Pontifico †	44	.....	44	
							520
	Mission of Mangalore	Mangalore	St. Aloysius' College	.....	404	404	
		"	St. Joseph's Semin. †	49	.....	49	
							453
							973
German Assistancy.	**Austria**	Böhmen	Mariaschein †	.....	.....	265	
		Bosnien	Sarajevo †	.....	.....	14	
		Bosnien	Travnik *	.....	.....	185	
		Freinberg	Linz *	.....	.....	178	
		Hungary	Kalocsa	.....	.....	500	
		"	Szatmar	.....	.....	70	
		Innsbruck	Innsbruck †	.....	.....	254	
		Kärnten	Klagenfurt †	.....	.....	70	
		(Near) Vienna	Kalksburg	.....	.....	210	
							1746
	Belgium	Alost	Coll. et Convictus	.....	.....	293	
		Antwerp	College	.....	631	631	
		"	Institute	.....	.....	459	
		Brussels	College	.....	926	926	
		Charleroi	"	.....	613	613	
		Ghent	Coll. et Convictus	.....	.....	388	
		Liege	S. Aloysius	.....	238	238	
		"	St. Servais	.....	.....	955	
		Mons	Coll. et Convictus	.....	.....	278	
		Namur	" "	.....	.....	644	
		Tournai	" "	.....	.....	313	
		Turnhout	" "	.....	.....	452	
		"	Apostolic School	.....	.....	67	
		Verviers	College	.....	401	401	
							6658
	Mission of Bengal	Calcutta	St. Francis Xavier	52	754	806	
		Darjeeling	St. Joseph	160	17	177	
							983
	Miss. of Galle	Ceylon	Seminary of Kandy †	35	.....	35	
							35
							7676
	Gallicia	Chyrow	St. Joseph	448	26	474	
							474

	Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
German Assistancy.	**Germany**	Charlottenlund, Denmark	St. Andrew	29	18	47	
		Copenhagen, Denmark	St. Canute	.....	70	70	
		Feldkirch, Aust.	Stella Matutina	387	.....	387	
							504
	Mission of N. America	Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius	98	214	312	
		Cleveland, Ohio	St. Ignatius	.....	211	211	
							523
	Mission of Bombay	Bombay	St. Francis Xavier	.....	1521	1521	
		"	St. Mary's	221	294	515	
							2036
	Mission of Brazil (Rio-Grande do Sul)	Sao. Leopoldo	Col. da Conceiçao	202	100	302	
		Porto-Alegre	Seminar. Episcopal †	56	.....	56	
		Parecy-Novo	" Pequeno *	22	.....	22	
							380
							3443
	Holland	Amsterdam	Collége	.....	20	20	
		Katwijk	Col. et Convict	181	.....	181	
		Culenborg	Petit Seminaire *	202	.....	202	
		Sittard	Col. et Convict	164	64	210	
							613
French Assistancy.	**Champagne**	Amiens	La Providence	126	159	285	
		"	Apostolic School	67	.....	67	
		Boulogne	Notre Dame	235	20	255	
		"	St. Joseph	.....	111	111	
		Dijon	St. Ignace	110	79	189	
		Saint-Dizier	Immac. Concep	150	95	245	
		Lille	St. Joseph	.....	519	519	
		"	St. Louis de Gonz	.....	117	117	
		Reims	St. Joseph	184	129	313	
							2101
	Chinese Mission of Tcheu-li	Hien-hien	Seminary	.....	.....	12	
							12
							2113
	France	Brest	N. D. de Bon Secours	.....	.....	112	
		Evreux	St. François de Sales	.....	.....	240	
		Le Mans	N. D. de Sainte-Croix	.....	.....	330	
		Paris (r. Vaug'd)	Immac. Concept	.....	.....	530	
		" (r. Lhom'd)	Ste. Geneviève	.....	.....	502	
		" (r. Madrid)	St. Ignace	.....	750	750	
		" (Trocadero)	St. Louis de Gonz	.....	60	60	
		Poitiers	St. Joseph	.....	.....	250	
		Tours	St. Grégoire	.....	.....	210	
		Vannes	St. Fr. Xavier	.....	.....	400	
							3384

	Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
French Assistancy.	Chinese Mission of Nan-king	Zi-ka-wei	Séminaire †.....	12	.....	12	3384
		"	Collège.....	110	.....	110	
							122
							3506
	Lyons	Avignon	St. Joseph.....	.....	.....	302	
		Dôle.....	Notre Dame.....	.....	.....	210	
		Izeure	" "	.....	.....	149	
		Lyons.....	St. Joseph, (rue Ste Helène).....	.....	.....	380	
		"	N. D. de Fourvière....	.....	.....	58	
		"	La Trinité, (rue de Sèze).....	.....	40	40	
		Marseilles.....	St. Ignace.....	.....	.....	310	
		Saint Etienne...	St. Michel	.....	.....	312	
		Villefranche.....	N. D. de Mongré.....	.....	.....	344	
		Lons-le-Saunier	N. D. de l'Ermitage..	.....	.....	86	
							2191
	Mission of Syria	Beyrouth.....	Collège et Séminaire.	.....	.....	496	
		"	Medical School.....	.....	.....	112	
							608
	Mission of Egypt	Alexandria.....	St. Fr. Xavier.....	.....	.....	200	
		Cairo	Ste Famille.....	.....	.....	300	
							500
							3299
	Toulouse	Bordeaux	St. Joseph.....	.....	.....	456	
		"	Apostolic School.....	47	.....	47	
		Montpellier	Sacré Cœur.....	.....	.....	353	
		Toulouse.....	Immac. Concep.....	.....	.....	350	
		"	St. Stanislas.....	.....	.....	85	
		Sarlat	St. Joseph.....	.....	.....	290	
							1581
	Mission of Madura	Trichinopoli	St. Joseph.....	.....	.....	1800	
							1800
							3381
Spanish Assist.	**Aragon**	Barcelona.....	Sagrado Corazon.....	.....	402	402	
		Sarria (near Barcelona.....	S. Ignacio.....	225	12	237	
		Orihuela	Sto. Domingo.....	139	41	180	
		Valencia	S. José.....	192	117	309	
		Zaragoza.....	del Salvador.....	95	191	286	
							1414
	Missio Philippina	Manila	Ateneo Municipal.....	237	886	1123	
		"	Normal School.....	195	485	680	
							1803

Spanish Assistancy.

Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
						3217
Missio Chilo-Paraguariensis	Buenos Ayres...	Col. del Salvador.....	506	.....	506	
	" "	Seminario Conciliar †	104	.....	104	
	Montevideo, Uruguay.....	Colegio	130	110	240	
	Montevideo, Uruguay.....	Seminario †.....	56	.....	56	
	Santiago, Chile..	S. Ignacio.....	430	.....	430	
	Santa Fe, Argentina.....	Colegio	150	150	300	
	Santa Fe, Argentina.....	Seminario †.....	60	.....	60	
						1696
						4913
Castile	Bilbao.....	Col. de Estudios Superiores.	164	97	261	
	Comillas	Seminario Pontifico *	105	.....	105	
	Durango.....	Coll. Exter.....	.....	80	80	
	Gijon	De La Inmaculada....	165	49	214	
	La Guardia.....	Colegio	140	3	143	
	Orduña	de Ntra. Sra de la Antigua...	216	30	246	
	Carrion de los Condes.....	Coll. Exter.....	.....	81	81	
	Salamanca	Seminario Central †..	400	187	587	
	Tudela	S. Fr. Xavier.....	134	26	160	
	Valladolid.....	San José.....	183	13	196	
						2073
Mission of Cuba	Havana	Belen	160	117	277	
	Cienfuegos.....	N. S. de Montserrat..	50	70	120	
						397
Mission of Columbia	Bogotá	San Bartolomé.....	230	270	500	
	Medellin	San Ignacio.....	110	70	180	
	Pasto	Seminario †.....	30	56	86	
						766
						3236
Portugal	Castello-Branco.	St. Fiel.....	188	52	240	
	Guimaraes.....	Apostolic School.....	20	.....	20	
	Campolide, Lisbon.....	Immac. Concep.....	300	.....	300	
						560
Mexico	Mexico	St. Fr. Borja.....	35	162	197	
	Puebla	Sagrada Corazon.....	250	100	350	
	Saltillo.....	St. Joan Nepomucene	73	64	137	
						684

	Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
Spanish Assistancy.	**Toledo**	Madrid	Charmartin de la Rosa	180	.....	180	
		Malaga	San Estanislao	180	.....	180	
		Puerto de S. Maria	San Luis	200	30	230	
		Villafranca	San José	62	30	92	
							682
	Missions of Ecuador & Peru	La Paz, Bolivia	San Calixto	.....	150	150	
		Lima, Peru	Inmaculada	200	.....	200	
		Quito, Ecuador	San Gabriel	40	260	300	
		Riobamba, Ecuador	San Felipe	.....	170	170	
							820
							1502
English Assistancy.	**England**	Blackburn	Stonyhurst	260	.....	260	
		Chesterfield	Mt. St. Mary's	160	.....	160	
		Glasgow	St. Aloysius	.....	170	170	
		Liverpool	St. Fr. Xavier's	.....	310	310	
		Preston	St. Wilfrid's	.....	74	74	
		Stamford Hill, London	St. Ignatius	.....	87	87	
		Wimbledon	Sacred Heart	.....	110	110	
		Old Windsor	Beaumont	176	.....	176	
		Malta	St. Ignatius	60	47	107	
							1454
	Zambesi Mission	Grahamstown, South Africa	St. Aidan's	60	4	64	
							64
							1518
	Ireland	Clongowes Wood	Clongowes	250	.....	250	
		Dublin, Stephen's Green	University College	.....	180	180	
		Dublin	St. Fr. Xavier's	.....	180	180	
		Galway	St. Ignatius	.....	65	65	
		Limerick	Sacred Heart	.....	90	90	
		Mungret	" "	73	.....	73	
		"	Apostolic School	45	.....	45	
							883
	Australian Mission	Kew, Melbourne	St. Fr. Xavier's	80	45	125	
		Melbourne	St. Patrick's	.....	90	90	
		Riverview	St. Ignatius	112	.....	112	
		Sydney	St. Aloysius	.....	120	120	
							447
							1330

English Assistancy.

Province	Place	Name of College	Boarders	Externs	Total	
Maryland-New York	Baltimore, Md...	Loyola	.....	181	181	
	Boston, Mass....	Boston	.....	386	386	
	Fordham, N. Y.	St. John's.....	151	49	200	
	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's.....	.....	250	250	
	New York.....	St. Fr. Xavier's.....	.....	666	666	
	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's.....	.....	166	166	
	Washington, D. C.....	University { Georgetown Coll.	204	51	255	
		" Medical School.....	.....	90	90	
		Georgetown Law School	.....	238	238	
	Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga.....	.....	130	130	
	Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross.....	201	52	253	
					——	2815
Jamaica Mission	Kingston.....	St. George's.....	9	51	60	
					——	60
						2875
Missouri	Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius.....	.....	454	454	
	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Xavier.....	.....	378	378	
	Detroit, Mich...	Detroit Coll.....	.....	271	271	
	Milwaukee, Wis.	Marquette Coll.....	.....	220	220	
	Omaha, Neb.....	Creighton University	.....	174	174	
	" "	" Med. Coll.	.....	50	50	
	St. Louis, Mo...	St. Louis University..	.....	304	304	
	St. Mary's, Kansas.....	St. Mary's	190	20	210	
					——	2061
Br. Honduras Mission	Belize, Br. Honduras..	St. John Berchmans'.	12	49	61	
					——	61
						2122
Canada	St. Boniface, Manitoba.....	Collège St. Joseph....	15	44	59	
	Montreal	" Ste. Marie ...	156	296	452	
					——	511
New Orleans	Galveston, Texas	St. Mary's	.....	103	103	
	Mobile, Ala.....	Spring Hill.....	103	.....	103	
	New Orleans, La.	Immac. Concep.....	.....	298	298	
					——	504

Summary by Assistancies and Provinces.

Assistancy	Province	Nos. 1896	Total	Nos. 1878	Total	Augment.	
Rome	Rome	2839		449		2390	
	Naples	1060		130		930	
	Sicily	376	6686	200	2073	176	4613
	Turin	1438		1003		435	
	Venice	973		291		682	
Germany	Austria	1746		1069		677	
	Belgium	7676		5264		2412	
	Galicia	474	13952	110	8247	364	5705
	Germany	3443		1294		2149	
	Holland	613		510		103	
France	Champagne	2113		1839		274	
	France	3506	12299	3835	11777	-329	522
	Lyons	3299		3550		-251	
	Toulouse	3381		2553		828	
Spain	Aragon	4913		3029		1884	
	Castile	3236		2036		1200	
	Portugal	560	10895	.....	5115	560	5780
	Mexico	684		50		634	
	Toledo	1502		.....		1502	
England	England	1518		1074		444	
	Ireland	1330		870		460	
	Maryland-N. Y.	2875	8860	1360	5031	1515	3829
	Missouri	2122		1101		1021	
	Mission of Canada	511		301		210	
	Miss. of N. Orleans	504		325		179	
			52692		32243		20449

Number of Students in Society 1896.....52692

" " " " " 1878.....32243

Increase in 18 years.....20449

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A Letter from Father Guldner to the Editor.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, BALTIMORE,
April 30, 1896.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

The most fitting introduction to the "Literary Curiosity" which you have kindly consented to print in the W. L., will be a summary of yesterday's proceedings of the United States Senate. "Yesterday the Statue of Father Marquette, offered by the State of Wisconsin for erection in the national hall of Statuary in the Capitol, was officially presented to and accepted by the Senate. Eulogies of the priest were pronounced by Senators Mitchell and Vilas of Wisconsin, Kyle of South Dakota, and Palmer of Illinois. Senator Mitchell spoke of the Jesuits in North America as "the transcendent heroes of the advancing army of civilization," and described Father Marquette as "the one great historic character of Wisconsin whose name shall shine the brighter as time goes on." Mr. Vilas spoke of him as "the gentle, high-souled, fearless priest and teacher; the discoverer of the Mississippi; a noble man with soul lifted up to God; a gentle enthusiast, a man to do, without boasting, the deeds that heroes do," and said it was of such as him that Congress spoke when it marked for this special honor (a place in Statuary Hall) persons illustrious for historic renown." Mr. Kyle praised the saintly character and unselfishness of Father Marquette and said that he had given his life for those he loved. Mr. Palmer spoke of him as the representative of courage, resolution and devotion to the elevation of humanity."

There was no expression of opposition to the acceptance of the Statue.

Our brethren abroad will probably read this with agreeable astonishment and with the less agreeable reflection,

that it would be hard to find to-day a legislative body of any great European nation ready to honor an illustrious Jesuit as our Congress has just honored Father Marquette.

Your readers will now begin to surmise that my "Literary Curiosity" is somehow connected with Father Marquette. Some time ago I borrowed from the obliging librarian of Woodstock College John Gilmary Shea's work: "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," for the purpose of making myself and our students better acquainted with the life of Father Marquette. While reading the Journal of his voyage of discovery, of which Shea prints both the French original and the English translation, I came upon several passages which seemed to me familiar. They reminded me, in fact, of passages in Longfellow's Hiawatha. Imagine my surprise and pleasure, when, on comparison, I discovered that Longfellow had, without the shadow of a doubt, read Marquette's Journal and embodied, almost verbatim, passages from it into his beautiful poem.[1]

The proof of my assertion is found below in the passages placed in juxtaposition from the missionary's Journal and from Longfellow's poem. I am not aware that Longfellow has ever acknowledged his indebtedness to Father Marquette, nor have I ever heard any of our Fathers refer to it. Hence I trust that this communication will not prove unwelcome to the readers of the LETTERS.

MARQUETTE'S JOURNAL.	LONGFELLOW'S HIAWATHA.
p. 22. At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture . . . . This man was standing perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face.	xxii. At the door-way of his wigwam Hiawatha stood and waited . . . . . Towards the sun his hands were lifted, Both the palms spread out against it, And between the parted fingers Fell the sunshine on his features, Flecked with light his naked shoulders . . . . .

[1] Father Marquette's Journal was first published by Thevenot, Paris, 1681. Harvard College possesses a copy of this work.

p. 35. The calumet[2] is made of a polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane and pierced in the middle ; it is ornamented with the head and neck of birds of beautiful plumage ; they also add large feathers of red, green and other colors, with which it is all covered.

xxi. From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned ;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers.

p. 22. When we came near him, he paid us this compliment : "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us ! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace."

xxii. Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :
Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us !
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you ;
You shall enter all our wig-wams . . .

p. 22. There was a crowd of people who kept a profound silence. We heard however these words occasionally addressed to us : "Well done, brothers, to visit us !"

xxii. All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation . . . .
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;
It is well, they said, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !

p. 23. The Sachem rose and spoke thus : I thank thee, Blackgown, for taking so much pains to visit us ; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day ; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed ; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn fields looked so beautiful as we behold them to-day.

xxii. Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us !
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks or sand-bars
For your birch-canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.
Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on.

[2] We have Gilmary Shea's authority for the assertion that Father Marquette has enriched our civilized languages with this Indian word.

(Life, p. lxii.)

God alone can fix these fickle minds and place and keep them in his grace, and teach their hearts, while we stammer at their ears.

xxii. And the Black-Robe chief
made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar.

p. 24. He made us a present, an all mysterious calumet . . . . . The first course (of the banquet), was a great wooden dish full of Indian meal.

p. 25. We were everywhere presented with belts, garters, and other articles made of the hair of the bear and wild cattle (bison) dyed red, yellow and gray.

xxii . . . . . Hiawatha . . . . . .
Seated them on skins of bison
Seated them on skins of ermine,
Brought the food in bowls of basswood,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe.

p. 14. I told them that I was sent by the Almighty to illumine them with the light of the gospel ; that the Sovereign Master of our lives wished to be known by all nations.

xxii. Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them.

pp. 55, 56. The Father resolved to speak to all publicly in general assembly . . . . A beautiful prairie near the town was chosen for the great council ; it was adorned in the fashion of the country, being spread with mats and bearskins, and the Father having hung on cords some pieces of Indian taffety, attached to them four large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, which were thus visible on all sides. The Father explained to them the principal mysteries of our religion, and the end for which he had come to their country ; and especially he preached to them Christ crucified.

xxii. Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored :
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him . . . . .

We have here another proof of the singular fascination which the records of our Missionaries have always exercised upon the historian and the poet, a fascination to which the

Bancrofts, the Parkmans, the Kips, and others, have cheerfully borne witness. There are rich mines of poetry hidden in the simple unadorned tales of our forefathers. Oftentimes we professors of poetry and rhetoric are at a loss for suitable subjects of poems, biographical sketches, eulogies, and the like. For my part I deeply regret that in the past I did not more freely draw my subjects from these sources.

You will remember, Rev. Father, that in the year 1869, Father Hamon, then a scholastic, wrote a beautiful play on the life of Father Jogues, which was given by the students of St. Mary's College before the *elite* of Catholic Montreal. And those of us who were present at the play cannot have forgotten with what beauty of language the noble sentiments, the heroic deeds and sufferings of the gentle martyr were portrayed by the writer, nor with what tearful emotion the boy-actors were applauded by the distinguished audience.

There is another thought which I would like to express, if you can spare me a little more space. Outsiders, especially Protestants be they ever so fair-minded, do not possess the key that would enable them to read aright the lives of our Fathers. Only we, their brethren, who have gone through the same training of the Spiritual Exercises, can understand their hearts. Thus; when Father Marquette after his return from his great voyage of discovery, writes as follows to his Superior: "Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid,"—he speaks an unknown tongue to the natural man. It goes to show that the true history of our Missions, as well as of the Society, can be written only by our own Fathers.

Your Servant in Christ,

BENEDICT GULDNER, S. J.

FAREWELL RECEPTION TO CARD. SATOLLI AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

The farewell visit of His Eminence, the Apostolic Delegate, at Georgetown College proved to be so important an occasion, by reason not only of the dignity of the illustrious visitor and the brilliancy of the company which gathered to meet him, but also because of certain external circumstances affecting more or less directly the whole Society, that it is judged proper to give a more detailed account of it than would be permissible in other cases.

When the elevation of Monsignor Satolli to the dignity of Cardinal was made known in this country, he was immediately invited by the Rector of Georgetown to accept a public reception at the college, in congratulation upon his appointment. But as His Eminence had already consented to such a reception at the Catholic University and dreaded the fatigue of others, he declined at that time, intimating, however, his willingness to accept the honor before his departure for Rome. He expressed the warmest friendship for the college, saying that he considered it a duty, before leaving the country, to revisit Georgetown, where he had experienced so much kindness.

On the afternoon of Thursday, April 30, the corridors and parlors of the college, and particularly Gaston Hall, presented a brilliant and attractive appearance. The walls and galleries were heavily draped with the Papal colors, white and gold, over which were looped festoons of cardinal red. In the centre of the spacious stage, which fills the entire breadth of the hall, with no diminution from flies or proscenium arch, stood a throne surmounted by its canopy, a structure of striking and unusual but very graceful design. Behind the throne and with some space between, the eye caught sight of the classic shrine of purest Greek lines, in which are mounted the portrait of Archbishop Carroll by Gilbert Stuart and the fine marble bust of Georgetown's first student, William Gaston, both standing out strongly against a background of maroon hangings. Over this shrine, at either side, were clusters of silken Papal banners drooping from their flagstaffs, and between the groups a large escutcheon bearing the Cardinal's arms and the initial

letters of his motto: *Qui esuriunt justitiam, saturabuntur.* Over all were draped two immense American flags, while from the corners of the galleries hung banners and pennants of blue and gray, the colors of Georgetown University. A profusion of tropical plants and flowers were ranged on either side of the throne. The whole formed a scene of grace and beauty which was remarked with enthusiasm by many accustomed to the most elaborate displays. When Cardinal Satolli entered and took his seat upon the throne, he was accompanied by the fathers and scholastics of the college and a number of prominent ecclesiastics. Among them were Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, and Monsignor Sbaretti, Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation. The faculty of the Catholic University was represented by Mgr. Schroeder, Rev. Doctors Peries, and Quinn, Rev. Dr. Orban, S. S., Rev. Father Griffith, Doctors Robinson and Green, and Prof. Zahm. Rev. Dr. Edward P. Allen, President of Mount St. Mary's College, Father Gillespie, Rector of Gonzaga College, Father Jerge, Rector of Woodstock, Father O'Rourke, Rector of the Novitiate, Father Le Grand, General Superior of the Marist Fathers and Father Gunn of the Scholasticate of the same society at the Catholic University, Father Franciscus, Rector of the incipient college of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Fathers Searle and Hopper of the Paulist Community, two Redemptorist Fathers from Annapolis, Fathers McCarthy and Quill, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, and Brother Fabrician, President of the Christian Brothers' College of St. John, in Washington, were all prominent figures and showed the interest taken in the occasion by sister institutions and other religious congregations. Father Papi, formerly Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation and now a member of our community of Woodstock, Fathers Scanlan, Zimmerman and Paul Griffith, Pastor of St. Augustine's Church, and a considerable number of other clergy were also present on the stage.

The audience filled the house to overflowing. Its character was unusually select and comprised such a number of eminent and distinguished people as are rarely gathered in one body. There were six Generals, four Admirals, and lower officers in numbers, the majority appearing in full uniform and wearing their decorations, an unusual compliment which the Cardinal remarked and appreciated. The United States Commissioner of Education, with several members of his bureau, several Judges, Senators, Representatives, and one Governor, a number of scientific men with numberless ladies and gentlemen of the highest station

in society, formed an audience quick to understand and appreciate the significance of whatever might be done or said. The gathering of so extraordinary an assembly may be looked upon as a manifestation of respect and affection not only for the Cardinal and the Holy See, but for Georgetown University and the Society. Only a few days before, in one of the churches of the city, a prominent prelate had preached a sermon which had been understood by the general public as an open and vehement attack upon all religious orders and upon the Jesuits in particular. Shocked and indignant comment was freely made by laymen everywhere throughout the city, while one of the Dominican community did not hesitate to publish in reply an article in one of the daily papers. Ours remained prudently silent; but it was impossible not to perceive in the flocking of the best people in the Capital to our reception a demonstration of sympathy and respect.

The program began by the overture to Thomas's *Raymond*, rendered by an orchestra concealed behind lofty palms upon the stage. Addresses were then delivered by students from every department of Georgetown University. Mr. Daniel A. Webb, A. M., a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, now a student in our School of Medicine, took as his theme Loyalty to Peter. Some deficiencies in memory and delivery, due to hasty preparation, were more than compensated for by the following speaker, John J. Douglass, Bachelor of Arts from Boston College, a student of our Law School. His subject was Loyalty to Cæsar. The subjects of these two addressed were suggested by the recently published book of Cardinal Satolli, containing his addresses on Loyalty to Church and State. John F. O'Brien, representing the undergraduate or College Department, then spoke on Loyalty to Self, after which the college Glee Club sang an elaborate and very beautiful glee called *The Sea*, apparently with the intention of shadowing forth to the Cardinal the delights and dangers of his coming voyage. Their singing was twice encored. Hugh A. Gaynor, A. B., a student of the Graduate School, then recited a poem on the Cardinal's Motto. Both the speakers and singers—our students—made a dignified and graceful appearance in their university caps and gowns.

On the conclusion of the poem Father Richards addressed His Eminence in the following words:—

Your Eminence: The Farewell which the faculty, the students, and the friends of Georgetown University have gathered to-day to bid you is spoken in sadness. During the

years that you have spent with us, you have gained a large place in our hearts and a strong hold upon our affections. To the authority in which you came clothed as the representative of the person and authority of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., and which commanded our reverence, were speedily added the regard due to your exceptional abilities and attainments, the respect compelled by your firm and impartial administration of the duties of your high office, and the affection engendered by your gentle and fatherly kindness, and the fascination of your personal manners. To be obliged to say good bye when we have just learned to know and love you fully, cannot but be a cause of regret and disappointment.

But this separation is not without circumstances which alleviate our sorrow, though they cannot remove it. We know that your going is a consequence of your elevation to the rank of Prince of the Church, the highest next the throne of Peter. This elevation is a just reward for your distinguished services, and we rejoice in it. We know too that you go to be henceforward the representative of America in the highest councils of the Holy Father and the Church. We understand that in those august assemblies there will be hereafter an eloquent voice pleading our cause,—the cause of ten millions of Catholics in these United States, the cause of clergy and laity alike, the cause of the laborer and the employer, of the poor and of the rich, the cause of this young and great Republic itself, with its principles, its achievements, and its aspirations for the freedom and elevation of the human race—all of which are apt to seem so strange and uncertain to inhabitants of an older world and to need an interpreter familiar with their meaning, and all of which are now so thoroughly known to you.

We congratulate ourselves, Your Eminence, on your exceptional fitness for the office of representative which is thus to fall to your lot. We feel that you, as few others, understand our needs ; that you sympathize with our feelings and our institutions, and that in you America will have a noble advocate and a most faithful friend. Every region of our vast and diversified territory has been visited by you. The work doing by the Church in every part, with its merits, its triumphs, and its drawbacks, has been subject to your actual inspection. Every bishop, almost every priest, is known to you as a personal friend. The features of your character and experience which have served as themes to our student orators to-day are all proofs and guarantees of your eminent fitness for your task. Above all, the sympathy with popular rights and free institutions, which made you grasp so readily and appreciate so fully the distinctive features of this free Government, attract our entire confidence and make us feel that any question affecting the Church in America is safe in your hands.

We cannot help feeling, too—and I trust there is no lack

of modesty in our giving expression to the thought—that if farewell must be said, it is peculiarly fitting that Georgetown University should be the one to speak that word, as she was the one, if I mistake not, who first had the honor of giving you public reception after your arrival on these shores. There are many reasons why she should speak in the name of the Catholic clergy and laity and of all the citizens of this country, and should entrust to you the message that all would send to our revered and beloved Holy Father, Leo XIII. I need not remind Your Eminence that Georgetown University is the oldest institution of higher learning in the United States. From a struggling academy, she has grown with the growth of the country to a university. In the fields of university training which she has thus far entered—in medicine, in law, in astronomy, in the higher branches of philosophical, historical, literary, mathematical, and scientific study pursued in her graduate department—she is doing work which she does not fear to have compared with that performed by any non-Catholic university in the land. Georgetown has been a tree of slow growth; and perhaps many even of those who have sat in her shade do not realize how mighty and wide-spreading her branches have become. But those who have the opportunity and the capacity to observe know that Georgetown is doing in every department university work of an elevated character, and that no year passes unmarked by steady and solid development. Around Georgetown, like clinging vines, cluster the love and esteem of the Catholics of America. Her graduates have become eminent in every walk of life. In the judiciary, from the Supreme Bench of the United States down through every grade, her sons wear unspotted ermine, and win universal respect by the fearless uprightness of their decisions and the luminous philosophical character of their legal analyses. At the bar not only of Washington, but in all the great centres, Georgetown students stand in the very front rank. I might run thus through all the professions, the Church, in which Georgetown counts her bishops and priests; the army and navy, medicine and surgery, engineering, the various walks of literature, teaching in university, college and school, the offices of Senator, and Legislator, and the great theatre of manufacturing and mercantile endeavor—in every one of them names rise to my lips that I fain would utter, for they are of noble and eminent sons, whose lives reflect honor on their fond mother. Wherever I go I meet them, and they throng around me, these graduates of former years; and I rejoice on this solemn occasion to bear public testimony to their worth! Not only are they high in the esteem of the world, but, as a rule, they are earnest, practical Catholics, faithful to the principles and practices of the faith instilled into them in these halls. From such fruits of her training the people of America have learned

to know and love Georgetown, and she feels that she has a right to speak in their name.

Another title is hers—that of unfaltering devotion for more than a century to republican principles and patriotic love of country. Georgetown is the eldest child of those noble men who first proclaimed practically here in the New World religious as well as civil liberty to all Christians. The very soil on which we stand is sacred, for it is the birthplace of freedom. The builders of Georgetown had all been ardent patriots during the revolutionary struggle. Her chief founder, the illustrious John Carroll, served the Continental Government in a most important mission, and was as noted for his devotion to the cause of the colonies as was his famous cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The early fathers and students of the college, the Fenwicks, Neales, Brents, Youngs, Hills, and the scions of other Maryland families, were of sturdy revolutionary stock. In the conflict of 1812, when the storm of war again rocked the cradle of the infant Republic, Commodore Philip Wederstrandt, the second student on Georgetown's roll, was found with Perry on Lake Erie, and the gallant Weaver, worthily represented here to-day by his son, an admiral like himself, stood wounded beside his dying captain, Lawrence, on the Chesapeake and received his last whispered command, "Don't give up the ship." In the Mexican war Georgetown students again were found in the ranks and were cheered in their hardships by two of their old Georgetown professors, Fathers McElroy and Rey, then serving the troops as chaplains, the last named meeting his death at the hands of the enemy. When the great civil struggle came, Georgetown, standing on the dividing line between the two sections, saw her sons separated indeed, some to the North, others to the South, but saw them all united in one high purpose—to give their lives for what they honestly believed to be their sacred duty to their country. And, as the folds of the blue and gray, now lovingly united in her banner, wave to-day over the heads of their sons, Georgetown will utter no word to detract from the glory even of those who by the arbitrament of war were judged to be mistaken. The Stars and Stripes floating from her windows and towers to-day as they have floated for more than a century, show forth no empty protestation. Georgetown has no need to proclaim her patriotism; it is in her record of a hundred years, written there in the heart's blood of her children, blood shed on many a field, and waiting only her country's call to be shed as freely again. Georgetown feels, therefore, that she has a right to speak for the country she loves so dearly and has served so well.

Still another claim she has to be the fitting herald of good wishes on this occasion. Georgetown University, by the circumstances of her foundation and history, stands as the representative of that union and harmony which has always

existed among all classes and especially the clergy, secular and regular, of the Church in the United States. Her founder had been a devoted religious; and when his order was re-established by Pontifical authority, he hesitated whether he should not lay down his mitre and re-enter it. But like a true son of St. Ignatius, he made the satisfaction of his own heart's longings entirely subordinate to the general good of the Church. The close connection of Georgetown College with the Primatial See and the entire episcopate and clergy, thus happily begun, has never been interrupted. A Jesuit Father, Enoch Fenwick, was largely instrumental in the building of the Baltimore Cathedral. On every great feast of the ecclesiastical year, the professors go forth from these walls, not only to the churches of this district but to the neighboring States, and lend their aid to many pastors. Hither, on the other hand, many priests resort for a period of repose and devotion in their annual or special retreats. And I consider it a duty of gratitude to say that if to-day our halls are overflowing with students, it is in great measure owing to the influence exerted by devoted secular priests in our favor and that of Catholic education. We know that religious vows, superadded to the priesthood, confer no higher dignity, but only an obligation to deeper humility. No religious would detract from the intrinsic sanctity of the priesthood nor from the perfection demanded of its candidates if he would be fit to bear its awful burden worthily. But we know, too, that a vow is not a dead thing; that he who listens to the voice of Jesus Christ, saying, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all thou hast and give to the poor * * * and come follow me," has in his poverty and obedience, made permanent and stable by vow, an added *means* of perfection which he did not possess before. Were we to believe otherwise, we should stultify the words of our Lord and contravene many solemn decrees of the Church. Our ambition is to be allowed, in all loyalty to the Episcopate, to help the secular clergy, with brotherly love and emulating zeal, in labors the most difficult and arduous. Thus all the orders and degrees in the Church's army work together for the same end, in variety, indeed, but in unbroken charity and unity. This harmony is strikingly exemplified in history by the intimate friendship of St. Athanasius, the great Patriarch of Alexandria, with St. Anthony, the Father of the Cenobites. It has been exemplified since in all quarters of the world; and no where has this union been closer, more unbroken, and more cordial than here in America. From this college no word has ever gone forth to mar this peace and harmony; and, with the blessing of God, no word ever shall! Among the sisterhood of colleges, the closest friend of Georgetown has ever been Mt. St. Mary's, the dear old "Mountain," which is controlled exclusively by secular priests and whose

brilliant and distinguished President I rejoice to see with us. As the Catholic institutions of learning have come into existence one by one, Georgetown has had a motherly word for each. And when appeared the fairest and strongest of all, the Catholic University of America, Georgetown greeted her in public and in private as she greets her to-day with no uncertain accents of welcome. Long may she continue to grow and prosper under the energetic guidance of her Rt. Reverend Rector! Long may she fill the land with the light of science and true faith!

From Georgetown she and all others will meet only with that emulation which is exercised in noble and kindly deeds, and that generous rivalry which binds together, instead of separating, all workers in the field of learning.

You came to us, Most Eminent Prelate, as an angel of peace. You were sent by the Vicar of the Prince of Peace as an Apostle of the unity and harmony that Georgetown has ever faithfully cherished. It is, therefore, I think, peculiarly fitting that, as the head, though unworthy, of this University, representing in so especial a manner the Catholic clergy and laity and all the citizens of this country, I should speak in their name and bid you an affectionate farewell. We thank you for all that you have done for us, for the wisdom and justice of your official acts.

When you shall have entered again the portals of the Eternal City, when you look upon the face of the Sovereign Pontiff, tell him from us that he possesses our hearts' best love. Say to him that you left us a united people, a united and zealous clergy. Say that throughout his spiritual domain, on which the sun never for a moment sets, he has no truer and more faithful children than the Catholics of America. We know that in patriotic devotion to our country and sincere attachment to the American institutions of civil and religious liberty we are fulfilling his dearest wish, and in this, too, he will find us foremost. Ask him, Your Eminence, to send us a successor like yourself. And should the day come when the desire of our hearts shall be verified, and you, Monsignor, shall be called to ascend the throne of Peter and take upon your shoulders the weight of the world, oh, remember that in America not a heart beats but in reverence and affection for you.

Father Rector's address was delivered with great earnestness and was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause.

His Eminence Cardinal Satolli replied in a brief speech in Latin, of which the following is a translation :—

After the very appropriate speech given by the reverend Father Rector, I have nothing to add but to express my sincere gratitude for the sentiments of attachment and devotion manifested towards me throughout this whole reception. It

is a subject of great gratification to me to recall the pleasing fact, that when, several years ago, I was accorded a similar reception, the subjects of the congratulatory essays were modelled on each of the several encyclicals of the Holy Father, Leo XIII. This striking coincidence evidences the gratifying fact of the loyalty and devotion in this college towards the Chair of St. Peter, and how great care is taken that the scientific and religious training imparted here should be in harmony with the spirit of the Church. Moreover, with regard to all that the Reverend Rector has stated, as it corresponds to facts, so I think that it should meet the approval of us all.

When I am no longer among you, but have returned again to the city of St. Peter, the great monuments of your forefathers in Rome will keep ever fresh and ever green in my heart the sweet memories of these Fathers of this college and this country, whom it has been my pleasure to have known during my sojourn among you.

At the conclusion of his address His Eminence granted the students two days' holiday, and was greeted with the college cry: Hoya! hoya! saxa! hoya! hoya! Georgetown! hoya!

As soon as His Eminence closed his remarks he was escorted to the large parlor on the first floor, in which a throne had been placed, surrounded with beautiful plants and flowers. For over an hour he received those who passed before him, and who were introduced by Rev. Father Richards. This closed the reception, which was in every way most successful.

His Eminence afterward took supper with the community. During the meal he spoke with the warmest approval of Father Rector's words regarding the religious vows and life, and said that had this point not been treated, he was prepared to speak of it himself.

Congratulations and thanks couched in the warmest terms have been received from many friends, all seeming to regard the reception as a most successful "vote of confidence" in the religious orders, and all commending the spirit of charity and the avoidance of offensive or aggresive terms in which it was carried out.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS.

La Pratique du Ratio Studiorum, pour les Collèges, par le P. F. X. PASSARD, S. J., Nouvelle edition, Paris, Poussielgue, Rue Cassette, 15, 1896. Price 3 fr. 50.

This is a most commendable work and would prove an invaluable addition to the library which each Jesuit teacher is supposed to have about him while preparing for his class. It is not a defence of the Ratio Studiorum, neither is it a psychological analysis of our method of teaching: it is a plan for the practical application of our system in the actual class-room.

Fr. Passard draws his rules and suggestions from the Ratio itself and mainly from one of its chief expositors, Fr. Juvencius. One could, perhaps, find fault with him for making Juvencius so prominent in the work, and could, it may be, especially object to the statement on p. viii., which might appear to set up Juvencius as an authority in the Society on an equality with, if not superior to, the Ratio Studiorum. This, of course, Juvencius' De Ratione Discendi et Docendi is not, for though an explanation of the Ratio was ordered by the 10th decree of the 14th Congregation, Juvencius' book was never approved by any Congregation, and hence has no weight but that which his name gives it, not being a law in the Society, as the old Ratio is. Perhaps Fr. Passard's work has suffered somewhat from his not adducing such really great and important commentators as Sacchini, Wagner, and Kropf, not to speak of the Trial Ratio of 1586, which sheds light on the Ratio not to be had from any other source.

Again, possibly, exception must be taken to Fr. Passard's frequent quotation from the New Ratio where it differs from the Old. This might lead one to conclude that the New Ratio is of force in the Society as one of its laws, taking the place of the Old. In a book which, though not intended directly for Jesuits, will yet beyond doubt, and deservedly, be largely employed by Ours, this is certainly an undesirable feature. Every one knows that the New Ratio was but a trial and was never approved of; indeed, tacitly at least, disapproved of, since references to the Ratio in Congregations since 1832 have uniformly been made to the Old Ratio, not to the modified plan sent out on trial in that year. It may be replied to this objection, that Fr. Passard is writing for externs, with whom the question of a rule being a law or not a law in the Society is of no moment, provided it represent our present custom. True; but after all it is hard to see what is gained by misstating or disguising the real value

of our rules and customs. We should like to see the distinction between authoritative and not authoritative kept sharp, even, since Fr. Passard uses various types, expressed by more and less prominent printing.

The quotations from Dupanloup, Rollin, Bréal and others, who either expressly, or, at least by using, implicitly, gave approval to our methods, are quite in place and serve at once to set forth our system to advantage and to make us ourselves more eager to conform to our traditional methods.

We have ventured to jot down these remarks because Fr. Passard has requested criticism : perhaps we may add a few more without harm.

There seems to be no authorization in either Ratio for the omission of the Latin theme on any day in the week but Saturday. A Latin version, or an exercise in Analysis, cannot take its place : at most the Ratio allows a version in addition to the theme. We cannot think there can be any gain in lessening the importance or the frequency of this last. After all, it is the criterion of progress in our system, the only indispensable matter of the examination ; is meant to accompany the prelection almost as a part of that altogether essential exercise, and is calculated to enforce it and drill on it.

On p. 44, Fr. Passard has unwarrantably, it seems to us, interpreted Rule 36 of the Regulæ Communes Professoribus Classium Inferiorum. The *si jusserit* belongs clearly to *aliaque* only, not to the whole portion preceding. The Rules of the several Professors never make the employment of decurions a matter of choice, Rhetoric alone excepted. For this reason, the Rule on p. 43 should be printed in full : *nisi alius mos placeat* is followed in the original by *in Rhetorica*, which gives a totally different meaning to the former phrase.

We are sorry to find that Fr. Passard has not set himself strongly against the use of the Epitome Historiæ Sacræ. He recognizes that this book has no place in our course, but has usurped the attention due to Cicero, but he seems to submit, too tamely, we think, to the custom now obtaining in France (see p. 33 note) of employing the Epitome in the lowest class of Latin. Fr. Passard might have been bolder had he been writing here in America, where, at least in several colleges, Cicero's Letters have resumed their lawful sway.

The last point we shall call attention to under the head of what seem to us defects, is the want of an index. Modern books seldom lack an index and we have a right perhaps, to expect one in such a work as the present. It would render the book doubly valuable to be able to discover at a glance where each matter is treated. A list of the authors quoted, with the quotations, would also be serviceable. In fine, a complete alphabetical table is altogether necessary to perfect "La Pratique du Ratio Studiorum."

We have spent so much time in setting forth these items of censure that but little space remains for what is the main ob-

ject of this notice. This was not to blame, but to praise, and that very highly. Let it not be imagined, therefore, that the defects above noted are at all the prominent features of this really valuable book. Not at all. One has but to glance through its pages to appreciate its worth. We would call especial attention to the following points.

The section on gentlemanly bearing and politeness is as clear and practical as anything we have seen on that all important matter. The suggestions are, indeed, brief, but pithy. Read also the remarks on preparation for class (pp. 15, 17), on obedience to the Prefect (p. 16), on talking Latin, with the many excellent devices for helping on this acquisition, on the teaching of the vernacular. See also, at the end, the list of books for Professors, arranged according to classes.

But the excellencies of Fr. Passard's "La Pratique du Ratio Studiorum" cannot be well known without reading the book. We recommend it to all our teachers from Rhetoric down. They will find it easy reading and will surely join us in congratulating Fr. Passard on having written a most excellent contribution to the study of our ever to be reverenced Ratio Studiorum.

De Justitia et Lege Civili. Prælectiones Theologicæ de principiis juris et justitiæ deque vi legum civilium in materia justitiæ juxta S. Thomam doctoresque scholasticos. Editio altera plurimum aucta. Auctore Adriano van Gestel, S. J., Lectore Theologiæ Moralis in Collegio Theologico Soc. Jes. Mosæ Trajectensi. Groningæ, typis J. B. Wolters, 1896.

This little work filling 236 pages in 8vo, is rather an introduction to the study of law than a treatise on either justice or civil law. Its clear definitions of the fundamental principles ruling the double subject indicated in its title, will be useful to every reader, but must be of special assistance to the beginner. We cannot describe the contents of the book more accurately than the author himself does in the Index. Dividing the treatise into two chapters, he subdivides the first chapter into four paragraphs: 1. Justitiæ definitio et divisio; 2. de jure; 3. de virtute justitiæ; 4. de jure gentium et de jure inter gentes. The second chapter also contains four paragraphs: 1. de indole potestatis quam habet respublica in civium bona; 2. de ambitu potestatis, quam respublica habet in bona civium; 3. de reipublicæ potestate determinativa dominii; 4. de lege civili irritante. The section on "leges irritantes" is treated with special care and fulness, though Father Gestel combines great clearness and precision of statement with vast erudition throughout his work.

JESUS. *His Life in the Very Words of the Four Gospels.* A Diatessaron by HENRY BEAUCLERK, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates, Limited. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Price $1.40.

Here we have volume 93 of the Quarterly Series, a circumstance that must predispose the reader in favor of the little work (containing 234 pages in small 12 mo). But the reader of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS will feel still more interested in the book, if he learns that the author is the Jamaica missionary whose labors were described in February number, pp. 73–77. For if patient literary toil, such as we find in the Diatessaron, is seldom combined with the life of the ministry, the combination is still more commendable under the circumstances described in the foregoing letter of the author. Father Beauclerk professes to set forth the life of our Lord in one connected uniform narrative, from which no event, discourse, or even detail, occuring in any of the four Gospels has been omitted, the whole narrative nevertheless being made up entirely of the words of the inspired writers. Either in the text itself or in the margin, every single verse of the four Gospels has been accounted for. The marginal references enable the reader to see what parts of our Lord's life are narrated by only one, and what by more than one of the Evangelists. The abbreviations Mt Mk Lk Jn are inserted in the body of the text, without distracting the ordinary reader. The notes are very few and very concise, bearing nearly all on mere questions of chronology. The life of Jesus is divided into six parts: 1. the incarnation and the hidden life; 2. from the first to the second pasch; 3. from the second to the third pasch; 4. from the third to the fourth pasch; 5. the passion and death of our Lord; 6. the resurrection and ascension, and the descent of the Holy Ghost. Though in a few minor points (e. g. in what is said about "St. Matthew's terseness of style" p. 56, about the "permanent home of Martha and Mary" p. 120; etc.) we cannot agree with the author, we commend the book earnestly to all interested in the life and work of Jesus Christ.

The League Hymnal.—By REV. WILLIAM H. WALSH, S. J. Apostleship of Prayer, New York, pp. 115, price $1.00. Just as we are going to press we have received a copy of this valuable Hymnal. "All the tunes," the editor tells us, "have been either selected or written with a view to suiting the popular taste as far as is consistent, with a good style of music and with the expressed wishes of the Church." We can heartily recommend this Hymnal and we hope that it will have a wide circulation among those who are called upon to direct the choirs in our churches for the monthly meeting of the promoters, the First Friday services, etc. In addition to the hymns, there is a beautiful "Choral Service for the Public Exercises of the League" with music by Father Zulueta of the Society. This consists of the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Gloria Patri the Litany of the Holy Name, Psalm cii. set to music, with different versicles to the Sacred Heart, the whole interspersed with appropriate prayers,

and concluding with the music for Benediction and an Act of Reparation and Consecration. Scarcely anything more suitable for the League Devotions, or for any pious meetings could be found.

Das Mahabharata als Epos und Rechtsbuch. The Mahabharata, Epic poem and Code of Laws. A problem from the history of the civilization and literature of ancient India, by JOSEPH DAHLMANN, S. J.

The appearance of this great work on the Mahabharata by the learned Jesuit, writes a critic, has been hailed with joy. The thoroughness and originality of the author's studies have made a sensation among our Indian scholars.

Les Protestants et les Exercises Spirituels de Saint Ignace. Lettres du R. P. WATRIGANT à un Père d'Amérique (Extrait des Lettres de Jersey, Janvier 1896). Société de Saint-Augustin. Desclée, de Brouwer et Cie. Bruges.

Father Watrigant's Letters on the Exercises and on points connected with them, are so well known to our readers that we need not add any commendation to the foregoing title. We shall however endeavor in a future issue of the LETTERS to consider this little treatise more thoroughly.

The Jesuit Relations.—The Burrows Brothers Co. of Cleveland announces that the first volume of the republication of the "Jesuit Relations" will be ready in August, and that the publication will be continued thereafter at the rate of a volume each month until completed. There will be about 60 volumes 8vo. of about 300 pages. Our librarians should take notice that the edition is strictly limited to 750 sets, and that the type will be distributed as each volume is printed. Subscriptions can be entered only for the entire series, payable strictly as issued. Price $3.50 net, per volume.

THE VALUE OF THE "JESUIT RELATIONS." The Lenox Library of New York City, some time ago bought for $80,000 the library of the historian Bancroft. Though this latest addition to the Library comprises about 20,000 volumes, in the eyes of the Lenox people the gem of the whole is a little book of only seventy pages, small octavo, and printed in Paris in 1633. This is the first volume of what is known as the "Jesuit Relations," and it was to possess this book that the Lenox officials were led to purchase the whole library. In fact the Lenox Library made a bid of $1000 for this book alone, but the executors of the Bancroft estate had no authority to break the collection.

The reason why the Lenox people wanted this book so badly was because the particular volume was the only one they lacked of a complete set, and now that it has been secured, after years of hunting and patient waiting, the Lenox

Library is the only one, public or private, in the world that can boast of a complete set of these rare Jesuit Relations. There are in all forty-one volumes, and they contain the most complete account of the discoveries and experiences of the early Jesuit missionaries in the Province of Canada, then known as New France, from 1632 to 1672. These "Relations" are really the journals of missionaries and they were sent yearly to the head of the Jesuit organization at Quebec, and from there transmitted to Paris for publication. Extra editions of these books were printed, and some were also published outside of Paris. Of these extra contemporary editions the Lenox Library has eleven copies, making in all fifty-two original "Jesuit Relations," the largest number ever gathered together..

The French National Library in Paris has the next most valuable set, but lacks a few volumes of completion. In the library of the late Henry C. Murphy, which was sold in New York City in 1884, was the most complete set ever offered for sale. He had thirty-six original editions, and a few reprints. They were sold entire for $3600. The Lenox Library has an edition of 1635, printed in Avignon, which is the only copy known to be in existence, and one of 1655, the smallest of all, only twenty-eight pages, of which but two copies are known to exist, the second being in the Paris Library. It would be hard to place a value upon the Lenox Library set. The fact of its being complete greatly enhances its value, but it is probably safe to say that it would bring $10,000 at least, if put up for sale.

FATHER JOHN F. X. O'CONOR'S *Facts about Bookworms.*—In the "New York Sun" of March the 22d and 29th, Father O'Conor has published an interesting and valuable article on "Facts about Bookworms." Beginning his observations on these little insects fourteen years ago, when he was a scholastic at Georgetown, up to the present time Father O'Conor has examined more than seventy specimens of seven varieties, most of them unknown hitherto. In fact, Mr. Blades, the author of "Enemies of Books" and the best authority on this subject, saw only three specimens of what he understood to be bookworms, and no other librarian or entomologist has seen or described a greater number. Father O'Conor's study and description of seventy-two specimens is, therefore, entirely new and original. That it is a work of original research is not its only value; it is a discovery of interest to literary men and to librarians. A better judge of the value to such men could hardly be found than Mr. Charles A. Dana, the well known author and editor of the New York Sun. He was so pleased with the articles when they were submitted to him that he sent his representative to ask the author to name his price for them, and on Father O'Conor's calling upon him he said: "Father O'Conor, it is marvellous

to think that among our numerous scholars and scientific men, you are the only one who has undertaken and brought to a successful result researches in this matter; it is of interest to scholars and publishers and a benefit to mankind." He advised the author to have an "édition de luxe" published, which he thought would have a large and select market among publishers, librarians, and bibliophiles. Acting on this suggestion, Father O'Conor—who had at first determined to dispose of all rights to the articles to Mr. Dana for $300—resolved to keep the copyright and bring out his investigations in book form. He has already received favorable letters from Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., the Appletons, and Scribners. Although the publication in "The Sun" had served as an advertisement for the forthcoming book, Mr. Dana, as a mark of his appreciation, has sent to the author a handsome sum of money for allowing him to first publish "Facts about Bookworms."

CONTENTS OF THE LETTERS OF OTHER PROVINCES.

LETTRES DE JERSEY. (Province of France.)

Vol. XV.—No. 1, January, 1896.

China.—Mission of Kiang-nan. Letters from various missionaries with interesting details concerning the labors and hardships of Ours in the Celestial Empire, especially during the disturbances both foreign and domestic of the past year.

Malabar.—Two letters from Father Bonnel.

Zambezi.—Tribute of esteem and praise paid to our Fathers and their work in the Zambezi Mission, by Mr. Wilson Fox, crown-prosecutor for Mashonaland.

Canada.—Work on the Indian Missions. Letter from Fr. Artus.

United States.—Father James Marquette. This is an article adapted from the *Katholische Missionen* for December, 1895, giving a brief account of the life and labors of the illustrious discoverer of the Mississippi.

Alaska.—Two letters from Fr. René, superior of the newly founded station at Juneau.

Obituary.—Fr. Sica the well-known Chinese missionary.

Appendix I.—Under this head are printed two valuable papers by Fr. Watrigant: "The Protestants and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," inscribed to the editor of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. They contain much curious and interesting information of what Protestants thought of the Spiritual Exercises at the time of the old Society, and of what they still think in our days. Expressions of the grossest misrepresentation occur side by side with occasional forced avowals of their

worth. A practice of Benjamin Franklin, of which there is mention made in his Memoirs, seems to show that he too had fallen somewhat under the influence of the methods of St. Ignatius. He had his particular examen book, with its lines and columns for each day of the week, and was faithful in marking the number of his failings every night. However, instead of one virtue he had made choice of thirteen on which he examined himself, thus to arrive more speedily at that moral perfection at which he was aiming.—Fr. Watrigant adds a long list of Protestant publications having reference to the Spiritual Exercises.

Appendix II.—Notes on the old college of the Society at Matz, by Fr. Mury.

Letters & Notices. (Province of England.)

No. CXXII.—January, 1896.

Catholic Headmasters' Conference.—Notes by Father Colley, Prefect of Studies at Stonyhurst. This is a summary of the proceedings of the first Catholic Headquarters' Conference, summoned by Cardinal Vaughan. See Varia under "England."

St. Joseph's, Glasgow.—A short history of our residence at Glasgow, prepared originally for the Archbishop of that city.

Notes of Journey from Durban to Beira, July, 1894. By Father H. Schomberg Kerr.

Father H. Schomberg Kerr.—A *resumé* of the work achieved by Father Kerr in South Africa by Father Colley.

Christmas-tide in Keilands.—A Letter from "H. G." presumably Father Henry Gillet.

South Africa.—A Letter from Father Marconnes.

To a Fallen King.—Verses to a well-known cedar lately felled in the Manresa grounds.

Rome.—Letter from Father Pollen. An account of the Consistory of December 2, and a description of the appearance of the Holy Father.

Mission at Barra.—Letter from Father Archibald Campbell. Barra is one of the outer Hebrides off the west coast of Scotland. The people are all devout Catholics and their morality is most exceptional. Father Campbell describes a three weeks' mission at Barra and two days and a night on the islands Minglay and Bernera. He found the people most anxious to frequent the mission and the clergy most friendly to the Society. In a word, in these remote corners he found the faith as green and as bright as it was in the days of St. Columba, the great Apostle of Caledonia.

Notes.—Barbadoes. Letters from the Colonial Secretary and the Mayor of the Garrison and the people, bearing testimony of the gratitude and kindly feeling of all to Father William Strickland, on the occasion of his retirement to England after his long term of missionary work in the island.

Malta.—Prize day at St. Ignatius College.

Literary.

Obituary.—Father Robert Whitty, with a portrait. Father William Clifford. Father John M. Hamilton. Brother William Scott. Brother Michael Fearn.

LETTRES DE MOLD. (Province of Lyons.)

Vol. VII.—April, 1896.

Syria.—Various letters and reports give an account of the work done at St. Joseph's University (Beyroot), and in the different mission centres. See some details in our "Varia" under the heading "Syria."

Anatolia.—Letters from Fathers Sabatier, Rigal, Brunel, Bontoux and Loiseau, tell of mission work and apostolic excursions in various parts of Asia Minor.

Egypt.—Father Pélissié writes of his experience in getting rid of a schoolmaster, apparently a convert to Catholicism, but in reality a tool of the Protestants.

Italy.—I. Description of a magnificent celebration in honor of St. Francis Hieronymo at Grottaglia. II. Notes on our colleges of Turin and Milan.

France.—I. Program of questions discussed by the committee of thirty Fathers assembled at Lyons for the establishment and development of associations of men. II. Letter from Father Groffier on the progress of the Apostleship of Prayer at Constantine (Algeria). III. Account of the death of Father Verdelet at Majunga (Madagascar).

England.—I. Account of the missionary work done by the scholastics in and about Mold, and of the success they meet with. II. Article from the "Times" announcing the early opening of a private hall for Jesuit scholastics at Oxford. See Varia under "England."

Varia.—Book Notices. Appendix consisting of letters from our missionaries among the Armenians. See the "Varia" under the heading "Armenia."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS :—

1. All our usual exchanges.
2. In addition to the province catalogues acknowledged in our last number we have received those of Turin, Venice, Sicily, Austria, Germany, France, Toulouse, Toledo. Bengal Mission.

3. From Father S. Brandi of the "Civiltà," Rome, *De l' Union des Eglises.* Réponse à la lèttre encyclique du Patriarche Grec.
4. From Mr. W. Hornsby, Zi-ka-wei, *Relaçâo Summaria de Martyrio dos Padres Henriques, S. J., e De Attimis, S. J.*
5. From Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor, *Facts about Bookworms.*
6. From Belize, British Honduras, *The Angelus.*
7. From Father William Poland, St. Louis, *The Truth of Thought* or *Material Logic.*
8. From Father Fernandez, Mangalore, *The Pauline Dispensation in British India.*

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

XXXVIII. From letters of Father Henry Kavanagh of Guelph, Père Grimonprez of Amiens, and Father Widman of Grand Coteau there is no doubt that the author of the "Livre d'Or" is Dom Sans de Sainte-Catherine, General of the Feuillants, or the Reformed Bernardines. He composed this work for the use of his religious, and is the author of a number of ascetical works which are recommended by St. Francis of Sales in several of his letters. A remarkable fact came to light in making these investigations, viz., that the little book called "Practice of Humility," said to be written by Leo XIII., is none other than our "Livre d'Or." The Holy Father brought out an edition for his seminarians when he was Archbishop of Perugia, and from his dedicatory epistle to them he was thought to be the author of the book. Under this supposition, translations were made into nearly all the European languages, and the book spoken of as being composed by Leo XIII. Three separate and distinct translations were made into English and published,—one in Italy by Monsignor Dillon, one in England by the Benedictine Father Joseph J. Vaughan, and one in this country by Father John F. X. O'Conor of the Society. It is remarkable that all these translators thought the work was written by His Holiness Leo XIII., though some time afterwards Father O'Conor writes us that he was shown an English translation of the work which was made forty or fifty years ago. No better praise could be given to the little book than that it has met with the praise of so many noted men at different times, such as St. Francis of Sales in the 17th century and in our times Leo XIII.

QUERIES.

XXXIX. The Five Points of the Examen.—Is anything known about the authorship of this mnemonic of the *Quinque Puncta Examinis* as set down in the Exercises?

> Salve Deo grates, pete lumen, discute mentem,
> Deliciti veniam posce, recide malum.

Though I have a taste for such devices, which I have found very useful, it is only a short time since I noticed this particular one in the form of an elegiac couplet in Father Eyre's translation of Father Valuy's "Guide for Priests." I had only known the five points in prose. "Gratias age, pete lumen, discute mentem, agnosce culpam, fac propositum;" to which was sometimes added "et serva," with something of the tone of "Don't you wish you may get it?" It occurs to me now, however, that I might have detected here the debris of a broken up hexameter. "Discute mentem" is a phrase which would hardly be used for this precise purpose if a dactyle and spondee were not required. I have seen the pentameter given quite differently elsewhere.

> Mœrorem elicias propositumque noves.

It is this form that is more closely followed in this English version:—

> Pay God your thanks, crave light, your soul review,
> Grieve for your faults, your good resolves renew.

This second pentameter is more sonorous; but is it allowable to use the two forms of the imperative in two consecutive lines? Is it not like speaking of one person as "thou" and "you" in the same stanza?—M. R.

OBITUARY.

Father Martin M. Harts.

At 3.45 A. M. in the St. Louis University, Tuesday, September 3, 1895, after a short illness of two weeks, died Father Martin M. Aarts, or, as he was better known, simple Father Harts—a priest according to God's own Heart, a trusted friend in need, and a counsellor, whose sincerity of manner coupled with his great learning won him the love and esteem of his brethren in religion and made him a favorite in all circles. He was a religious without guile and of scrupulous innocence of life.

In the beginning of July he went to Memphis, Tennessee, to conduct a retreat for the Brothers of the Christian Schools, during which he took sick, but recovered sufficiently to be able to give two retreats in Northville, — one to the Sisters of Mercy and another to the Sisters of St. Dominic. After resting for a few days in Cincinnati, he returned to St. Louis, August 18, full of buoyancy and enthusiasm for the work assigned him during the coming scholastic year as professor of the seventeen graduates of the St. Louis University. A few days later a relapse occured and the malarial poison, which probably entered his system during his stay in Memphis, developed into a virulent form of typho-malarial fever, and he sank steadily until Monday night, when fortified with all the sacraments of the Church, he gave up peacefully his innocent soul into the hands of his Maker, whose glory had been the sole ambition of his life. He was ready to go and was without fear. He remarked to the writer of this obituary sketch a few days before his demise: "I am as prepared to go now as at any other time. I have done my best to serve God and He will overlook my shortcomings. The only wish I have is to do more for Him."

Father Harts was born at St. Odenrode, diocese of Bois-la-duc, Holland, November 16th, 1841. His parents were well-to-do people in the rural district. He was an only child. Bereft at an early age of his mother he was brought up under the care of an aunt, of whose watchfulness he always spoke in terms of deep affection. He made his rudimentary studies at Ruwenberg, under the charge of the Brothers, where he had as companion Francis Janssens, the present Archbishop of New Orleans. Those who were with him at Ruwenberg say that he was a typical boy, beloved by all for the gayety of his disposition and the simple, unostentatious piety, for which he was noted in after life. He was ready for any sport and sure to be caught in any boyish prank. He was above board in everything. Even in those days he was fond

of the stories of history, which ever after was his favorite study and in which he became an adept.

In the year 1855 he entered the preparatory seminary where he remained six years in the study of the classics. After the completion of his course, he was sent to Haaren, where he spent two years in the study of philosophy and four in that of theology. From his earliest years he had longed for the foreign missions and immediately after his ordination to the priesthood, on the advice of the president of the seminary, the V. Rev. Fr. Heutens—a devoted friend and admirer of the Society, and who had the power to receive novices for the Missouri Province—he was admitted to the Society. In company with four other priests, who were inspired with the same ardor to do great things for the glory of God and his Church in America, and who had been received at the same time, under the charge of the Rt. Rev. Peter Paul Lefevre, then Bishop of Detroit, he sailed for this country and entered the novitiate, at Florissant, September 26, 1867.

Before the completion of his two years of novitiate, he was among the first to enter Woodstock, where he took his vows and completed his scholastic training. In 1872 we find him teaching one of the Grammar classes at the St. Louis University, where the best years of Father Harts' life were spent. He was twice sent to Cincinnati, remaining there for two years on each occasion, and he was one at Detroit and one year on the missions. For a few years he was pastor at the old College Church, Ninth and Christy Avenue, St. Louis, during which time he also had charge of the parochial schools. He loved children and his zeal knew no bounds in promoting the prosperity of the schools. It was a hard trial for him to give up the charge of "my schools," as he was fond of calling them. His talents fitted him for higher work, and his field of labor after that time was in teaching philosophy to the students, in lecturing in the Post-Graduate course of the old University, and in explaining the "Compendium Theologiæ" to those of Ours, who were too delicate to stand the strain of the scholasticate. The last year of his life he was professor of ethics in the scholasticate.

Father Harts was a sterling and genuine man, a learned professor, with the happy faculty of clear and direct exposition, a zealous priest, a staunch and honest friend and a Jesuit imbued with a true love for the Society. This is a brief summing up of his character and it is no wonder that such qualities won the hearts of his pupils, the love of the people who sought his prudent advice in every emergency, and the admiration of his brethren in religion. He despised any trait that was mean or low, any scheme that had a tinge of double dealing about it. He knew not what policy or diplomacy was. He was straightforward, open and frank to a fault. Patience and charity were the distinguishing virtues, which marks his life. Being a constant sufferer from muscular

rheumatism nearly all his life, he never was heard to complain nor sought exemption from his allotted work, which he always performed with punctilious faithfulness. During a few years, when under the strain of a severe trial, he was never heard to utter an unkind word, and some one has said of him that he was incapable of an uncharitable thought. He was the sunshine of every recreation and the source of merriment. This geniality won the hearts of the young men who gathered round him and made the college sodality enjoy an unprecedented prosperity when he was its director.

As a professor of philosophy and lecturer on history in the Post-Graduate course of the old University, he was particularly successful. His clearness of mental vision enabled him to pierce the obscurities of those sciences, and his simplicity of style placed his elucidation of the most abstruse problems within the comprehension of the youngest of his scholars. His lectures on "Feudalism," won him the praise of the English Historian, Freeman, who at that time was lecturing at the Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. He also lectured on "The Saxons," and "The Crusades." Fr. Harts, though "not to the manor born," had acquired a thorough knowledge of the English language and knew and appreciated its idiom.

But conspicuous as were his intellectual abilities, the chief field of his zealous labor was the confessional. As an editorial in one of the Catholic Weeklies of St. Louis remarked: "Not by his preaching was he known; nor by his learning; nor by his mingling with the people in the exercise of the sacred ministry. His great goodness, the sweet unction of his virtue, the aroma of his personal sanctity drew to him thousands who knew him only by these attractions. Nearly all who mourn the death of Father Harts knew him as a confessor. Here he was the man of God, the keeper of the gates, the man of power and prudence, who knew when to open and when to shut; whom to bind and whom to loose. He was a plain priest of God . . . He was a man of prayer. His field of labor was the space between the people and the Sanctuary, the ante-chamber to Christ's mercy-seat. He never grew weary; he never tired of his task. . . If we can understand the love all true Catholics have for a priest, we can understand the devotion they feel for a priest like Father Harts, who was an ideal priest. He is a great loss to his brethren in religion, but the memory of his saintly life will go far to compensate for his living presence" (Father Phelan in "Western Watchman").

There is no exaggeration in saying that, although he never held any post of distinction or authority in the Society, there was none, who by the kindly unselfishness of character, by the unswerving fidelity to duty, and the staunchness of true friendship won more men to God than did Father Harts.

This was attested by the crowds who visited his remains or were present at his simple obsequies. The funeral was held at St. Francis Xavier's Church on Wednesday, September 5, at 6 o'clock. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. J. Grimmelsman, Rector of the University. The remains were interred in the grounds of the novitiate at Florissant. We cannot conclude this sketch in more fitting words than those used by the Right Reverend Bishop of Nashville, Thomas S. Byrne :—

Bishop's House, Capitol Square,
Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 5.

Dear Father :

I need hardly say that the announcement of the death of dear Father Harts, as conveyed in your favor of 3rd inst., was a great surprise and shock to me. He is a great loss. He was a man utterly without guile and his life to all who knew him was an example of manly honesty and priestly virtue ; and his death was the death of the just. He is appropriately buried at Florissant ; for no better model of a Jesuit could be set before the young novices as one after whom they may safely shape their lives and whose virtues they will strive to emulate. I shall cheerfully remember him at the holy sacrifice ; for I have many reasons to do so as he has many claims on my gratitude. ✠ *Thomas Sebastian, Bishop of Nashville.*

Father Harts was a professed of four vows. He was 54 years of age at the time of his death, having spent 28 in the Society.—R. I. P.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN NORTH AMERICA

From Feb. 15, 1896 to May. 15, 1896.

	Age	Time	Place
Br. Michael Donohue . . .	80	Feb. 22	Frederick, Md.
Br. Frederick Willis . . .	34	Feb. 27	Sault-au-Rcéollet, Canada.
Mr. Matthias Long	20	Mar. 3	Spokane, Wash.
Br. Michael Schmidt . . .	78	Mar. 8	Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Jerome J. Harty . . .	29	Mar. 23	Georgetown D. C.
Br. Joseph Bradley	69	Mar. 24	Frederick, Md.
Mr. Joseph M. Bienmuller	23	Apr. 2	Umatilla, Oregon.
Mr. David Hébert	29	Apr. 17	Sault-au-Récollet, Canada.

Requiescant in Pace.

VARIA.

Armenia.—Our missionaries, through a special favor of Divine Providence, have been preserved from all harm in the midst of the Armenian disturbances and massacres of November and December last. Though often in the greatest danger, they always escaped the fury of the mob, and neither their residences and schools, nor those of the Sisters were molested or pillaged. What contributed no doubt a great deal to their security, was the universal esteem and veneration in which they are held by men of all classes and religions. Besides, the Government showed everywhere a praiseworthy zeal in affording them the best protection in its power. Their letters are full of heart-rending details of cruelty, pillage and bloodshed, and the subsequent misery and destitution of the inhabitants. The fathers are doing their utmost to relieve those that flock to them for help, but amid so much misery their resources are necessarily inadequate. Now that comparative quiet and confidence have been restored, their schools are again filled to overflowing, while their missionary labors have been greatly increased.—*Lettres de Mold.*

Austria, Innsbruck and the Sodalities.—It is interesting to construct a parallel and draw a contrast between a country where the Society is permitted to exist and a country where the Society is not permitted to exist. It happens that here in Innsbruck, where the Society is tolerated, we are not permitted to do a work which Ours are doing in Chieri, Italy, from which the Society has been expelled. That is to institute and conduct a sodality among the boys attending the gymnasium. Ours have been here from time immemorial and such a sodality has not existed. The need of it may be seen from the fact that societies exist in the University of Innsbruck one of the rules of which is never to bend the knee before the Blessed Sacrament. The candidates for such societies are the boys in the gymnasium, who have not the advantage of a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin to save them from the filthy warp of those who surround them. Recently Rev. Father Rector attempted to institute such a sodality. The professors objected. The minister of education objected. No sodality can be established for the boys of the gymnasium. This may seem incredible to Americans, but it is true. And the blessing of liberty which the Catholics of the United States are enjoying, without perhaps sufficient gratitude to God for it, is beginning to be known and appreciated in Europe. A scholastic writing to me recently from Italy, tells of a prefect who has been called away from our college in Turin to serve in the army. And after the recital of this piece of tyranny he breaks out into the

following genuinely democratic hurrah, "Viva l'independente e libera America! Viva la terra di Washington! Viva la bandiera azzurra a stelle bianche!" But in Italy, where the Society is not officially tolerated, it is easier to begin a sodality than here in Innsbruck. One of our fathers instituted a sodality for the boys of the "gymnasio" in Chieri about two years ago. He gave them a yard on the property of the scholasticate in which they can play on Sunday. He built for them a beautiful little chapel perfectly furnished even to the organ. He built a play-room and constructed a stage where the lively little lads can display their histrionic talent. Their Sunday order is as follows: Forenoon, 7 Entrance—7¾ Chapel, Meditation, Mass, sermon—8¾ Recreation, —10½ Exit. Afternoon, 3 Entrance—3½ Catechism—4¼ Recreation—5¼ Beads, Benediction "con piccola conferenza"—6¼ Recreation, Exit. And the fruits are abundant—frequent Communions, innocent lives, vocations to the priesthood and to religious orders. A sodality here in Innsbruck for the apprentices was begun last year. The government forgot to make a law including this case too. But the trades-union impudently undertook to let Father Rector know that it would not permit the existence of such an association. As its power is null, the sodality exists with a membership of 30 or 40. The people here seem well satisfied with this number. Of such mammoth sodalities as Chicago possesses they have not the faintest idea. There are in Innsbruck over 1000 students attending the University and the Normal School, and there is only an academic sodality of some 50 members.—*From Mr. Maurice D. Sullivan.*

The Beatification of Cardinal Bellarmin.—The discovery last year of the correspondence between Pope Benedict XIV. and Cardinal de Tencin, Archbishop of Lyons, throws a great deal of light on the sudden halt in the process of the beatification of Cardinal Bellarmin, at the very moment when both the Congregation of Rites and the Pope himself seemed most favorably disposed to bring it to a speedy and successful issue. It was thought at the time, and it has been the common opinion ever since, that the main source of the trouble lay in the opposition of the French government, the Court of Rome being compelled to yield to its demands. We are now enabled to see better what really did happen, and to appreciate more equitably the conduct of the Holy Father. His letters to the above-named Archbishop, which have just been published under the editorial care of l'abbé Bateffol, make frequent mention of the cause of the beatification, and constitute the most reliable testimony in the matter. The most important among them are published in the April number of the "Etudes." The conclusion arrived at may be briefly stated as follows:—

The Pope was willing and anxious to proceed with the Cause, both on account of his own veneration for the Cardinal, and out of consideration for the prayers of the Society. Its interruption must be attributed neither to intrinsic difficulties, nor to direct pressure brought upon the Pope by government

interference. It was a measure dictated by prudenee, a saerifiee to the exigeneies of the times. Jansenists and Gallicans looked upon Bellarmin as one of their bitterest foes, and not without reason. They exerted every means suggested by their unserupulous hatred; they preaehed and wrote; they urged people and parliament to protest against his being raised to the altars of the Church. The Pope's position was extremely diffieult; it was a question, to use his own words, "of throwing oil upon the fire, of provoking the infuriated bull, of adding new obstaeles to those already existing in the way of the government of the Church." Benedict XIV. reasoned that, all things considered, the general good would be more effieaciously promoted by the postponement of a Cause so invidious to many and so full of menace to peaee and union. He stopped all proeeedings through what he eonsidered a motive of superior duty, well aware that not a few good men were interpreting his eonduet as a timid yielding to the enemy, a saerifiee to prudenee at the expense of the dignity of the Holy See.

***British Honduras**, St. John Berchmans' College.*—The most important event in the mission for some time has been the building and opening of this eollege at Belize. More than a year ago the foundation stone of the college was laid. To obtain funds for its ereetion, last November, Bishop Di Pietro, with Father Charroppin as a companion, made a visit to the different cities in the Missouri Province. His Lordship pontificated in our different churches on the Sundays and festivals of Advent and Christmas-tide, leaving St. Louis for Belize on January 2d. Father Charroppin remained longer to eolleet money. The new building meanwhile was eompleted. It has aecomodations for 24 boarders and 80 day seholars. It was solemnly blessed on Sunday afternoon, February 2d, by Bishop Di Pietro and declared open with an appropriate address by his Excelleney the Governor, Sir Alfred Moloney. The eollege has at present eight boarders with four more on the way and including day seholars a role of 61. Father William J. Wallaee has charge of the college.

Changes.—Father S. Gillet and Father C. Gillet have been sent by their provineial to British Guiana, Father Joseph Rigge is at Corozal and Father Charroppin, with Father Averbeek, at Punta Gorda.—*Abridged from "The Angelus."*

***Ceylon**, The new Mission at Galle.—Bishop's House, Galle, Ceylon, March,* 1896.—Of course you expeet some news about our new mission. As you know, we sailed from Marseilles, on Sept. 29, 1895, and after a most happy journey we arrived in Colombo, on Oct. 16, 1895. Our party started the following day for Kandy, the eapital of the hills and formerly the residenee of the Cingalese Kings. His Lordship, Mgr. Van Reeth, and myself were the guests of His Excelleney the Delegate Apostolic for India and Ceylon, Mgr. Zaleski, a great friend of the Society. The other missionaries for the new Diocese of Galle and Trineomalie found lodgings at Ampitya, a suburb of

Kandy, where the Propaganda is building a general seminary for India and Ceylon under the management of the Belgian Fathers of the Society. The buildings are slowly rising under the immediate supervision of Father H. I. Koch, who proved to be a very able architect when building our college of Darjeeling some years ago. On Nov. 5, Mgr. Van Reeth blessed the corner stone of the church, and after this ceremony Mgr. Zaleski made a speech in which he explained at length how His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. was anxious to have a carefully trained native clergy for India and Ceylon. There are at present more than 30 students in this seminary; most of them belonging to Indian dioceses. On the 9th of November 1896, His Lordship was received in great style, and by the grandeur displayed one would have thought that the Catholic community was a rich one. We were soon to be enlightened in this matter. With the exception of certainly not more than five well-to-do families, our Catholics are a real study of poverty in its various degrees.

To say the truth, we are here in a very difficult position. About two years ago the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate heard that Jesuits would receive the Southern Province of Ceylon. They almost immediately withdrew their priests, and thought it unnecessary to make further expenses to keep up buildings which were soon to be ours. So we find most of the churches and mission houses in the most dilapidated condition, not unlike the spiritual state of the congregations for which they were built. Further, as you know, we came here at the express command of the Pope, although our province has now three missions, and the superiors could not afford to send out many laborers into this new vineyard. Only three priests could be spared. I am the only one to speak English, which is of course of great assistance, but far from sufficient. The inadequacy of our number and the ignorance of the language and customs of the people are great drawbacks, as you can well imagine; for even here there are certain matters which people like to treat privately with the priest, without the interference of an interpreter. At present I am the only Catholic priest for the whole Southern Province, and I ought to visit the Christians along the coast between Bentote and Hambantota, a stretch of more than 100 miles. I should visit also some stations in the interior. But it is altogether out of question; I cannot be absent from Galle more than one day on account of my parochial duties. Another reason why we meet with great difficulties, is that the people were told that the Jesuits were immensely rich and a hope was raised that we were going to support all the poor Catholics. These are greatly disappointed when we tell them we are poor ourselves and can't do anything to relieve them. Another sore point is found in the schools. We receive a small grant-in-aid from the Government, which covers about one fourth of the expenditure connected with them. The revised code for grant-in-aid schools for 1896 introduces so many new regulations that we are afraid we shall have to give up even this paltry allowance. A minimum scale of school fees has been fixed by the Government and the schools in which these fees are not collected are to be struck off the list of grant-in-aid

schools. My boys are so poor, that if I could collect only one half of the fees, I should be very glad.

Here, dear Rev. Father, is a brief sketch of some of our troubles. In the mean time all outsiders are watching us. Anglicans, Wesleyans, Mahommedans, and Buddhists have flourishing institutions, nay colleges. What will the Catholics do now that the Jesuits are managing them? This is the question to be solved. But, as I said before, two important factors for the solution are wanting, viz., men and money. Let us firmly hope that Providence will supply both. It is often said that great difficulties in the beginning of a pious work are a sign of future blessings; if this be true, and certainly experience seems to be in favor of the truth of this statement, then our new mission will be one day very successful and our followers will reap abundant fruit in this now desolate field.—*From Father J. Cooreman.*

China, Two Martyrs.—I am sending Your Reverence a little pamphlet from our press of Macao, which, though appealing to us particularly in China, will, I think be received with interest by Ours elsewhere. It is the reprint of a contemporary relation of the execution of two of our fathers, whose process of beatification has been begun and is actively promoted by our mission of China. Father Antonio Joseph Henriques, Portuguese, and Father Tristam de Athimis, Italian, were, in 1748, condemned for preaching the Christian religion in the province of Nankin, and after six or seven months of painful imprisonment, and after severe tortures endured heroically on several occasions, they were strangled on the night of the 13th of Sept. in the prison of Soo-chow. The authentic reports of their trial and condemnation are found in the archives of the government, and the only difficulty in the process is that they were executed secretly in the prison and no testimonies of witnesses can be found. Father Rossi of this mission is the vice-procurator of their cause, and he has just returned from Macao, where, with the interested co-operation of our devoted friend Bishop Medeiros, he conducted successfully the preliminary process *de non cultu.* The relics of the Ven. Fathers are in the seminary of Macao. The relation now reprinted was first published in Lisbon, 1751, and it appears to have been written by one of our fathers, who in the capacity of astronomer remained unmolested at the capital during all the persecutions which the missionaries and their neophytes in the province had to endure. It is a plain simple relation of how the fathers were captured, tortured and executed, and Br. Alves assures me that it is written in excellent Portuguese. The Society as yet has had no martyrs of China raised to the altar; the Dominicans and the Lazarists have their beatified martyrs of China, though they can boast of nothing like the amount of labor and the number of lives that the Society has so generously devoted to this mission.

A class Disputation at Zi-ka-wei—I sent you a copy of our theses a week or so ago, and fortunately there were no Chinese characters to puzzle you. We

all have Chinese names, you know, and the Chinese names must appear in the catalogue. My name is pronounced Ho in Mandarin, and something like Woo in the Shanghai dialect, and it means congratulate or congratulations or congratulatory or in a congratulatory manner, for all Chinese words may be nouns or verbs, active or neuter, in any tense, mood or voice, or adjectives or adverbs, or sometimes only prepositions, as the sense may demand. I had the pleasure of disputing with a Chinaman, as you may see; it seems natural enough to come to China to preach the Gospel to the heathen, but it is a little strange to come here to discuss theology with the natives. The scholastic in question is a clever student, and quite accomplished in Chinese scholarship. He is the author of a little devotional work on the Rosary, and he has published, together with a French scholastic, a fine map to illustrate an epoch of Chinese history of about the time of Saul and David. Another of our Chinese theologians is translating the life of St. Francis Xavier. And not to slight the work of the French scholastics, I may mention that one of them has just translated into French for publication an erudite little Latin work of Father Weng, a secular priest of this mission, *De legali dominio in Sinis,* and that another is working at the botanical part of Father Zottoli's great Chinese-Latin dictionary, which has been in preparation for some years. Father Zottoli's dictionary promises to be something the Society may be proud of; the English and Americans have been making Chinese dictionaries for three quarters of a century and they have done good work, but Father Zottoli's will easily take the lead, and in learned circles it will, I think, almost drive the others out of the field. The dear old father has been confined to his room all winter with rheumatic gout, but he never misses his day's task at his dictionary.—*Extracts of Letters from Mr. Hornsby.*

***England,** The Catholic Headmasters' Conference.*—Father Colley, the Prefect of studies of Stonyhurst, has in the January number of the *Letters and Notices* an account of the first Catholic Headmasters' Conference, which was summoned by Cardinal Vaughan to meet at Archbishop's House on Friday, January 3. There were twenty-eight present of whom five were Jesuits. The Cardinal presided and drafted a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, in the following words: "That in the opinion of this conference, the matter of training our teachers urgently needs attention; that this want can be met in two ways, either (*a*) by training Masters in our own larger colleges, or (*b*) by establishing a house in one of the national Universities, where regulars or clerics intended for teaching could be received while they prepared for a University degree, and acquired the necessary knowledge of pædagogy."

The resolution was well drafted, so as to satisfy those who prefer that we should do our own training, and who consider that the present year of training at Cambridge is likely to be injurious rather than beneficial. [Father Gerard's article in The Month was often referred to.] All own we must do something so as to be ready in case of legislation. The editor remarks:—

The matter is of primary importance to us in the Society, and it is clear that we shall have to put our masters through some public examination; and also to train them in methods of teaching, as is required in our own *Ratio Studiorum.*

In the second session, a great part of the time was spent in asking questions of Mr. Sadler, one of the members of the Education Commission. "As to the training of teachers," Father Colley concludes, "Mr Sadler was emphatic that the best method was the training by an experienced headmaster in the school itself. So that he made it pretty clear what course we in the Society should follow in this matter. It is very necessary for us to prepare in good time; even now it is certain that the Oratory School, Birmingham, has the reputation of providing better teachers than we in our colleges, and hence the pick of the classes of boys in this country are sent to them."

A College for Ours at Oxford. "The Times," of March 23, announces that the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford at its last meeting granted a license to the Rev. R. F. Clarke, M. A., of Trinity College, to open a private hall for University students at 40, St. Giles's. The new hall is to be started under the auspices of the Jesuit order, and will consist of a certain number of its younger members, who are to pass through the ordinary honor schools of the University and take their degree.

From private letters we learn that this notice is rather premature, as the Oxford plan is not settled yet.

Frederick, Reception to a Naval Chaplain.—Recently at the novitiate a reception was tendered to a chaplain of the United States Navy, Rev. W. H. Reany. Father Reany has occupied the post of Catholic Chaplain on the United States Cruiser "Baltimore" for the past three years and has voyaged around the world. In the course of his remarks Father Reany thus spoke of the Society: "The members of the Society of Jesus are to be thanked for gaining for the priesthood in all parts of the world the respect and esteem of our naval officers and the men generally; for wherever I went I found that the noble, self-sacrificing character of the members of that order had built up in the heart of every one a feeling of love for the disciples of the Church,—men who are sacrificing themselves shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, under the Cross of Christ in every land and every clime." The speaker gave a graphic and interesting account of the missions in China, Japan, and Corea.

German Province, The First Disputation at Valkenburg.—The first public disputation in our new scholasticate took place on March 12. It was our intention to have a Grand Act on the feast of St. Thomas, but the whole college not yet being in perfect order, our superiors thought it better to postpone the Grand Act for the present, and to limit the disputation to the treatises "De Verbo Incarnato" and "De Gratia." Though the present disputation was confined to two hours only, it was an important event in the history of

the province, as it was the first time for more than twenty years that the philosophers and theologians had met together to listen to a disputation. The last time was at Maria Laach just before the expulsion, when the philosophers found a place of refuge in Holland and the theologians at Ditton Hall. Now we are all together again in our new scholasticate at Valkenburg. The theologate of the Dutch province at Maestricht is only ten miles distant from us, so the Dutch fathers were able to take part in the disputation. Their Father Rector came accompanied by Father Steins-Bischop, professor of dogmatic theology, and the venerable Father Scheller. From Exaeten came Father Lehmkuhl, from Wynandsradde, the Father Instructor of the Tertians, Father Putz. The objectors were Father Steins-Bischop, Father Socius, and Father Lehmkuhl. Father H. Hoffmann defended. He opened the disputation with a short essay on the union of the human nature to the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity, Father Steins-Bischop opened the attack by arguing against the thesis about the necessity of the Incarnation. Father Socius attacked the last thesis, on the meritoriousness of good works, and Father Lehmkuhl attacked the defendant again on the thesis of the first opponent. Father Hoffmann answered these different objections solidly and at times brilliantly, not unfrequently retorting the arguments of his objectors.

Historical Data.—In view of certain rash statements recently made, which have obtained wide circulation, the following historical data are here set down for the convenience of Ours.

I. *Bishops of Japan in the* 16th *and* 17th *centuries.*

1. Sebastian Morales, S. J., created by Sixtus V., died on his way out.
2. Pedro Martinez, S. J., was present at the suffering of the 26 martyrs.
3. Luiz Sergueyra, S. J., ruled till 1614.
4. Didaco Valens, S. J., died on his way out.
5. Luiz Sotelo, O. S. F., arrested and burnt alive, 1624.

Vide "Dublin Review," April, 1895, p. 280.

II. *Father Robert Parsons.*

"One accusation against him has often surprised me, viz., opposition to the appointment of bishops in England. Nothing could be more unfounded. His letter from London, 17 Sept. 1580, proves his anxiety for bishops to be provided by the Holy See for the English Mission. Another letter to Dr. Allen, in 1592, testifies that he had actually engaged a generous friend, Dr. Francis Sarmiento, Bishop of Jaen, to supply the funds necessary for the support of the two or three bishops; and we have his letter to Pope Clement VIII,, 13 August, 1597, which records his sentiments in favor of episcopal government. Yet, is there any charge that has not been alleged against Jesuits? The usurper Cromwell, in his speech to his first Parliament, Sept. 4, 1654, gravely asserts that the country had been agitated by swarms of Jesuits, who had settled in England an episcopal jurisdiction to pervert the people." Dr. Oliver's "Collections," under "*Persons*," *edition of* 1838, p. 143.

Brother Foley in his "Records of the English Province" Collectanea Part 1, p. 573, has the following: "Among other charges against Father Parsons by his enemies was that of opposing the appointment of bishops in England. This is refuted by his own letters. See letter, Nov. 17, 1580 (Simpson's Campion; also "Records S. J., vol. iii. p. 667.)" Fr. Parsons' words are, "There is an immense want of a bishop to consecrate for us the holy oils for Baptism and Extreme Unction, for want of which we are brought to the greatest straits, and unless His Holiness makes haste to help us in this matter we shall soon be at our wit's end." Then follow the references given above by Dr. Oliver.

III. As to the charge against the fathers that they deferred for a long time the introduction of bishops into the Maryland colony, consult Shea's History, and even Dr. O'Gorman's recent work (The History of the Church in the United States), where abundant evidence is given to prove the impossibility of introducing bishops into the colonies.—*B. G.*

Holland, A New College.—Last September our fathers opened a college at Amsterdam. It is situated in the finest part of the city and is well suited for college purposes. We have been able fortunately to purchase the adjoining building which will later on serve as a residence for our fathers and scholastics. At present there is but one class of some twenty students and only two of our fathers are teaching.

Iceland.—Fr. Sveinsson has sent us the following additional details concerning the history of religion in Iceland. The Catholic religion was entirely abolished in this island in 1550 after the martyrdom of its last bishop Jón Arason. Many traces of the old faith, however, have been preserved by the people, and the Catholic spirit still shows itself in many ways. Thus the devotion to our suffering Saviour has remained in full vigor among them. A leper, the Protestant minister Hallgrimur Pekersson, a Scald of remarkable genius, composed a magnificent poem in fifty books on the passion of our Lord. It is one of the most beautiful works ever written on the subject. Every Icelander possesses it and almost knows it by heart. During Lent it is sung in every family; one book each day. Still more striking, perhaps, is the fact that the cold worship of Lutheranism has not extinguished among these poor people the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One of the most celebrated Protestant bishops of the island, Brynjölfr Sveinsson, a poet of merit, composed in honor of Mary a noble book of Latin poems. Of course the book was never printed, but it still exists in manuscript in Iceland and at Copenhagen. That a Protestant bishop should be tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin is certainly an extraordinary thing. I quote one of his hymns in honor of the Mother of God.

Excellens superum gloria civium,
Angustis fer opem rebus in asperis,

Cui non defuit unquam
Præsens copia gratiæ.

Quas debent inopes reddere gratias
Pro summis homines muneribus Deo,
Clemens atque benigna,
Nostro nomine solvito!

Sic longum faveas gentibus indigis;
Et nos multiplici crimine sordidos
Commendare memento
Mater sedula Filio!

From 1550 to 1854 no attempt was made to convert this distant and lonely island. In 1854 two French priests, the Abbé Bernhard of the diocese of Cambrai and the Abbé Baudoin of Rheims, undertook the difficult task. Only one family was converted, and it is still the only Catholic family in Iceland. This is the family which Father Sveinsson visited in 1894, and is described in the first article of the present number. The missionaries now in Iceland are two secular priests belonging to the Danish mission. They were sent thither by Bishop Van Euch Vicar-Apostolic of Denmark, Iceland not being a mission of the Society. The two missionaries met with a very sympathetic reception from the good people of Reykjavik the capital of the island. Their little church is filled every Sunday, but there are no conversions as yet. About the 1st of May, four Sisters of St. Joseph, two of whom are French, set out from Copenhagen for the far-off island. They will devote themselves to the care of the sick, the education of the young, etc.

India, S. Thomas in India.—A departure that promises to be of general interest, is that lately made by Fr. Bochum in a series of articles in "The Catholic Examiner." It is a vindication of the tradition that St. Thomas was really in India and that St. Thomé at Meliapur, near Madras, is the identical site of his martyrdom and interment. Off and on Protestant writers —as they cannot live without denying or destroying some spiritual structure —exercise their pens in picking at this venerable tradition. So, to cry halt to them, for a time at least, Fr. Bochum undertook the task of compiling the principal grounds of our belief as established by various men of historic and linguistic research. Several numbers have already appeared in the "Bombay Catholic Examiner," and the material seems to be growing under his hand. He does not bring to light much that is new in itself, but the massing together of the chief points bearing upon this important question of church history, and that done in his sound and elaborate way, makes the monograph one of great interest. To give you an idea of his procedure, he makes the famous geographical name of "Betumah" the first stage of his inquiry. For this purpose he summarises the extensive commercial and geographical literature of the Arabs and Persians in the middle ages, and then follows in particular the Mahomedan merchant-author Suleiman in the account he gives, 841 A. D., under the title "Salsalat al tavarickh," of the many voyages he undertook in Arabian and Chinese vessels that traded between Persia, India

and China. From his work he identifies the Arabic names of many countries and cities as they are now marked upon our geographical maps, especially that of Meliapur, the site of St. Thomas's sepulchre. The old marine chronicler knows no other name of this place but Betumah; there was no Meliapur, and much less a Madras or any other current name of his cognizance: it is only Betumah. I needn't tell you as an orientalist what this name means, but I will only say that it was the learned Renandot who first discovered in it the Syrian "Beit-Thumah,"—"the house of Thomas," by which name the sacred spot is usually designated by Christians. From this stage Fr. Bochum then passes to other similar testimonies of antiquity, such as are contained in the lives of King Alfred and St. Martin of Tours, and which are scattered up and down in the great collection of Migne.

Jamaica, The Spanish Town Orphanage.—The "Daily Gleaner" of Jamaica (Protestant), in its issue of Feb. 20, has the following editorial on Bishop Gordon's Spanish Town Orphanage:—

The orphanage which has been inaugurated at Spanish Town through the liberality of Bishop Gordon, and maintained under the auspices of the Roman Catholic mission in Jamaica, has already in a measure proved successful.

When the bishop took over the seventy acres upon which it was proposed to maintain the Orphanage, the greater part was under guinea grass, forty acres being almost entirely useless for the purposes of the scheme. There was also a considerable quantity of the land under brush, and only a temporary building upon the ground. The boys, about twenty in number, under the direction of laborers skilled in the work, immediately began the clearing of the bush, and the ploughing of the land, with the result that planting operations were soon in progress. The erection of buildings necessary for the proper accommodation of the boys was begun, and at the present time the buildings are almost completed. It was decided in the first place to plant bananas. In and around Spanish Town the cultivation of bananas has assumed considerable proportions, no less than 1500 to 2000 acres being under the cultivation of this fruit. But while the greater part of the grounds will be under bananas, a section has also been reserved for the cultivation of coffee, while smaller plots have been planted with vegetables and minor cultivations intended primarily for the use of the Orphanage, while at the same time affording the boys an opportunity of working and giving them a foretaste of the work projected. But while all this has already been accomplished the promoter of the Orphanage is by no means intending to hurry operations; the business has been carried on so far on methodical lines, the main idea being to keep the inmates out of idleness until the crop comes in. And no special efforts have been made to attract boys to the Orphanage, because in the meantime, the work is being carried on solely at the expense of the bishop; the work being only in its infancy nothing in the way of support can yet be obtained from the soil. But by this it is not meant that boys are refused ad-

mittance to the Orphanage; every boy who is brought there, who can show that he is an orphan, that he is idle and that his idleness may lead him into the way of mischief, will be received at the Orphanage, and there he will be maintained, educated, and taught a useful trade, which in years to come may be the means of his success in life. There are one or two girls at the Orphanage who, under the superintendence of the sisters, wash and cook for the boys, and everything which can be provided for the orphans in the way of minor comforts has been granted by Bishop Gordon.

To the most casual observer, the scheme originating from Bishop Gordon is one of the most interesting and suggestive yet proposed. The object of the Orphanage in receiving boys, who if allowed to wander at their own will, uncared for and uneducated, would unquestionably drift into a career of idleness and laziness if not into crime, is most praiseworthy. For the Orphanage is not only an institution original in its character and interesting in its peculiar features, but it is a project combining all the highest principles of philanthropy, without having the objectionable drawbacks of being a public burden. There is not a single penny of public money in the undertaking, yet the objects of the Orphanage tend towards the public benefit. Again, the Orphanage has not in thus planting bananas and coffee attracted outside labor from cultivation; it has rather given an impetus to labor by importing a new factor into labor, by instructing the unskilled, and fulfilling in its principles all the highest ideals of a model farm. For although the undertaking has at present to be supported by the Bishop, the time will come,—it may not be until next year, — but the time will come, when the Orphanage will be self-supporting and then will be accomplished the desire of the founder, that there should be established an institution wherein mental and manual education should be combined, where the outcasts on the streets might be converted into respectable citizens without the slightest cost either to the public or in the end to the promoter. As Bishop Gordon says, labor is a mine of wealth if properly applied, and it may be that the first borings after the prospection have been made at Spanish Town. The idea of such an institution is unique in the West Indies, and that it has commended itself to commercial men is exemplified in the fact that Bishop Gordon has received several small subscriptions from merchants and others, but of course the main burden of expense will fall on the bishop. Such a venture as the Spanish Town Orphanage deserves well of all interested in the raising and betterment of the masses, for it is by such labors that the world is benefited and in such a sphere that the highest principles of ethics are inculcated.

Bishop Gordon's Lenten Pastoral.—His Lordship Bishop Gordon in the Lenten Pastoral to his flock in Jamaica, touched on several very important questions. Among others he referred to the lax ideas of morality prevalent on the island. He then went on to say:—

"Our Catholic population is, we are glad to say, singularly free from reproach in this matter. This is due, and it is a pleasure to be able to bear public tes-

timony to it, to the zealous care which our clergy take of the young. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the good effected by associations such as that of the Children of Mary attached to Holy Trinity Church, which comprises more than 300 girls of blameless life. The same watchful care is extended to the boys, and no means are left untried to amuse and interest them whilst keeping them out of harm's way."

The "Jamaica (daily) Post" of Feb. 24, a Protestant paper, printed the encyclical in full, and added a very powerful leader. In the latter, the editor repudiated completely the surface plan for improved morality in Jamaica, proposed by the Protestant Bishop, Nuttall, and concludes by these telling words:—

"Bishop Gordon seems to think that the root of the evil lies deeper, and consequently he urges Roman Catholics, in his pastoral letter, to more zealous care of the young. For our part we are inclined to think Bishop Gordon has struck the right nail on the head. If all the clergymen of the various denominations in the island were to take a deep, sincere and abiding interest in the material, as well as the spiritual welfare of the members of their congregations—if they were to follow with watchful care the footsteps of the young from the time they first begin to attend Sunday school until they reach years of maturity—there would be fewer ruined reputations, fewer children brought into the world with the stigma of illegitimacy upon them. It would be a good thing for Jamaica if all the ministers of religion took as active an interest in the training of the young as the Jesuit Fathers under Bishop Gordon."

St. George's College, Kingston.—All our students now study Latin. We have passed three of them in the Cambridge local, and are preparing eight or ten others for the same examination in a year or so. Some of these, later on, will be able to compete for the Jamaica Scholarship, the *ne plus ultra* of educational success in Jamaica. The value of the scholarship is one thousand dollars a year for three years.

During the past year the boys and girls attending our parochial schools in Kingston, Jamaica, have increased in actual attendance from 900 to 1400.

The secretary of the Institute of Jamaica—the British Museum of the island—wrote to Bishop Gordon for two sets of all the numbers thus far published of our new monthly, "Catholic Opinion." One set is to be kept on file in the archives of the Institute; the other is for the reading room.

Mangalore, St. Aloysius College.—A successor to the late Bishop Pagani has at last been named in the person of R. F. Abundius Cavadini, S. J., superior of the mission. On receiving the Papal brief, he at once sent a letter to decline the proffered dignity on the score of his vows and for a variety of reasons. By the same post, the prominent men of the Catholic community dispatched a memorial earnestly begging for a confirmation of the appointment which had been hailed with universal acclamation. The final confir-

mation has just been received, and V. Rev. Fr. General has asked the bishop-elect to come to Rome for consecration. He will leave here about the end of April, carrying with him the best wishes and congratulations of the whole diocese. His life has been one of uninterrupted superiorship, and knowing as he does the needs of the mission, we ardently hope that he will return to his flock with a strong contingent of laborers to fill the blanks caused by deaths and recalls to Europe.

The Schismatics of Kalyanpur, who seceded some years ago on account of the Pope's Concordat regarding the Padroado Question, continue as incorrigible as ever. There are, however, a few coming over from time to time. They are at present about 2500 strong, and have erected a makeshift chapel where they have Mass and the sacraments. Two priests from Goa, as ignorant and as dogged as the people themselves, are ministering to the spiritual needs of the Schismatics. These have lately been joined by the self-styled Archbishop Alvarez, who claims authority from the Church of Antioch.

Father Müller's Work.—You will be pleased to hear that Fr. Müller of your province, in addition to the Dispensary, and Leper Asylum, has had time and means to crown his work with a magnificent general hospital. It is a fine structure, one half for men, the other half for women, with a commodious chapel running between the two. The doors and windows have been so ingeniously arranged that the patients are able to hear Mass from their beds. Fr. Müller himself designed the whole down to its minutest details, and has been besides manager, superintendent and all. The contributions to the building came from the Catholics in sums varying from Rs. 500 to Rs. 5. Count Mattei, of electro-homœopathic fame, gave 2000 francs for the chapel. The hospital was opened by the bishop-elect on March 25, the Feast of the Annunciation of our Lady. Fr. Müller delivered an address to the ladies and gentlemen who had come in response to his invitation. In it he explained the aim and object of the Institution, and stated that it was meant for Catholics in the first instance, though other creeds were not excluded. After the blessing of the chapel, came the staff of the hospital for a blessing too. The young doctor who has volunteered his services, is the most popular physician in town, and enjoys the largest medical practice. Four other young men from very respectable families of Mangalore have made a sacrifice of their prospects and of their lives to devote themselves to the service of suffering humanity. For female patients, two young ladies have offered themselves as nurses. These rare examples have not been without worthy emulators. Others have likewise come forward but their offers have had to be put off for want of accommodation.

Father Müller was one of the first band of missionaries who landed here in 1878. Though close upon sixty—a good old age out here in India—and sixteen years in the mission, he is hale and strong, and works like a young man in the full vigor of life. The three huge edifices he has constructed are ad-

mired by every passer-by, and are standing monuments of his zeal and perseverance.—*From Mr. D. Fernandes, S. J.*

***Missouri Province**, St. Louis University, Scholasticate.*—In the disputations held on Monday, Feb. 24, the following philosophers were the participants, *De Origine Idearum*, Mr. W. Quinlan, defender; Messrs. J. McCarthy and M. Hoferer, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. A. Kuhlman, defender; Messrs. A. Lebeau and J. Furay, objectors. *Ex Logica*, Mr. J. McNichols, defender; Messrs. J. Synnott and B. Abeling, objectors. *Molecules and Atoms*, Mr. M. Germing, leeturer; Mr. F. X. Hoefkens, assistant.

On Monday, Apr. 27, the following participated: *De Constitutione Civitatis*, Mr. A. Maresca, defender; Messrs. G. Garraghan and P. Mullens, objeetors. *Ex Psychologia*, Mr. J. Kammerer, defender; Messrs. C. Martin and J. Daly, objectors. *Ex Ontologia*, Mr. J. McCormick, defender; Messrs. T. Smith and J. Kircher, objectors. *The Electric Circuit*, Mr. J. Furay, leeturer; Mr. L. Fusz, assistant.

College.—The cadets received the flattering distinction of being singled out from among all the uniformed Catholic associations of the diocese of St. Louis for the honor of guarding the remains of the late Most Rev. Archbishop, Peter Richard Kenrick, while they lay in state and during the obsequies in the Cathedral, and, at the funeral, of acting as an escort from the church to the cemetery.

At the brief reception tendered by the University to His Eminence Cardinal Francis Satolli, on the occasion of his visit to St. Louis during Easter week, an address of welcome on the part of the faculty and our philosophical department was read in Latin by Mr. J. McNichols, and one in the name of the college students by Vincent McGrath, '97; while the merits of the Cardinal were eloquently portrayed in a poem, written in his native tongue, by Mr. A. Maresca, of the New Mexico Mission. In replying, His Eminence bore witness, in highly complimentary terms, to the reputation achieved by the St. Louis University, and dwelt with earnestness on the necessity of keeping united the pursuit of sanctity and the cultivation of letters and science.

St. Stanislaus Novitiate.—The golden jubilee in the religious life of Brother Gallus Patik was joyfully and solemnly celebrated on Saturday, Apr. 25. The good brother was the worthy recipient of numerous testimonials of heartfelt felicitation from his brethren and his friends.

***New Orleans Mission**, New Orleans.*—On Ash Wednesday evening, February 19, our College of the Immaculate Conception enjoyed the rare honor of a simultaneous visit from their Eminences Cardinals Satolli and Gibbons. They had come to the Cresent City for the inauguration of the Catholic Winter-School, and had willingly accepted the invitation extended to them by the recently founded Alumni Association. Planned and managed by these gentlemen, the reception proved an important and brilliant event.

The *élite* of the Catholic population of New Orleans was brought together to pay homage to the princes of the Church, and the presence of many distinguished strangers, both ecclesiastics and laymen, made the gathering all the more representative. The college library hall, where the reception was held, had been tastefully decorated for the purpose. On the platform with the two Cardinals, were seated Archbishop Janssens of New Orleans, Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, and Father Semple, president of the College. The audience which filled both the hall and the galleries, was composed of several bishops, many priests, officers of the United States Navy, and a large number of prominent Catholics, for the greater part old students of the Society. It was not difficult to arouse enthusiasm in such an assembly, and the program prepared for the evening, with its speeches, music and song, elicited at every step marks of the heartiest appreciation. Addresses of welcome were made by the president and various members of the Alumni Association in English and Latin, in prose and verse; after which Father Semple spoke in the name of the faculty and of the students. His Eminence Cardinal Satolli answered first, and in his own elegant Ciceronian periods eulogized the Society and its work in the education of the young, expressed his love and admiration for the American people, and thanked all concerned for the cordial reception he had been given by the good people of New Orleans, "amplissima et jucundissima civitas." When the prolonged applause had subsided, Cardinal Gibbons spoke in his turn, and had many pleasant things to say and memories to recall of the years when he himself was a citizen of New Orleans; he concluded by congratulating the Catholics on their enterprise and devotion to the Church. At the conclusion of the program, every one present had an opportunity of approaching and greeting the Cardinals,—it was the crowning scene of a most enjoyable evening.

Galveston.—During his short stay at Galveston, Cardinal Satolli was tendered a reception by the faculty and students of St. Mary's University. Among the addresses made at the banquet which followed, there was a remarkable one by Dr. Cohen, rabbi of the temple B'nai Israel. He was the only stranger to the faith among the invited guests, and began by expressing his thanks for the honor of meeting so distinguished a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church. He then dwelt with much feeling and eloquence on the privilege of being a minister of the Almighty, adding that the clergy irrespective of denomination, had the same end in view, that of uplifting the human race. He was happy to be able to add his mite to the general esteem to which the Cardinal's personal character and eminent services had entitled him. His Eminence was much pleased at this unexpected meeting, and at the sentiments uttered by the Rabbi. He answered in a neat little speech, at the close of which he warmly shook Dr. Cohen's hand, saying that he hoped he might in the near future grasp the hand of the Jew as that of a brother in the faith, as he was now doing it socially.

The retreat for men, preached by Father Lawton during the week preced-

ing Palm Sunday, was attended with unusually consoling results. Larger audiences followed the exercises than in former years, and they followed them with great regularity and evident interest and attention. The proof of the good done was given on the morning of Palm Sunday, when those who had made the retreat, among whom were the Catholic Knights and representatives of other Catholic societies, marched in solemn procession from the University Club-house to the church to fulfil their Easter duties in a body. It was an impresssive as well as an edifying sight.

Florida.—The whole southern half of the Peninsula is under the spiritual care of our missionaries, there being in this immense territory but one secular priest, who resides at Key West. It is an ideal field for one who makes little of fatigue and privations of every kind, who is ever ready to journey over land and water, visiting a small settlement here, an isolated family there, afronting a thousand dangers with no witness but his Guardian Angel. There is much good to be done, however, among these poor, neglected people of every tongue and every nationality. Rev. Fr. Superior is fully convinced of this, and has promised a considerable increase of laborers for the coming year. A beautiful church has just been dedicated at Palm Beach, thanks to the generosity of some wealthy New York Catholics who are spending the winter at that famous resort: a permanent residence will soon be added. Several other churches and chapels are in course of erection at various points.

Spring Hill.—The College Album has once more made its appearance. The excellence and variety of its articles, and the number and finish of its pictures, make the present issue worthy of its predecessors, and speak eloquently of the successful and solid work done at Spring Hill.

Palgrave.—In answer to requests from abroad for more information about William Gifford (not Giffard as misprinted in last number of the LETTERS) Palgrave, I give the following additional details, taken from the posthumous poem. The title of the poem is:—

"A Vision of Life, Semblance and Reality," by William Gifford Palgrave, Sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and Her Majesty's Minister Resident in Uruguay. London, Macmillan & Co., 1891.

The preface contains two parts: The first is a notice of his life, first printed in November, 1888, soon after Palgrave's death, in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographic Society," of which he had been a distinguished member.

The second, probably written by a member of his family, gives some explanations of the circumstances in which the poem was produced. The original title had been: "Pageant of Life," and the poem may be called a history of his soul, that is, of the various phases of thought and religious opinions through which the author passed after his apostasy from the Church. It appears that during his residence in the East, the religions of India, Siam, and China, exercised a fascination upon him, and he was under the spell of Japanese Shintoism when he composed the first half of the poem. But as

the work proceeded, his soul gradually reverted to the religious belief of his earlier days. The poem, in the second half, takes a Christian and, finally, a Catholic color, ending with stanzas of enthusiastic admiration for the representatives of the pure love of God,—St. Francis of Assisi and St. Teresa,—and with a hymn to our Blessed Lord as God and Man.

The subscription is: January 31, 1888, L. D.

The Editor of the LETTERS will be grateful for any further information about Palgrave, and especially about his reconciliation to the Church.—*B. G.*

Panama.—Our fathers have given up the church and residence we have had in Panama for the last 23 years. They were obliged to do this as the bishop issued a decree giving our church and residence of St. Francis to the Piarist Fathers, though the free, and absolute donation of that church to our fathers had been made by a prelate of the diocese, and confirmed by his two successors. The bishop wished to give our fathers another church with the curacy, but the orders of superiors were to leave Panama if they were dislodged from the church of St. Francis, and besides, the acceptance of a curacy is not sanctioned by the usages of the Society, except in extraordinary cases. The people of the city united in an address to Father Jungito, the superior of the residence, expressing their gratitude for the services of the fathers and deeply regretting their departure. The fathers left the city on March 31, for Cartagena, where they will receive their appointments.

Rome, A Home for the Archivists.—The accommodations at the Civilta Cattolica have received an extension. A whole flat in the house, which was originally the Palazzo Campanari, has been withdrawn from the use of externs, and been arranged by his Paternity for the accommodation of the fathers engaged in writing. There are seven rooms available—a suite at the top of the house. Heretofore this was used by his Eminence, Cardinal Bausa, at present Archbishop of Florence. Of late years it was rented, though not occupied, by a Monsignore, nephew, as I understand, of the Cardinal Secretary of State. There is another suite lower down, still occupied by a certain Baron Ferrana. All these separate sections have entrances of their own from without; though there are cross-cuts, through private entrances, into the main part of the house, where the fathers of the Civilta live. All the rooms in the newly-opened flat were put in requisition at once. Besides the archivists, there are several visitors engaged in researches. There is Fr. De la Haye, Bollandist; and there is Fr. Lapôtre of the "Etudes." Fr. Mercier has arrived from France to take part in the work of our histories.—It is interesting to note that a priest of the diocese of Pittsburgh, Fr. Ferdinand Kittell, formerly Bishop Tuigg's secretary, has been despatched to Rome by the Historical Society of Philadelphia, to study in the Vatican, and report whatever he finds on the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, and indeed anything else he may come across bearing on America. He is a very

genial kindly gentleman, who looks for direction in the maze of work before him to the prefect of the Vatican Library, Fr. Ehrle, and the father is happy to be of service to him. Fr. Pollen also has given him useful information.

The Old Roman College.—In our old Roman College, as you know, is located the Vittorio Emmanuele Library, a great amalgamation of the spoils taken from about half a hundred religious houses. If you want to form an idea of this immense, imposing structure, round which gather the associations of some three centuries, imagine a vast square, very vast indeed, so that the College Church of St. Ignatius, largest of all sacred edifices in Rome after the great basilicas, is only in one corner. Divide this four-sided pile of buildings into four quarters. We may consider that somewhat less than one quarter is taken up by the church. The other three quarters are arranged round three courts. The magnificent one, which lies at the rear of the church, behind the chancel, is the centre of the school department. The court at the side of the church was in the centre of the community quarters. Now all this latter section is devoted to the Vittorio Emmanuele Library. The splendid refectory is the reading room. The corridor into the sanctuary end of the church is a series of apartments, containing the catalogues of the library, and reserved to officials. The reception room for strangers is the hall reserved for students Up stairs, where only officials work, or privileged persons gain admittance, there are the depositories of documents. The recreation-rooms, the chapel over the refectory, the long corridors, are lined with the spoils,—they groan under them. The most interesting spot is the corridor which runs along the front, towards the façade of the church. On the inner side of this corridor, fa ing the court, were the provincial's rooms,—for himself, socius and brother, four in number. In these four rooms are deposited the *fondo gesuitico*, such part of it as was considered historical, and was referred to the Vittorio Emmanuele Library for public reference.

The Residence of the Gesù.—The "Archivio di Stato" has the rest, which was to be found in the Piazza di Firenze. But the community house of the Gesù itself, having first been tried as a barracks, then as a military school, and I do not know what else, was considered by these people to be looking for an occupation. And the State archivist bid lately for it, as the repository of the archives, which at present are scattered about Rome. It is understood that he is to have it; but only a part at present. That part is where Fr. General's rooms lie. In the wholesale wrecking and auctioneering of furniture and chattels, which took place at the time of the spoliation, the cupboards of the Fr. General's archives remained where they were. Perhaps they were not thought worth the trouble of removal. In fact, the business estimation of the goods of the fathers at the time was such, that any Jew could get anything he wanted, pretty much for a song. The State archivist has begun just there; and begun with the identical Jesuit archives, which were taken from those same cupboards, over twenty years ago. He thinks it proper that this token of national gratitude should be given to the illustrious Society of Jesus and

its head, by putting things back where they came from. And so he is entering into his kingdom, with this Christian-like recognition of benefits received.

The Church of the Gesù.—As to the Church of the Gesù, which is conducted by our fathers, everything seems to gravitate towards it, especially during Lent; and in Holy Week, when it was estimated there were 50,000 strangers in Rome, it divided with St. Peter's the attention of visitors, and the devotion of the faithful. The Fr. Rector of Goritz, his name is Polish—Anthony Pavissich—belonging to the Venetian Province, preached the daily Lenten sermons, at 11 A. M., to a congregation which numbered steadily several thousands. As to Holy Week, I may refer you for a very just idea of it to a special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" of London, whose report on this head was reproduced in the London "Tablet," April 11, 1896, pp. 582–3. This correspondent, a non-Catholic, is understood to be a man of particular ability. He speaks of the Gesù as he saw it on Holy Thursday. As to the singing of the Tenebrae, he gives the palm to our Germanici over the choir of St. Peter's. He says: "Discipline and order reigned supreme, not a man moving from his place, or, as it seemed, raising his eyes from his book. In the other case (at St. Peter's), it seemed a physical impossibility for any body to sit still; and, in the most solemn parts of the service, ecclesiastics were going out or coming in, to the grievous distraction of orderly eyes." Then he descants on the music of the German students, in terms of the highest appreciation—this is indeed the correspondent's specialty. He speaks of the "dignity and deliberation," which added not a little to the impressiveness of their music. And he makes a general remark, and a cruel one, for some people who are in his mind's eye: "Here let me say, that no where in Rome have I heard sacred music performed, as though a danger of wearying divine ears necessitated getting it over as fast as possible. In another place I wot of, it seems to be supposed that hurry is indispensable to efficacy, and that a breathless congregation at the end of a long hymn is in a special state of grace."

The Triduum for Bl. Realino.—The scenes of thronging multitudes at the Gesù were renewed twelve days after Easter, when the Triduo in honor of Blessed Bernardino Realino was solemnly celebrated in the mother-church of the Society, and in the name of the whole Society. An account of it would require an article. I merely observe that, on Friday morning, the first day of the triduum, 89 Masses had been said before 10 o'clock, by the dignitaries, Generals of Orders, Prelates, etc., who do honor to such an occasion; and by noon there must have been more than a hundred said. Fr. Zocchi was our representative among the preachers, who delivered the panegyric each afternoon, beginning at 4.30. If the estimate of between 3 and 4 thousand for the attendance at the Lenten sermons was correct, there must have been over a thousand more at this time—a great mass of humanity, solidly wedged together, many ecclesiastics, and in general chiefly men.

As to personal matters, I may add to what I have said, that Fr. Zocchi was

desired by his Holiness to leave the direction of the *Difesa* of Venice and come to Rome, to write for the Civilta; though his Holiness seems also to have thought it possible that the father could continue to support the Difesa with his pen. Mgr. Dalhoff, Archbishop of Bombay and successor to Archbishop Porter, has been recuperating here for several months. At present he is at Fiesole. In connection with the career of a converted Brahmin, who is doing excellent service in India, he spoke very particularly of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS; and, if the "Bombay Examiner," in which our fathers write, is not regularly sent to you, he will see that it is sent in future. In the life of this Brahmin, you will observe a point of historical importance; in as much as it throws into relief the heroism and indeed the meaning of Bl. John de Britto's mode of life, in imitation of these Indian specimens of sanctity.—*From Father Hughes.*

The Process of the Beatification of Venerable Claude de la Colombière is progressing satisfactorily. The decree relative to his "Writings" has been pronounced, and the document which will be used in the discussion of the Heroic Virtues has been printed. A Capuchin Father, missioner in the Seychelles Islands, reports that he saw himself a young girl dying of consumption instantaneously cured by the application of a relic of the servant of God. Perhaps this will prove an incontestable miracle.

Very Rev. Fr. General has entrusted the task of writing the History of the Suppression of the Society to Mr. Strickland, a scholastic of the Roman Province, of Anglo-Maltese parentage. He is the author of a beautiful monograph on Blessed Boniface of Savoy.—*Lettres de Mold.*

Spain.—Father Astrain is still visiting the archives in different parts of Spain. At Malaga he has found an authentic relation of the first eight Florida martyrs written with care and great detail by a father who had been on that mission. In Portugal he has found valuable documents; among them thirteen letters written by St. Francis Xavier, and much data about the Visitors, or Commisary Generals, St. Francis Borgia, Dr. Torres, Padres Nadal and Miron. At Murcia and Valencia, he has made valuable discoveries; at present he is at Barcelona and he will go thence to Mauresa, Saragossa, and Madrid.

Syria.—The School of Medicine of St. Joseph's University, Beyroot, is more flourishing than ever before. It numbers 120 students of every nationality, who are being taught by a staff of excellent professors. Much is expected from these young men for the advancement of religion and civilization throughout the East.

The journal published by our fathers in the Arabian tongue, "The Bachir," celebrated a few months ago the 25th anniversary of its foundation. Issued for the first time in 1870 to defend the proceedings of the Vatican Council against the Protestants and the Schismatics, it has continued ever since to do battle for the cause of religion and the Holy See, and for the reunion of the

Oriental churches with the Church of Rome. It has done incalculable good during these years, ever on the alert to refute the slanders of the Protestants, and to instil sound Catholic principles into the minds of priests and people. It has subscribers all over the Eastern provinces, and is widely read even in America and Australia, whither it follows the emigrants to preserve their faith together with their mother-tongue.

A Railroad Chaplain.—One of our fathers is "Railroad Chaplain" on the line between Damascus and the Hauran. He travels along the line with a portable altar, and says Mass at each railroad station in turn. Everywhere he is received with open arms. The station-masters are all young men, many having with them their mothers and sisters. All these people, as well as the employés, would be totally deprived of religious help, if the father did not go to visit them, for no where on the whole line are there any Catholics except in a single village, where, however, there is no priest.—*Lettres de Mold.*

Washington, D. C., A New Hall for Gonzaga College. — On Sunday, May 24, the corner stone of the New Hall was laid with the usual ceremonies by Cardinal Satolli. A gathering of more than 2000 people witnessed the proceedings and listened to the address given by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University. The exercises were concluded by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Aloysius' Church, which was made memorable by a salute of three volleys given by the Emmet Guards who were stationed on the campus adjoining. The building will be constructed of red brick and red sandstone, will be two storeys in height, and 120 feet long by 65 feet wide. A gymnasium will be made on the lower floor, while the upper floor will consist of a hall seating 1000 people, with a stage 32 by 49 feet. It is expected to be completed about the first of September.

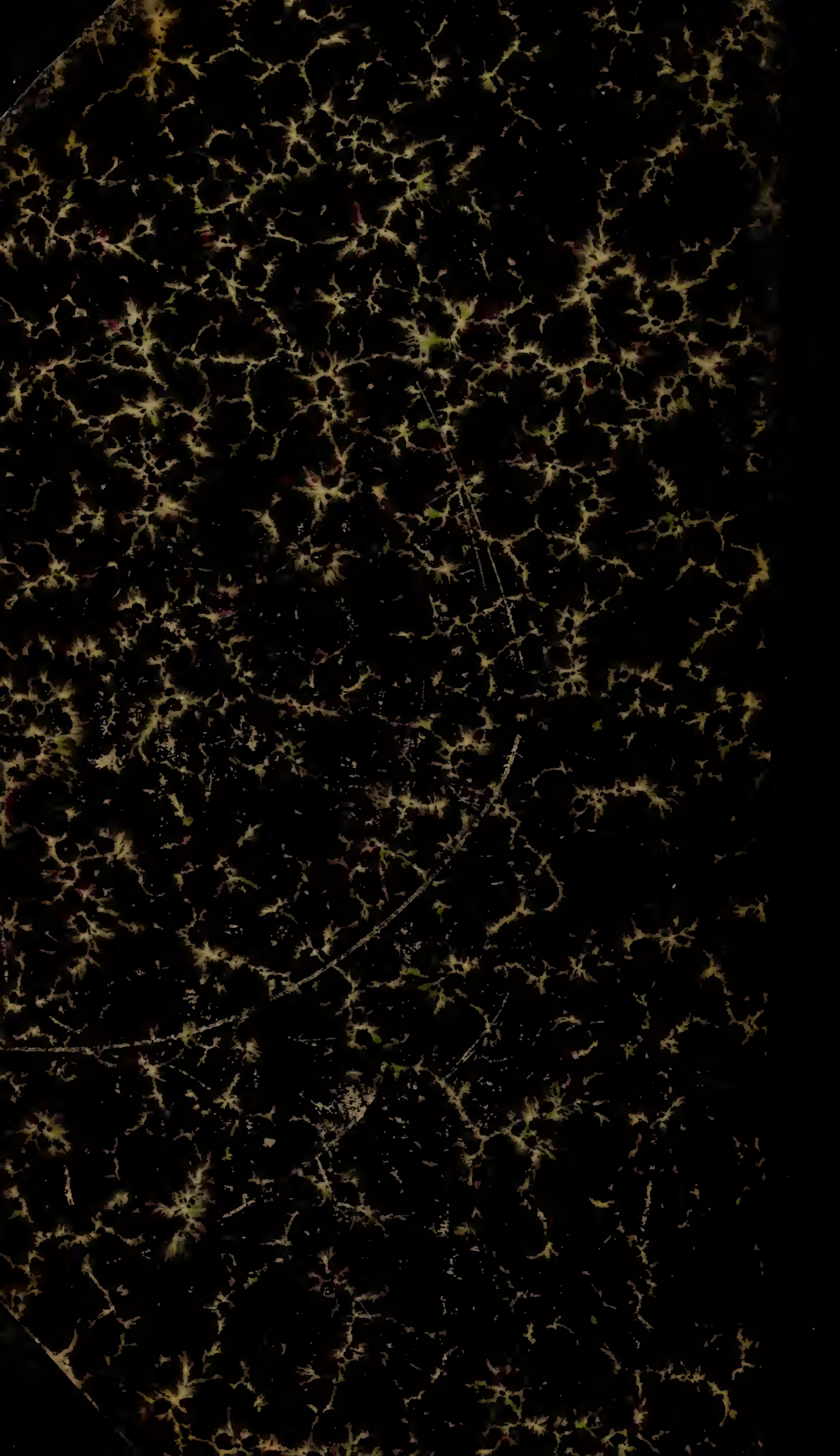
Zambezi.—Father Richard Sykes, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, has been appointed Superior of the Zambezi Mission, in place of the late Father Schomberg Kerr.

Home News. *Spring Disputations.*—April 24 and 25, 1896. *De Ecclesia Christi*, Mr. Stritch, defender; Messrs. Mattern and Connell, objectors. *De Providentia Divina*, Mr. Taelman, defender; Messrs. Schuler and Ryan, objectors. *Ex Scriptura Sacra*, "The Site of Paradise." Essayist, Mr. Dawson. *Ex Psychologia*, Mr. Creeden, defender; Messrs. Mullen and Rochfort, objectors. *Ex Metaphysica Generali*, Mr. Barrett, defender; Messrs. Donovan and Pyne, objectors. *Physics*, "The X Ray," Mr. Mulry.

The Golden Jubilee of Brother Maurice Cavanagh—well known to those who have been at Woodstock of late years, as Brother "Maurice,"—was appropriately celebrated on April 16, 1896.

The college has recently been connected with the railroad station and the barn by a telephone. Telegrams are now sent at once to the house over the telephone without any delay in waiting for a messenger.

OFFICE OF THE LETTERS.

Our next number will be issued early in October. Articles for the body of the LETTERS, to ensure their insertion in this number, should be sent to us before the first week in September, and for the *Varia* before October 1.

WISCONSIN'S TRIBUTE.
JAMES MARQUETTE, S. J.,
WHO, WITH LOUIS JOLIET,
DISCOVERED THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS.,
JUNE 17, 1673.